THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Booth Tarkington—Garet Garrett—Samuel G. Blythe—Alonzo Englebert Taylor
Thomas Beer—Richard Matthews Hallet—George Weston—Ben Ames Williams

IN MORE THAN 10,000 school rooms they are teaching, "Every child needs a hot cereal breakfast."

For 30 years children's specialists have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal hot cereal.

In its delicious creaminess is a wonderful store of life-giving energy—and it is so easy to digest that its energy is ready for quick use.

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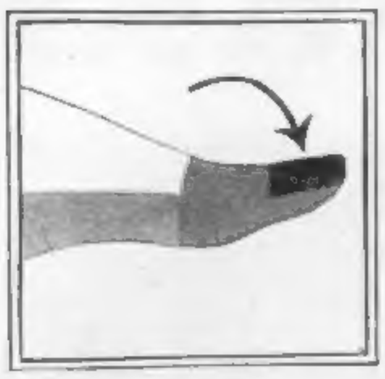
These Socks *and no others* have this amazing feature

Wear is increased 3 to 4 times by a new way of knitting



IT'S NOT easy to increase wear in men's socks 3 to 4 times . . . nor to weave sheer silks to fit glove tight around the ankle.

Yet Holeproof has done it by scientific weaving.

A new way of knitting

This new type men's hose follows the discovery of a revolutionary principle in knitting.

The toe—we call it Ex Toe—is strengthened in an entirely different way.

All hose are reinforced, yet invariably the toe wears out first. Now in this new kind, the toe becomes the strongest part of all.

Here the extra strength is hidden. No heavy thickness. No bunching. No discomfort. Scientific weaving multiplies wear 3 to 4 times.

Complex machines are necessary for this special process. Special thread is carefully selected. After every step in knitting experts inspect each pair of hose—nine times in all. No wonder these new socks are revolutionary.

Smartness at ordinary prices

You'll find Ex Toe in rich, lustrous silks, both sheer and heavy. Other materials too. All faultlessly correct and very new.

The smart new Holeproof colors have met with instant popularity. See them in eleven striking new colors. Older men are wearing them as well as young. Choose to match your suits.

Here are America's smartest socks. Yet they cost even less than many ordinary kinds. Only 75c and $1 for silks. Less for others. If your dealer hasn't got them write direct.

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When giving hose this year, select one pair in each of four or five new colors and packed in this special Christmas box. The smart new shades make the most practical gift unique.

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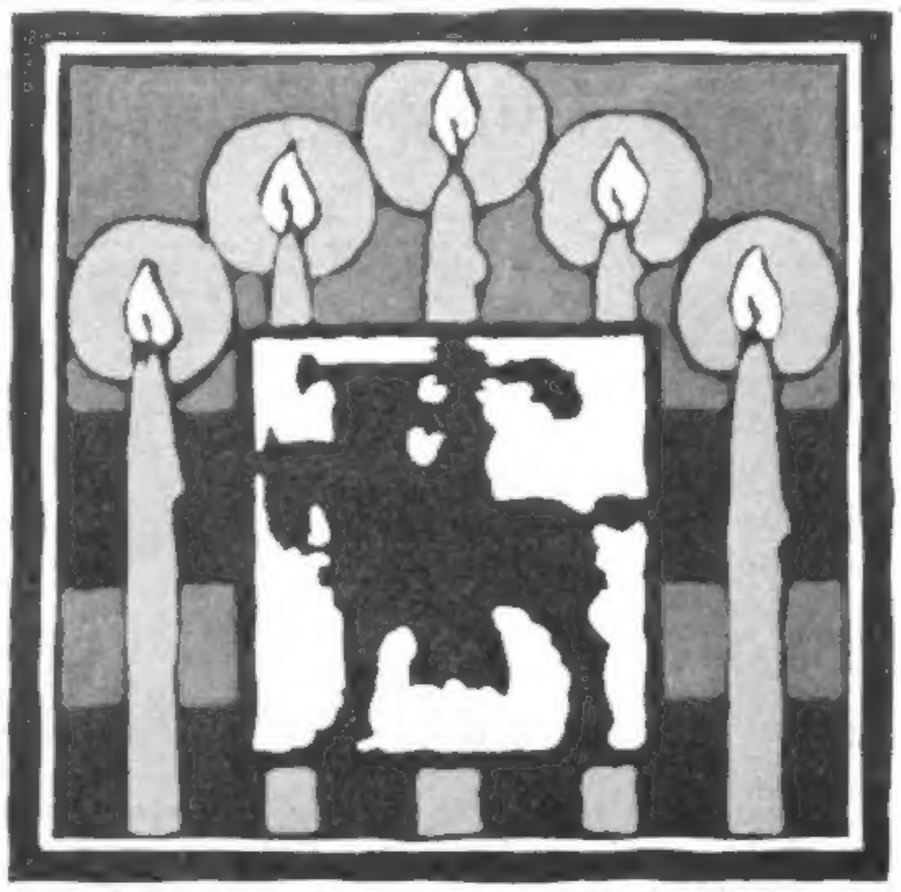

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FRANCINE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Miss Yeats Nodded Reassuringly and the Left Eye of Mrs. Watkins Closed Tightly in an Earnest Communication

NEWSPAPER photographs of this present season inform us that Francine Lang, most piquant of all our stage ladies, has been shorn of the midnight tresses she knew how to wear in so many enhancing fashions. With every change in her way of wearing those lustrous undulations of hers, she seemed to produce a different type of beauty, almost a different woman, indeed; for the varying proportions of her head and the changeful framings of her face appeared to alter the very features themselves. But although you were never quite sure you knew what Francine Lang really looked like, you were always convinced that she was beautiful. She is beautiful still, even with all of this superb and useful adornment guillotined by the modern passion of women to fit themselves for the mechanical age. Yet when there are plenty of boys to look like that, it seems a pity to see a fine woman *en gamine*, with a boy's head. It may be as well for Francine, perhaps, but it is not so well for the parts she plays. When her hair was long she had it coifed in a different and appropriate way for every rôle, and so made it serve her art, helping audiences to feel that she was the person she played. Now it will be hard to make them forget that she is Francine Lang; but perhaps now she doesn't want them to forget it.

She was never lovelier, I think, than when she played in Young Mrs. Tomlinson, that fragile comedy of feminine elfishness and masculine puzzlement. By no manner of means was Young Mrs. Tomlinson a great play, and certainly it was not uproarious in its comedy—as the stage reviewers, with a somewhat fatigued kindness, almost unanimously pointed out. But enough people liked it to keep it on for a season; and this was due, I had no doubt, to the quality of genuineness with which Francine Lang invested the title part. I had no illusions about the little comedy, which was one that Norman Archer and I had written for her—without Francine it was nothing. But with her it had its little day, and I have always been grateful to Young Mrs. Tomlinson for the opportunity it gave me to know her well.

At the time of the comedy's production, however, I was less grateful for that opportunity than my collaborator was. Norman is of a warm, appreciative disposition, sensitive to everything, particularly to the sprightlier forms of beauty; moreover, he is volatile, and this was his first play. That is, it was his first to be actually put on; and of course he was excited about it and about everything concerned in it—naturally, most of all excited about Francine. His idea of the first thing to do, after we signed the contracts in her manager's office, seemed to be that we should give a dinner for her.

He did give one, though I discouraged his enthusiasm for it as tactfully as I could, and evidently the new playwright and the star found each other sympathetic—I heard the next afternoon from one who had been a guest that it was quite a party, attaining that distinction not only through an orchestra, orchids and terrapin.

Dancing stopped for breakfast, my friend told me at the Players'; and a light-hearted excursion in three cars to the country for over Sunday succeeded breakfast, my informant being the only one of the dinner party to find himself unable to extend his gay humor so far.

He was a member of the company engaged for Young Mrs. Tomlinson—leading man for Miss Lang, in fact; by name George Morris—and he feared that too much liveliness might not prove a beneficial prelude for rehearsals, which were to begin on Monday.

"Old Zip won't care much for it," George said. "He'll be pretty sure to hear about it too. He usually doesn't miss hearing about much that goes on."

He referred to old Cyprian Klebber, Miss Lang's manager; and he was correct in his surmise, as I discovered that evening when the Old Zip came to my hotel rooms to peck as many tiny holes as possible in the manuscript of the play before it went into rehearsal. He was a bald, almost shabby little old man, with a frontal convexity, and his head was like a large pink fruit withered into the contour of features, with a pair of flawed large blue eyes glued carelessly among them. They never merely looked at anything; they always stared intolerantly, even at what could offend nobody; but I found them more aggressively upon me than usual when we had sat down with a table between us. It appeared that he held me responsible for the festivities Mr. Morris had described to me.

"You better send your young friend back to Oshkosh," he said, speaking of the host of the dinner party.

"Norman Archer? He doesn't live in Oshkosh," I said. "He lives in Southern Virginia—when he's home. Who told you about it?"

"George Morris," old Cyprian said. "You send that fellow back to Oshkosh. Hasn't he got any sense?"

"Not the kind you mean—no, not yet. It takes a little time, you know. Didn't you find it so yourself when you were beginning?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't have any beginning, because I was born in the business—in a room up over the flies in the old Athenæum, where we lived when my father was manager there. You better send your young friend back to Oshkosh."

Thus he spoke and thenceforth continued to speak of my collaborator as if Archer had no stake in the play, but were merely a young friend of mine whom I whimsically kept about me for no reason and against all sensible advice. Old Zip would never admit him to be from anywhere in the world except Oshkosh, and when I urged that my young friend was quite as much and as competently the author of Young Mrs. Tomlinson as I was, and therefore entitled to a playwright's legitimate connection with his own comedy, the old man's streaky eyes would become a little more protuberantly intolerant and he would again stubbornly instruct me, "You tell him he better go back there."

He refused to speak to Archer when the latter arrived at the theater on Monday morning for the rehearsal; but Norman was unaware of anything lacking, and from the first seemed conscious of the manager only as a bit of mechanism, probably necessary but unimportant, attached to this glorious new experience he was having. He drove up to the front of the theater in a fine large car he had hired, and thus offered us a picture of affluent and congenial gayety, for with him was Miss Lang. Norman was almost as prettily dressed as she was; and as she nodded merrily to Cyprian Klebber and me, where we waited in the lobby, the great cluster of violets she wore upon the breast of her blue coat sent us a hothouse sweetness plagiarized from springtime. Norman drew me aside.

"She's absolutely as magnificent as I thought she'd be," he said. "I've never met a woman like her—oh, anything at all like her! She's been the life o' the party simply every second for three days. We've had a royal time!"

"No doubt," I said; and he perceived my dryness, which was a little emphasized.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "It's been merely a wholesome jolly good time in the sheerest comradeship. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing at all, Norman. I was only thinking of it as a question of advisability. Rehearsals and getting ready for an opening are a strain on everybody, and a three days' and night's party for the star—not to speak of four members of the company being along too ——"

He interrupted me eagerly:

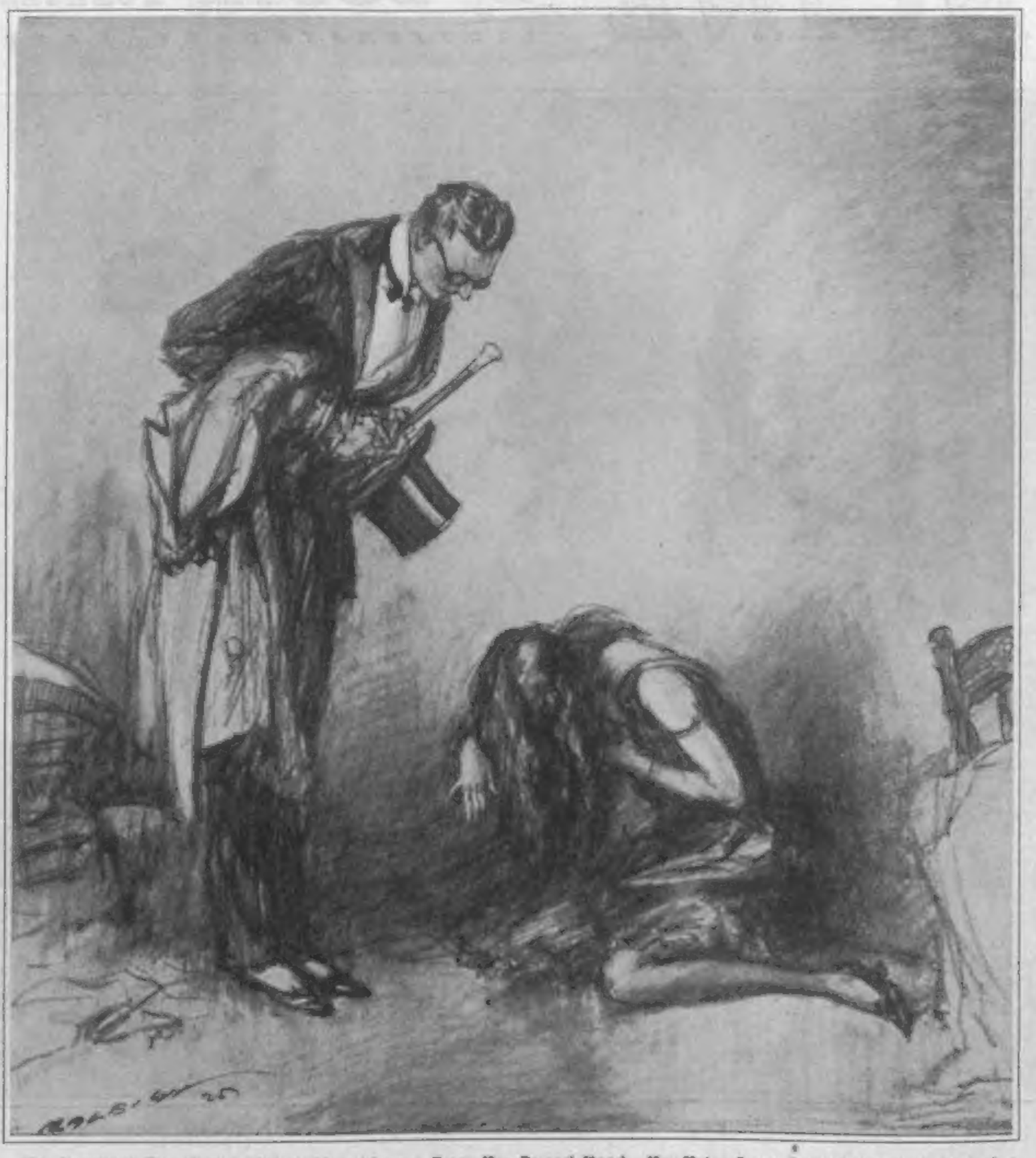
"But that's one of the reasons a party like this is such a good thing. It takes their minds off their nervousness so they can come to their work all fresh. And of course for Francine herself it was just a godsend. That's why I particularly wanted to do it—to take her out of herself. You know, of course, she's been in the depths—actually tragic depths too—don't you?"

"No, I hadn't heard so. Klebber hasn't mentioned it to me, and she doesn't look it. What's she been so tragic about?"

"Why, about her husband, of course."

Norman had become serious; his voice deepened with commiserative sympathy.

"You knew about it, didn't you?"



Her Loosened Hair Fell in All its Magnificence From Her Bowed Head. Her Voice Came From Beneath it, Choked, Liquid With Weeping, Desperate With Intolerable Anguish. "George is Just Killing Me!" She Sobbed

"I knew that she'd been getting a divorce, but not that it affected her so deeply as you say, Norman."

He shook his head, implying that the facts were much gloomier than I might guess.

"It's almost shattered her," he said. "She's been very near abandoning her whole career—in fact, she's considered much more radical things than that. She told me so herself. I don't mean exactly suicide, but at least giving up the world. She was actually just about on the point of doing it, Miss Yeats told me. Miss Yeats is her best friend in the company and Francine tells her everything."

"She seems to tell you quite a little, too, Norman, for a rather short acquaintance."

"Oh, but you see people get to know each other so well right away on a party like this, and especially in the profession," he said. "That's the beauty of it. And besides, I suppose I happen to be the sort of man women confide in—possibly because they think I have more understanding of them than I really have." He laughed, then renewed his seriousness. "Miss Yeats said Francine might have thrown over her contract with Klebber and our play and everything, if I hadn't happened to come along just when I did—I mean, happened to be sympathetic to Francine's nature, and giving this party so that she's had a chance to get her mind off her trouble long enough to restore her—her balance, as it were. You see, she cared for the man really quite desperately; she told me she had, herself. Miss Yeats says she cared for him more than she ever has for anybody; and Miss Yeats says she thinks she always will care for him and can never get over it, no matter how gay she may manage to be sometimes on the surface."

"What do you think about it?" I asked, as he paused rather pensively, "Is that your impression too?"

"Well, no," he returned conscientiously. "I think wholesome influences and—and her work, of course—and keeping her gay, so that the wound has time to heal—I think all that might get her by the danger point of becoming morbid. Miss Yeats says the night of the dinner was the first time she hasn't cried all night since the divorce was granted. The man treated her with actual brutality. Francine worshiped him, yet he went back to England to play opposite a woman his wife knew perfectly well he'd been in love with for years. Miss Yeats said the dinner was the first time Francine's shown any real interest in anything, and for her part, she regarded it as a life saver. As a matter of fact, Francine told me the same thing herself, and I don't see your point in seeming to disapprove of my giving it."

"I didn't mean to express disapproval exactly," I told him, "I was thinking a little about Cyprian Klebber. Every play is a risk, of course, and he's risking quite a bit on this one of ours. You see, Klebber ——"

"Dear me!" Norman interrupted, and he laughed cheerily. "You're not worrying about that old winter apple, are you? What's he got to do with my having a wholesome good time?" He seized my arm. "Come on! I don't want to miss any of my own first rehearsal. It's the life, isn't it?"

He seemed to prove that it was certainly the life for Norman Archer—during the next six weeks, at least. Probably there never was a playwright who brought to the more arduous and trying division of his task a lighter heart or a more enraptured interest. When, after some of the rehearsals, we would set to work upon changes in the manuscript, he seemed to be in a happy trance, from which he would waken with what was frequently a useful bit of criticism; but usually, when this sort of work was called for by an afternoon rehearsal, he put it off until he could take Francine to tea somewhere, and then might again postpone it until they had dined and been to a theater. Sometimes they asked me to accompany them, and—although when I did, the interchange of comradely gayeties between them made me feel a little old and unwieldy—they took the sprightliest pains to make me feel included—included, at least, in a somewhat unclelike capacity.

But there were times when, in the midst of her prettiest laughter, Francine's exquisitely mobile face would become abruptly blank, almost haggard. She would sit silent, her eyes fixed broodingly upon some unhappy distance beyond the inclosing walls; tragedy seemed to poise upon the white brow of Columbine. "Thinking of him!" Norman might whisper to me; but upon the instant the spell would pass; Francine's eyes would look like dark water sparkling out into sudden full sunshine; she would catch up her laughter where she had left it, and the universe

would again be a merry place for both Norman and me. Inevitably I grew to be fond of her, because no one could be with her much and not grow fond of her. Her loveliness of person was one reason, and a good one, for it was a kind loveliness. The beaming sweetness of it was genuine, as many a worthy and many an unworthy applicant for help well knew. She understood nothing at all about what is called the value of money. She worked hard for it, and then gave it all away. Kindness—the most touchingly untutored passionate kindness—was her great failing, I think, and the cause of most of her troubles.

Without question it was the cause of some trouble for poor Norman too. His eager delight in being with her, and her kindness in appreciating that delight so profoundly as she did appreciate it, of course brought about the expectable result. By the time we opened they were inseparable—so much so that their comradeship had become a matter of course with the Young Mrs. Tomlinson company.

"When you want to see her, find him," George Morris said.

"But with me," I suggested, "it's rather more a case of 'to see him, find her.'" George stared at me.

"I don't want to see him," he said enigmatically; and I was too busy just then to ask him to explain.

Klebber arranged for us to open in Joliet, Illinois, a preliminary excursion of the customary sort, to find out what effect an audience not necessarily fatal might have upon our comedy; and the company left New York three days before this trial. At the last minute I was prevented from leaving with them, though Norman could not understand how I was able to let even a celebrated eye specialist interfere. My young friend was radiant with his present happiness and his expectation of more. He had bought violet boutonnières for us both—for the train, he said—and he was sure Francine would be broken-hearted by my absence from the great excursion. In fact, he was so solicitous that he dashed off and brought her to the hotel to say good-by on their way to the train.

"Don't let that awful man make you sit in a dark room for a month," she said. "I can't bear to think of it for you—especially at such a time."

Her kind eyes became instantly more beautiful with moisture, and to my awkwardest astonishment she even kissed me. Then she turned and went out sorrowfully; but just beyond the door her steps were heard to quicken. She romped down the corridor with Norman, and I could hear them laughing happily together as they waited for the elevator.

My oculist proved not so formidable as he had thought he might need to be. At the last moment he let me go out to the première of Young Mrs. Tomlinson upon the condition that I return to him in New York at once, and I arrived at the hotel in Joliet just three hours before the rising of the first curtain upon Young Mrs. Tomlinson. Cyprian Klebber, so intolerant as to appear inflamed, met me as I turned away from the clerk's desk after registering.

"He's gone back to Oshkosh," Old Zip informed me harshly. "You've certainly played the devil with this show."

"How could I? I've just this minute got here."

"He's gone back to Oshkosh, I tell you!" Klebber appeared to think that this explained everything.

"I'm not a mind reader, Cyprian," I said, falling back upon this old stencil of repartee. "Be more enlightening, if you can."

"I can, all right!" he assured me with undiminished ferocity.

"If he was going back to Oshkosh, why in the name of common sense didn't he go when he'd ought of? Not him! He had to wait till it would ruin the show. I told you exactly how it was to be, didn't I?"

"You always do," I replied, and at least it was true that Old Zip, after any catastrophe, has never in his life failed to ask that question. "I incline to gather that Norman Archer has gone back to Virginia."

At this he almost screeched at me, "He's gone back to Oshkosh! How many times do I have to tell you?"

"Why did he leave, Cyprian?"

"He got a telegram his little boy was sick with scarlet fever and left on the noon train. We're not going to give any show tonight—nor no time at all. Everything's over!"

"Aren't you flattering Norman?" I asked. "It's a surprise to me that you regard the presence of any playwright whatever as of such importance. I thought you didn't want him about at all."

"Me!" he exclaimed. "Want him? I'd give five thousand dollars this minute if he'd never left Oshkosh. She's about got the roof off of this hotel right now."

"Francine? What's the matter with her?" He laughed with a wearied bitterness.

"Oh, nothing—except she isn't going to play tonight or any other night. She's through with the stage permanently."

"Why is she?"

"Because he's gone back to Oshkosh."

"What?"

He waved his arm impatiently toward the elevator.

"Go on up and talk to her. Number 24, on the next floor. You can't do anything; but she says she wants to see you, so go on up and go crazy."

The sympathetic Miss Yeats opened the door numbered twenty-four and admitted me to the outer room of our star's apartment. Francine was not visible, but became audible instantly when she heard me inquiring for her.

She called from the next room, "Has he come? Is he there?" And before Miss Yeats could answer she came rushing in.

That piquant face of hers, so cheering in its lighter moods that just to have the twinkling edge of a smile from her lifted one's spirits for hours, was now all plastic with anguish. She ran into the room, but not quite to me; for she stopped herself suddenly a few feet away, stared at me as with a piteous incredulity, and then lurching forward, threw her arms about me and wept loudly upon my breast.

"You are his friend!" she cried; and her voice, strained with a pathos unbearable to hear, seemed to express the tearing of emotions beyond the power of ordinary creatures to feel. "Tell me the truth—all of it—all of it—all of it!"

Miss Yeats helped me to get her into a chair and brought her some ammonia in a glass of water. Francine cried upon her friend's fingers as the glass was held to her lips.

"I want just the—just the bitter truth," she wailed. "You are his friend—you must tell me and not spare me. Will you tell me just the truth?"

"My dear, I'd try to, if I understood what it is you want to know."

"Don't you?" she said feebly; and then, after applying to her eyes and forehead a damp towel, brought to her by the faithful Miss Yeats, she seemed to regain a better composure. She looked at me accusingly, almost with hostility. "You were with us often enough to see what I was beginning to feel about him. You know you saw. Why did you

(Continued on Page 210)

Francine Was the Life of the Party! She Was Almost Uproarious at Times, and Finally, Toward Daylight, Gave Us the Most Artfully Ridiculous of All Her Mockeries, a Burlesque

THIS IS WELL-BEING

Unshared prosperity palls and pines and carries no blessing in it. —MARTINEAU.

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

WHAT makes us the richest people in the world is not luck. It is not that we possess, as we sentimentally think, the finest segment of the earth's surface; actually, there are other segments just as good, where all the means to wealth have equally and longer existed. It is not that we make bigger machines, make them faster and work them harder. We do, but this is a technical fact. Other people could make machines as big, make them as fast and work them as hard. Simply, they do not. It is not that we are peculiarly inventive. If we were, that would not matter. Mechanical ideas are universally available. We would as soon sell machines and methods as anything else. Nor is it, as Europe pretends to believe, that we made enormous profits by the war; for if we did, we loaned them all away again, and more, and have yet to get them back. In spite of our war and postwar loans to other countries, not because of them, we are rich.

Then what is it?

Is there a natural reason? Is it that we are different in some fundamental way, owing perhaps to the fact that the business of pioneering a new continent selected to begin with the hardiest, most adventurous, most resourceful of human and racial elements? Is it the hell-I-can't temperament with which the American notoriously reacts to difficulty? Is it that our political institutions more than any other have favored the courageous, daring individual spirit?

No. These ideas, wherein they are valid, represent conditions, not causes. You might have had all the conditions without this result.

We are suddenly, in an astonishing manner, the richest people in goods, in the power to further abundance, in common well-being, by reason of a discovery as to the nature of prosperity. Any other people might have made the same discovery. We took no patent on it. We advertised it. Always it was free to those who would act upon it. Yet no other people did act upon it as we did.

The discovery was that prosperity multiplies itself in proportion as it is shared. It may be increasingly shared. The more it is shared the more there is of it for everyone, by a principle economically inherent.

It follows from this principle that prosperity is an x quantity, and so far as we can see, unlimited except by ignorance, inertia and greed.

And greed, meaning strife about division, becomes now of all economic follies the most absurd, since it is clear that the necessity to divide is imperative and begins at the top. It is not simple division. What prosperity requires to thrive upon is division in progressive ratio, under the principle that the more it is divided the more there will be of it through the whole social pyramid.

You may test the truth of this conclusion by an act of imagination. Wages represent division. What statisticians call the wage curve is always rising. That is its positive historical behavior. It rises faster than the curve of prices, which means that the buying power of wages tends all the time to increase. Progressive division, that is to say.

We Took No Patent on It. We Advertised It. Always It Was Free to Those Who Would Act Upon It

One Way to Freeze Prosperity

TAKE it only since 1914. The average cost of living, according to the figures of the United States Department of Labor, now is 70 per cent greater than in 1914. But the average wage is more than double what it was in 1914.

What cost a dollar in 1914 now costs $1.70. But if you took the aggregate of wages for the whole country in one great pay envelope, thereby to cancel exceptions and deviations, you would find now $2.20 for each one dollar that was there before the war.

All the various statistical ways of computing the relation of wages to prices substantially agree. The buying power of wages is roughly 30 per cent higher than in 1914. The division, the ratio in which prosperity is shared, has increased 30 per cent in eleven years, notwithstanding the fact that eleven years ago the standards of living were already higher here than anywhere else in the world.

Now what you are to imagine is a proposal by law, by act of Congress maybe, to reduce wages to their prewar value. Who would object? Labor of course. But you know for certain that capital also would object. Producers, bankers, merchants, they would all say no in a most emphatic manner. Why? Because that would mean going back to the prewar standards of living. It would mean setting a limit to prosperity. It would mean less prosperity for all, beginning at the top. Business would not hear of it; not even those employers who continually by habit complain of labor's demands.

Well, then imagine that under a storm of dissent the proposal were changed to read that wages should be stabilized as they are, rising hereafter as prices might rise, but no more, and falling as prices fall, with intent to make their buying power constant. Who would object to this? Labor again, of course. But also capital; also the producers, the bankers, the merchants, all business, even the grumbling type of employer. Why? Because that would mean no further rise in the standard of living. It would mean to freeze prosperity. For if you say prosperity shall not be further divided, that moment you say it shall not be further increased.

This is our doctrine. It is our special contribution to economic experience. Only the communists of Russia, who undertook unlimited division and forgot the use of production, will be seriously misled by episodes in contradiction.

We have strikes. We know violent industrial disputes. But there is bound to be a state of tension between those who receive and those who pay wages. It is necessary in our system. Labor is impatient to improve its living even faster, with nothing by which to scale it except what it was yesterday or the day before, since the standard already is the highest that has ever existed. The industrial capitalist, on the other side, has a feud to keep with costs, of which the first element is wages. He, as an individual, may be loath to increase his wage outlay; at the same time he is very anxious that the wage outlay of industry as a whole—industry of which he is part—shall be the utmost possible, and that it shall tend steadily to rise, for else he will be unable progressively to increase the volume of his sales.

Unless he can increase the volume of his sales he cannot increase his output.

Unless he can increase his output he cannot reduce his costs.

Unless he can reduce his costs he cannot increase wages.

And if he cannot increase wages, thereby making his contribution to the rising wage fund, he will be unable to keep his profit, his labor, his place in industry.

An Expansible Wage Fund

HE WORKS in a chain of events. First is that law of machine production which American industry has wonderfully exploited. The law is, the greater the output the lower the cost. Hence the method of mass production by which the divisible product of industrial effort—capital and labor together—has been prodigiously multiplied. This augmenting divisible product must be divided. That is to say, it must be sold. Therefore the buying power of people must rise in a corresponding manner. And so the necessity for high wages. They must not only be high; they must go always higher, because the product to be divided increases and people must have the means wherewith to buy it.

The idea of an expansible wage fund is the very core of our economic thinking. We know it so well, work so naturally in the terms of its postulates, that we almost forget how radical it is. Great Britain opened the industrial age with an opposite theory. Her economists taught and all her industrialists believed that the wage fund was fixed as by some natural law. Its ratio was unalterable. The amount of product that could be divided with labor was invariable.

Although the fallacy of that theory has been rationally recognized, the habits of thought that grew out of it are deeply encysted. And because Great Britain was first in the industrial rôle and was for many years successful in spite of the theory by reason of having a monopoly of machine craft, other European nations adopted it. Today it is the sinister economic ghost that haunts them and they know not how to be rid of it. Great Britain, which invented it, now bribes it. To a wage fund that is supposed to be limited by an imaginary law, and is notoriously inadequate to meet the cost of decent living, she makes enormous additions out of the public funds.

The difference between treating the wage fund as a quantity predetermined or treating it as a quantity that may be indefinitely expanded is fundamental. It is the difference between limited and unlimited prosperity.

Once the mind opens to the possibility of unlimited prosperity progressively to be shared, the human perspective changes. Behavior is altered, and all ways of thinking. That is why so many classical economic theories are bankrupt among us. Their assumptions have been overturned.

Take, for example, the historic notion of thrift, based on the assumption that capital had to be saved by patient and painful self-denial. Substitute the idea that capital can be made, and instantly the use of thrift has another aspect.

We have learned that to an extent and in a manner hitherto undreamed of prosperity does in fact make its own capital. In so far as that is true the necessity to save capital is less, and thrift is understood to mean not putting money by in a stocking, not hoarding it in any sense, but intelligent spending.

Why, indeed, should people practice self-denial when they have in their hands the power to produce goods in excess of their needs—almost, one would now say, in excess of their wants? Such is our case. We have a great surplus of industrial capacity. The output of goods might be enormously increased with our existing plant, simply if the need were and the want became effective. The problem no longer is how to produce enough. That we have solved. The problem is how to sell what is produced.

This you may see wherever you look. It is written in the sky. A forest is consumed each day to print the news of it. It is signified in the growth of installment selling as a commercial practice. You do not have to hoard money in order to buy what you want. It is necessary only that you shall want it and be willing to work for it. In that case you may have it first and pay for it out of your income.

Of all things, a potential surplus—food, luxuries, houses, basic materials. Food is brought to your notice with selling slogans. Eat more meat. Eat more fruit. The competitive merits of white bread are advertised on billboards. Then the bran that is left out of the white bread in order that the bread may be more delectable is separately treated to make it appetizing, dressed in cartons, and advertised for sale as a necessary article of diet.

Fancy the Rev. Mr. Malthus confronted by this spectacle. He would think it a fantasy. He lived three generations past, before the industrial age, and wrote a logical thesis to prove that from man's natural impulse to reproduce himself beyond the limits of sustenance it followed that civilization was doomed forever to have about it a fringe of misery for want of food. Man's impulse to procreation has not failed, nor has any principle of fecundity changed in the earth. What has happened?

Mechanical energy has magnified man's power of exertion upon the soil. One does as much as three or four did before, and the labor so released from the task of getting food belongs to industry, which provides more and more of that same mechanical energy—more tractors, more wheeled implements, more cunning automatons, more trucks, greater means of railroad transport, in an endless spiral. So far as we can see, there is no limit to it. For the first time in this world man need not rely upon the rhythms of Nature for plenty. He need not pray for rain. Industry, if necessary, could water by artificial means, regularly and in a scientific manner, the whole agricultural area.

Release it, set it free by an ideal of progressive division, and the power of industry will expand faster than population. This we have demonstrated. It might have been deduced from the nature of machines, whose power of reproduction is greater than that of people.

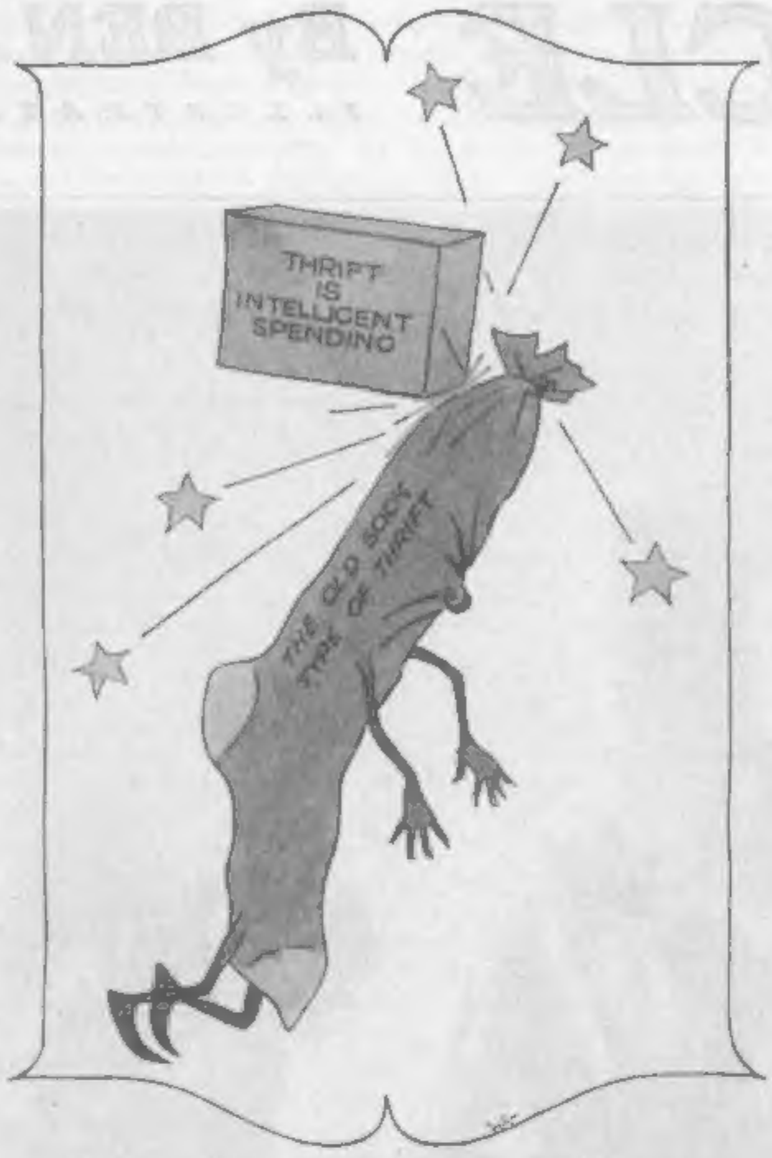
An Axiom From the Old Textbooks

IN 1880 the use of steel in this country was fifty-six pounds per capita. It has risen to 900 pounds. It has increased sixteen times. Yet even faster has the capacity of the steel industry expanded, so that now, with people using nearly half a ton per capita per year, the steel makers think they are doing very well if they are able to work their plants at 70 per cent of full capacity.

There is about that measure of surplus capacity through all industry. Hence the anxiety of industry to increase demand. From this, all that series of organized activities under the general head of "selling." They have one end in view. That is to stimulate effective wanting. This means, of course, to impress upon the imagination new thoughts of desire, new comparisons in the pattern of common living; it means in addition to tap new wells of human exertion.

One axiom from the old textbooks is still valid. Merely to want a thing is not enough. One may want it wishfully and still be unwilling to put forth the effort necessary to achieve it. The desire must be strong enough to move the mind and body. Then one will possess the thing desired and wanting is effective.

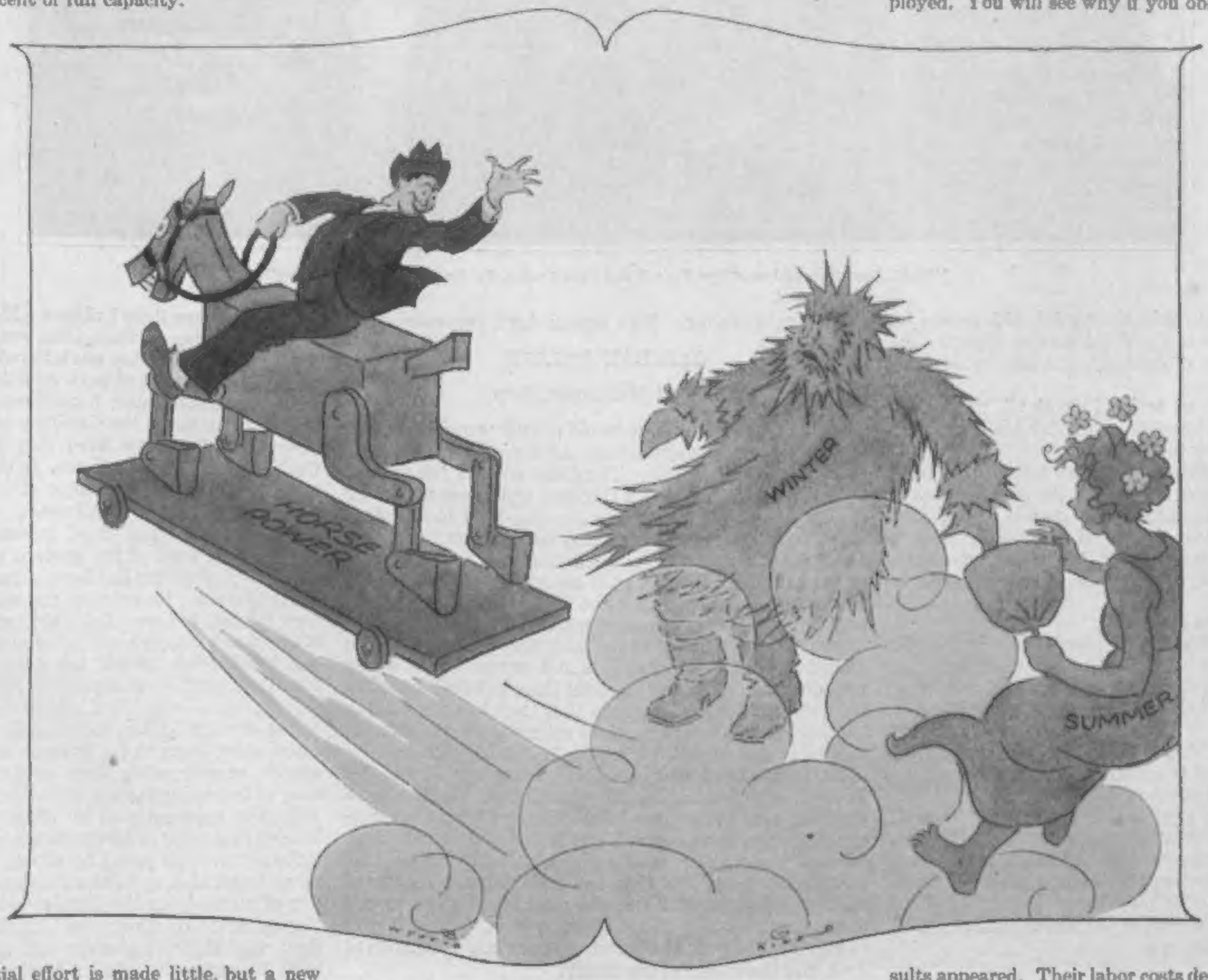
Credit selling, even carried very far, is justified on this ground. The initial effort is made little, but a new habit of possession is created, and for that the man will exert himself more.



Under an Idea of Unlimited Prosperity There Is a New Way of Saving

In this way the motor-car habit has been universally implanted. There is a new department of finance represented by credit companies whose function is to lend people the money with which to buy cars. The necessity was that the output of motor cars had begun to exceed the self-stimulated demand.

The annual output of motors is 4,000,000. To make it 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 is merely an act of acceleration. All that is wanting is an effective demand for a greater production.



For the First Time in This World Man Need Not Rely Upon the Rhythms of Nature for Plenty

Never in the life of the human race had any people so much material well-being, such power of artificial abundance. Never were the things of use and desire so cheap. The price of a thing is no sign of dearness or cheapness. Prices may be low and still things may be dear because few can afford to buy them. Conversely, prices may be high and yet things may be cheap because everyone has the money or the credit with which to buy. The true test is the availability of things—the quantity and variety in which people are able to use, possess, consume and enjoy them. By this criterion one shall say that never were the things to satisfy wants and gratify desires so cheap as here and now. And this has come from sharing prosperity in a progressive manner, from the active theory of an extensible wage fund, from the ideal, carried further here than anywhere else, of reducing the cost of production by efficiency, by multiple methods, by high tool power, on a rising curve of wages.

That idea is our talisman. The machine is its slave. And the first of our economic symbols is written H. P., meaning horse power. It is the unit in which we measure mechanical energy.

The Decline of Common Labor

FOR each wage earner in American industry there is primary mechanical energy amounting to four horse power. In 1914 there was only 3.25 horse power per man; in 1909 only 2.75. If you drew a curve to represent this increase in the aggregate horse power of the country's industrial equipment, and then another to represent the rise in wages for the same period, you would see that they move together.

Tool power added to the man not only multiplies the value of his labor; it changes his status, his habits of mind, his ways of living.

From the statistics of occupation printed by the Bureau of the Census you might construct another curve to represent the decline of common labor. It would not be accurate. The statistics are rough. But it would show that as the use of mechanical energy increases, the use of common or unskilled labor falls by direct inversion; it would show how more and more the drudgery has been put off upon power-driven automatons and how, accordingly, the common laborer rises to the rank of skilled or semiskilled occupation, at higher wages. As this occurs his work becomes much less disagreeable, his buying power is increased and the index of division is tilted a little higher.

Road building in 1920 was about three times greater than in 1910, yet 65,000 fewer common laborers were employed. You will see why if you observe the next piece of concrete road making you happen to pass. Machines do the digging, the lifting and the mixing, and thus by swift stealth highways now are laid down all over the country like carpets unrolling. The wages are high; the cost per mile is low. The cost of concrete roads made by hand would be simply prohibitive.

The railroads produced two-thirds more transportation in 1920 than in 1910, with 73,000 fewer common laborers. During the war the wages of common labor were increased, not because it had become more productive or was worth any more, but because it had to live. Afterward they did not come down again; or at least, they came down very little, and the railroads were obliged to meet the situation by thinking of new ways in which to substitute machine power for brute power. And as they succeeded two results appeared. Their labor costs declined and the status of labor improved. Of common laborers in general trades not

(Continued on Page 224)

SIR ORACLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"Well, Just Remember After This What You Look Like Underneath, Old Man"

IT WAS Staples who hired Jefford, for Staples did the hiring and firing. This was one aspect of the office business with which Merithew never interfered. If a man was to go, Merithew passed the word to Staples; and if a new man was to come in, Merithew left to Staples the business of interviewing and discarding and selecting.

He may, perhaps—the trait would have been in character—have disliked the promiscuous human contacts involved in the affair.

Jefford was a young man full of friendliness and perfectly sure of himself. Staples interviewed him on Saturday afternoon, after Merithew had departed for the country club; and Jefford was there Monday morning when Merithew came in at his usual dignified hour. Staples was busy at the files, Babbidge was typing a letter—the fact that the machine was soundless lent a suggestion of pantomime to the rapid flicks of his fingers—and Jefford had come to the water cooler by the door at the moment when Merithew entered.

The great man came in as he always did, with an air; he met the eye of Staples and nodded ever so slightly; he caught the lifted glance of Babbidge and acknowledged it without a nod.

He saw Jefford without seeing him at all, passing by where the young man stood to put away his hat and to turn to his great desk by the window.

Jefford grinned to himself. Another might have been abashed, might have been warned by the experience that he was as yet of no account, undeserving of a nod. But Jefford was not diffident. Instead of making himself discreetly small and inconspicuous, he took a step or two toward Merithew's desk, and he spoke to the great man in a casual tone.

"Fine day, sir," he suggested.

Merithew had just lifted the topmost letter in the pile of correspondence before him; but he was so surprised at this that he laid the letter down again and looked at Jefford.

And after a moment he asked crisply, "You are the new clerk?"

"Yes," Jefford told him. "Yes. Jefford's my name." He seemed on the point of extending his hand.

Merithew lifted his letter again.

"Mr. Staples should have explained to you," he said, "that this is not the weather bureau." And his eyes dropped to the sheet of paper in his hand so decisively that Jefford had a curious feeling that he had ceased to exist. He grinned and went to his place across the room.

But he watched Merithew for the rest of that day with an intent and speculative eye.

This office had, as so many offices have, a glass panel in the door; and upon this panel, as is so often the case, there was lettering. The legend here engrossed read simply:

CARIDAN ESTATE

ENOCH MERITHEW, ESQ.

This Caridan estate was an old one; was considered old even in a city where old fortunes are the rule and new ones bear a certain disrepute. The foundation of the fortune had been laid by an Enoch Caridan, who made money by the simple process of buying forested land in the days when forested land cost nothing, cutting down the trees and selling them. He dated back a hundred and fifty years or so, and he had had the good sense to sire two able sons. The forests Enoch leveled not infrequently found their way into the fabric of great ships, and sailed the seas; so it was not surprising that son Joel built clippers and son Ezra fashioned whaling vessels and owned them. Many men did these things at the same time, but Joel and Ezra were to some extent unique in that they had the wisdom to withdraw their fortunes into safer channels before the clipper was succeeded, the whaler became obsolete.

These two brothers had a sister, Jane; and it was this Jane who married the first Merithew. Ezra Caridan had a clubfoot, which legend said was a family affair. So it happened that he never married, and Jane's Merithew became his associate in business. Jane herself died in her thirties, but Merithew outlived Ezra and had from him by way of legacy a competence. Ezra, who must have known as well as another what Merithew's abilities were, thought it wise to transfer the bulk of his fortune back into the hands of Joel, into the coffers of the family.

Joel's oldest boys died in the Civil War and his wife died of her grief at their dying. But Joel was a stout old man, of no mind that the family should expire; and in 1869 he married a second time, being himself then full of years; and in 1871 another Joel came to carry on the name and to conserve the estate. Jane Merithew's only son was at that time a man grown; and Joel named him guardian of the estate and of the young Joel, till the latter should come of age. This Merithew served well and adequately till he surrendered the reins to young Caridan in 1894.

But young Joel, child of his father's old age, was not well adapted to the load he had to bear; and if he had not found a Merithew always ready to advise him and to support him, the estate must have shrunk to proportions inconsiderable. After a year or two, perception of this, coupled with a natural disinclination to great effort, persuaded him to abandon his affairs altogether into Merithew's hands. And his son, for different reasons, eventually pursued a like policy.

Thus, in a word, there had been a Caridan estate for some hundred years or more; and for the major portion of that time there had been a Merithew to attend to its affairs. Neither of these lines was ever prolific. Enoch Merithew, whose name was lettered so neatly on the glass panel of the door, had been an only son. He had, somewhere, a spinster sister; himself was married but childless. On the other hand, the Caridans had dwindled till of the direct line there now lived only two—the current Joel Caridan and his brother Luke. In them, it appeared, there had been some recrudescence of the strength and gusto which their forbears had known; but with them it was diverted. Having no need to concern themselves with affairs, they were of the modern generation of pleasure seekers. A shooting box here, a yacht yonder, a villa on sunny shores. Forever on the move, their movements were religiously chronicled in the public press. They went, it appeared, everywhere; or almost everywhere. For in this small office behind the glass-paneled door, Enoch Merithew was left supreme; and with that genius for safe-and-sane detail which had always characterized his family, he sat here day by day, receiving the incomes of the estate, distributing them to the brothers in response to their demands, or reinvesting them so shrewdly that there was ever an increasing income to be thus distributed.

A man apparently of no imagination, and somewhat lacking in a sense of humor and proportion. A man, too, curiously proud; proud by proxy, as it were. He could never forget that upon his shoulders rested the whole burden of maintaining the Caridan estate—maintaining and increasing it. He thought of himself, no doubt, as a Caridan; and this was perhaps just enough. In those who bore the name, the infusion of new blood had come from the distaff side; but in him the descent from old Enoch was no less direct and certain. It is doubtful whether he

took any pride in being a Merithew; his life was founded upon the consciousness that he was a Caridan.

He may, conceivably, have felt the responsibility of maintaining not only the Caridan estate, but the dignity of the Caridan good name; for if there was even a fair proportion of truth in the rumors which came back to him, the Caridans themselves, Joel and Luke, had little care for it. They had been born abroad, these two; born in a villa on the Mediterranean where their father chose for years to dwell. Since then they had seen every quarter of the globe. One or the other of them was occasionally in New York; and Joel had once even come to Merithew here, to discuss with him in a manner full of owlish wisdom the proper disposition of some surplus funds, to approve his management and to depart light-heartedly again. Luke had never come. He and Joel, sometimes together, sometimes apart, saw the world. They did their part in the war.

Joel had been married and divorced before that, was since married again. Luke, like ancient Ezra, had not married. He had inherited, it appeared, the deformity which Ezra had worn through life. But Luke's twisted foot had been in a measure corrected by an operation, and the limp attributed to him was usually blamed upon a machine-gun bullet received some two thousand feet in the air above the German lines. Joel, if repute was accurate, was somewhat of an exquisite, preferring the easy ways; but Luke had adventured. The Arctic, Africa, India had seen him; he was known as a mighty hunter before the Lord; he sailed his own yacht, and the craft was built for rough weather and heavy going. A loud, hearty, roaring bully of a young man, given to expensive escapades for which Enoch Merithew had to pay.

Of Joel Caridan, Enoch must have approved; but toward Luke he sometimes held an admonishing tone. This in the monthly letters which he was accustomed to forward to the two brothers. The fact that Luke never replied did not deter him from this practice. He was an austere man: a man who would have been pompous but for the fact that his voice was always steady and low.

In the office here, behind the glass-paneled door, he sat conscientiously enough from ten in the morning till one, and from two till four, day after day. Staples and little Babbidge, whose noiseless typewriter was curiously in keeping with his silent presence, and now Jefford moved to and fro beneath his eye. They were, in his conception, his hands; he was their brain. And he was not accustomed to permit the hands to distract the brain. The office routine was severely formal and businesslike; Merithew tolerated no deviations. Thus it was quite in character that he should speak so crushingly to Jefford when that young man ventured an idle word of greeting on this first morning of his labors here.

But Jefford was a youngster not easily crushed. He might be silenced; was, indeed, silenced in this instance. But he returned to his desk and all that day he watched Enoch Merithew with a scrutinizing and an indignant eye.

Merithew was accustomed to preserve in the office such a demeanor that he seemed to be alone there. He had long thought it would be wiser and more dignified if he had quarters apart from these his underlings; but he had an acute consciousness of the fact that, except in so far as it served his own dignity, such an extravagance was quite unnecessary. And one of the springs of his life was loyalty to the estate. So he had his great desk near the windows at the front of the room, while Staples and Babbidge and Jefford clustered at the rear, forced to the occasional use of electric lights on a gloomy day.

Of their very presence, so far as this was possible, Merithew seemed unconscious. He bore himself always as though they were apart, in another room; and he carried this manner to such an extent that when he wished to dictate to Babbidge, who did the stenographic work of the office, he pressed a button instead of simply calling to the young man to come to his side. On this morning of Jefford's first appearance, when he had looked through his letters and arranged them in an orderly fashion on this side and that, he thus pressed the button; and Babbidge, who had been persistently patting the soundless keys of his machine, rose and came quietly to where he sat.

The great man acknowledged his coming by not so much as a glance; his eyes remained upon the letter in his hand, while Babbidge slipped silently into the chair at the desk end and opened his notebook. Merithew began at once to dictate, in a smooth, low voice; and he continued without any pause or intermission whatever

The office was on the third floor, so that the noises from the street sometimes came in through the windows. In the midst of today's dictation, some sort of traffic entanglement occurred at the corner immediately below, and a score or so of automobile horns began to blow in derisive, exclamatory, panic-stricken or profane tones. The din was so continuous that Babbidge lost a word or two, and he leaned forward in the effort to hear more adequately, and at last said apologetically, "Sir?"

Merithew looked at him with a stern glance.

"The horns drowned your voice, sir," Babbidge explained fearfully.

The great man's eyes returned to the letter before him.

"That is not my concern," he said, and Babbidge colored with embarrassment. Jefford, across the room, heard, and he waited for Babbidge to explode. But the little man had, it appeared, no notion of protesting; and when he saw this, Jefford relaxed in amazement.

A little later, Babbidge returned to his machine to type these letters, and Merithew was left in solitary state at his desk. During the interval before the letters were done, a bond salesman came in to see the trustee of the Caridan estate. In that capacity Merithew bought many bonds, seeking always conservative and tax-exempt securities, slowly completing a transfer of all the paper in the Caridan vaults into such forms as to escape any levy by the law. Thus bond salesmen came and went almost daily. They were of all ages and of all manners, and sometimes they succeeded and sometimes they failed.

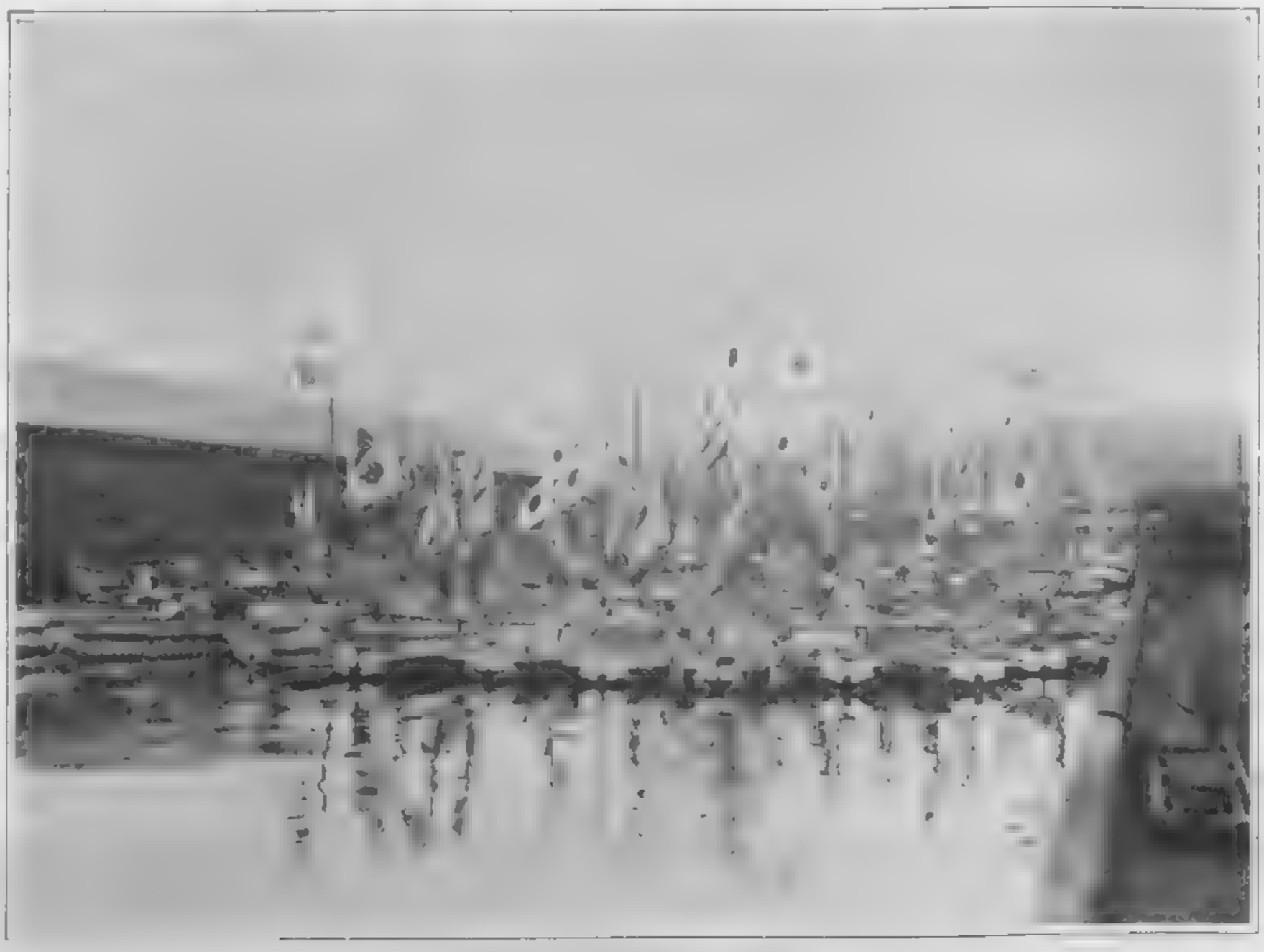
Today's salesman was from the first bound to fail. Staples could have warned him, if there had been an opportunity, but the young man did not consult Staples. He came into the room without knocking, thrusting open the glass-paneled door and standing for a moment on the threshold, looking this way and that. He may have been in some wise a shrewd young man, for his glance passed

Continued on Page 164

"Mr. Staples Should Have Explained to You," He Said, "That This is Not the Weather Bureau"

HOO MALIMALI—By Samuel G. Blythe

Which, in Hawaiian, Means "Kid 'Em Along"



Japanese Fishing Boats at Honolulu

WE HAVE repressed, not to say removed, a considerable amount of the native gayety of the Hawaiian by the application of our remorseless, even if beneficent, civilization since we first began to put pants on him a hundred years or so ago. The islanders found the white man to be a dour sort of person, far more concerned with money than with merriment, and to this day when they say "He's haole," they mean that the he they speak of is more than a foreigner and a Caucasian. He's to be distrusted, into the bargain, when it comes to native concerns and occasions.

Along with pants we put penalties and pieties upon them, and they languished to an extent, losing much of the carefree spirit and the joy of life without regulation, until we took the island over as an integral part of the United States, made Hawaii a territory and bestowed American citizenship upon them, including the right to vote in their territorial elections. Then the Hawaiians bloomed again and have been blooming ever since, for politics gives them their opportunity to be carefree and gay, and they are gay and carefree in it and with it every day in the year.

Politics is an entertainment, a diversion, a sport, and they all play at it. Every Hawaiian is a politician, man and woman alike. The ultimate ecstasy comes with office. Every Hawaiian wants to hold office, wherein, it may be, he does not differ so much from his mainland American brethren and sisters; but even if every Hawaiian does not get an office, there is always the lure of trying and the fun of playing the game. Politics, in Hawaii, is the last stand of a light-hearted people who have been suppressed in their light-heartedness for a hundred years. It gives them an outlet for many of their native traits, makes them important in public affairs and employs their little and amusing subtleties. Politics really allows the Hawaiians to be Hawaiian, and that is something nothing else we have put upon them allows. They have seized upon politics as an antidote for the repressions of a century, and they play it with a gusto that is interesting and amusing.

Politics in the Islands

POLITICS in Hawaii, as played by the Hawaiians, is as native as surf-boarding or the hula-hula, and it is as universal as poi, and it is played with strictly Hawaiian rules and regulations. There are many phases of it, of course, but there is one basic principle. That is this: If you are full blood, or part blood, or Hawaiian married, or truly in sympathy with the Hawaiians, you are within the circle. If you are not, you are pau—finished. They will not tell you you are pau. Far from it. Hoo malimali is the slogan of all Hawaiian politics—kid 'em along. You may be running for office in Honolulu, say, and, by virtue of the expert hoo malimali that comes to you from all quarters, think you are winning in a walk. Then comes the devastating revelation of election day. The Hawaiians did not want to hurt your feelings. But, on the other hand, not one of them voted for you.

There is the historic and typical case of Link McCandless. Link came over to the islands years ago and made a lot of money. Originally, he was a Republican, because all the important people, or most of them, in the islands are Republicans. To digress a moment: The big business men in the islands are practically all Republicans. Most of the fortunes there are owned by Republicans. Naturally, the Hawaiians associate money with Republicanism. A time ago, some congressmen came to Hawaii on some sort of an inspection tour, and a native driver drew three Democrats for his load in a trip around one of the islands. On his return the driver confided in a political friend.

"Those men got no business," he said; "no money. All Democrats."

The Game

TO RETURN to Link McCandless: After Hawaii became a territory, Link, who always was interested in the game, decided to get actively into it, and looked about. He could see no sustenance in trying to be a factor in Republican politics, because of the factors already in the Republican Party. So he took over the task of forming a Democratic organization, where he had practically no competition.

Link spent his money freely and got an organization together. Then he decided, as head of that organization, to run for territorial delegate to Congress, and announced his candidacy. The Hawaiian politicians flocked to him.

"Mr. Link," they said, "we love you. We are all for you. You are our friend. We can throw the entire Hawaiian vote to you. You need have no fear. Trust yourself to us. How much money can we have? We love you. We are friends together."

And so it went, until election day. Link seemed assured of success, but when the returns came in he found that every last Hawaiian vote in the islands had been cast for Prince Cupid, a Hawaiian, who served the territory so well at Washington for twenty years.

"Oh, Mr. Link," said the Hawaiians, "we are so sorry. We love you. Auwe! Auwe! We are desolated! See, we weep!"

They wept some for Link.

"We were mistaken. Next time it will be different, for we love you. We thought it was all right. Auwe! Auwe!"

And they wept some more. They weep freely and convincingly, these Hawaiian politicians.

In two years, Link, encouraged by the growing strength of his organization, tried it again. Again the Hawaiians came and told him they loved him. Again they found out how much money he intended to spend. Again they promised to throw the Hawaiian vote to him, and again every one of them went to the

Japanese, Kanakas, Chinese, Koreans, Portuguese, and Representatives of Half a Dozen Other Nationalities, Start in the Annual Bicycle Race Around the Island of Oahu

Hawaiian Women Dancing on the Beach at a Hukilau or Native Fishing Party and Feast. The Woman With the Hollow Gourd Is the Music Maker

polls on election day and voted for Prince Cupid.

"Auwe! Auwe!" they wailed, after election. "It is terrible! We love you, Link. We were mistaken We thought we could control our people. Could you spare something to help us in the next campaign?"

After three or four trials at it, Link gave it up. The hoo malimali was too strong for him. Prince Cupid went back to Congress every two years until he died. And then, after a term for another Republican, Bill Jarrett, a Hawaiian, known as Silent Bill, was elected delegate, and the probabilities are that Bill will be returned for many terms if he cares to run. He is Hawaiian. That is the real reason for William, but he is a most excellent and capable representative also.

PHOTOS BY HOLT D. COVELL, THE STAR-BULLETIN, HONOLULU

A Steamer Leaving for the Mainland From Honolulu. The People on Board Throw Down Paper Streamers to Those on the Dock to Delay the Severing of Ties

They seem to have a sixth sense, these Hawaiians. They know instinctively whether you are really in sympathy with them or merely want their votes. But they do not tell you what they think. They are a most engaging and friendly people, and would not hurt your feelings for the world. They always tell you what they think you want to know. They carefully conceal their real feelings. They are smiling and cordial and compassionate and eager to make you happy. But they won't vote for you unless you are one of them, either racially or by their own adoption.

No person can graft himself politically on the Hawaiians. They do the selection. They seem to welcome all comers. They will work their heads off, apparently, for a candidate. That candidate is convinced of their loyalty and sincerity. But all the time they are for the Hawaiian candidate, and when they talk among themselves they say, "I hope he has a fine funeral."

The Joys of Capitulation and Surrender

NOW politics in a country like that, with the hoomalimalites holding the control, is a pursuit that is likely to silver the hair of the white man, and does. Not that some white men do not win their contests—some do—but that the odds are always in favor of the candidate who is Hawaiian, who is part Hawaiian, or who has thoroughly and satisfactorily demonstrated his sympathy with the natives. No other has a chance. The Hawaiians love all white men, to hear them tell it, but the only sort they really love are those who prove up under a most critical survey.

The basis of all their political relations is to have fun, to avoid hurting the feelings of anyone, to remain in a blissful state of warm affection for all mankind and to see that none but Hawaiians get on the official pay rolls. They are curious people. They love to capitulate. They dote on surrender. They think that a refusal to do something that is recanted will give greater pleasure than an original assent. They like to be coaxed. They get an enormous satisfaction over their self-abnegation in consenting to do what is asked after they have put forth a dozen eloquent reasons for not doing it. They are liquid-eyed and palpitating potential martyrs. Nothing gives a Hawaiian so much joy as to yield after he has taken a stand. It exalts him to himself. He feels that, by his surrender, he is showing the greatest devotion and respect.

Beach Boys Who Said "No" and Meant "Yes"

ONE night in Honolulu, when I was there, there was to be a party at one of the big houses up in the Monoa Valley. Of course, Hawaiian music was needed, and one of the hostesses was asked to get some of the Waikiki Beach boys, who are expert musicians, to come. She went to see them, thinking that the request was a mere courtesy and that they would be glad to come. She was surprised when they flatly refused. They said it was impossible. They gave many reasons. So the lady went away and got another band. Next day she was at the beach and was astonished to find that the beach boys were bitterly resentful because she had engaged another band. They told her that the reason they refused was because they wanted to be coaxed into taking the job.

That is a typical Hawaiian trait. Hence, dealing with them politically is a most perplexing business. It is almost impossible for a white man—unless he is a white man of long experience to know whether what the Hawaiian tells him is hoo malimali—told him to make him feel good—or is the fact. At that, only about one time in five hundred it is not hoo malimali. The politician who proceeds on this assumption is nearer to knowing where he stands than one who swallows the flattery and absorbs the salve. Still, it does not take long to discover that Hawaiians are for Hawaiians when it comes to voting, and the party managers bear that in mind. They have to. Otherwise they would elect nobody

All this would seem to imply that the Hawaiians are a subtle and intriguing people,

(Continued on Page 198

A Hukilau Party With Some of the Catch

REUNION

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"The Swimmin' Fool! He'll Do That Once Too Often!"

A STICKY little girl ran in front of Alan's left crutch and cawed out, "Mommer, look at the nice man with just one leg!" before Alan walked into her mussed white coat and knocked her over on the dusty tiles. She howled with an instantaneous rising noise that tingled down his back even as an obvious mother glowered and swooped, spilling bundles.

"You oughta be ashamed of yerself!"

"I'm not," said Alan heartily; "but I'm sorry."

"If you had children of your own ——"

Alan retorted, "I have, but it—he's only two months old. Anyhow, I'm going to teach him not to get in a guy's—in a man's way, especially when the fella's on crutches."

"Is that so!" said the woman, spilling more of the bundles. "Well, don't you ever come near Woonsocket!"

"I can think of a lot of other places to go first," Alan told her, and navigated industriously away from her next sentence, although words pursued his ears for twenty yards, and he felt suddenly conspicuous in the middle of Massachusetts, with a porter lugging his bag ahead of him and a bad record already advertised behind his heavy coat. Boston, so far, seemed made of women escorting children, all sticky. It would be safer to take refuge and to get advice. He said, "Here, where's a telephone?" and then lumbered in another direction, hampered by a bulging female who hung close to his right crutch and stared at him intensely around a small powdered nose.

"Alan Smith? It is Alan Smith, ain't it? I hope to die if it ain't!"

"You needn't die," he said, stopping short under the blow of her contralto shout. "Yes, I'm Alan Smith."

And, in a moment of staring, he remembered his earliest stepmother. Time had thickened everything about Elfie Delane except her little nose; but her voice was not changed, and it seemed to charge at him out of the extraordinary past in all its vigor, saying, "Well, I'd have known you in Jerusalem! You're John Smith's son from A to Z. The—the crutches kind of stopped me for a minute. . . . War? Ain't that the devil's own luck? D'you live in Boston? We've been playin' a week here. And how's Casimir? Say, I've thought about that baby a lot!"

"He," said Alan, "will be twenty-one in January."

Elfie Delane lifted her white gloves and straightened her perfectly yellow hair, just as she had straightened it eighteen years ago in the theatrical boarding house in Los Angeles.

She murmured, "Twenty-one! Lemme see, you must be twenty-eight or nine then. . . . Well, I'd have knew you anywhere. Yeh, I've thought about you and little Casimir a lot. You were certainly an awful comfort when your pop was on a bust. I was tellin' Felicity just a couple of weeks ago. What you do now?"

"I'm a halfway architect," said Alan, aware that she still smelled of carnations; "help my uncle out on the contractin' end of the business. I was workin' with a contractor when the war came on anyhow. The kid and I live with my Uncle Hugh—pop's brother. Carmelsville, New York. It's just south of Poughkeepsie. It ——" A girl with deep-blue eyes appeared beside his father's second wife. Alan gulped, blushed and went on—"it's a good business."

He made the sentence end and stared fearfully at this girl. Of course! Only he hadn't thought of her in years. That was Elfie's baby. Old enough to muck her lips up with paint and to chew gum. He shifted a crutch on the tiles and listened to Elfie Delane saying, "Felicity, meet your brother Lanny—Alan, his name is, only they always called him Lanny out in L. A. He's the exact image of your poppa, only handsomer and not so tough lookin'. . . . Ain't she got John's eyes, though, Lanny? Same as yours! Only little Casimir was black-headed, like your mamma. Alan and his little brother was half Polish, sister. Their mother was a Polish lady that swum in vaud'ville—Helena the Human Seal. An awful nice woman, but Polish. They're usually blondes, but she was dark. . . . When did John die, Lanny?"

"He ain't—isn't dead, Elfie," Alan stuttered.

"Goodness!" said Elfie Delane, jamming a hand on her breast. "I thought he'd get shot or sumpin long ago. So I'm just a grass widow still? The last I heard of your poppa was—well, it's easy ten years ago. I was playin' stock in San Francisco and I saw him with a blonde party out lookin' at the seals at the beach."

"He generally marries blondes," Alan mumbled, and looked from his half sister to the muddle of a group from which the girl had strolled, the animated crowd of a theatrical troupe, drowsy men and brisk women in clever hats, their faces freshened by morning. "Still troopin', Elfie?"

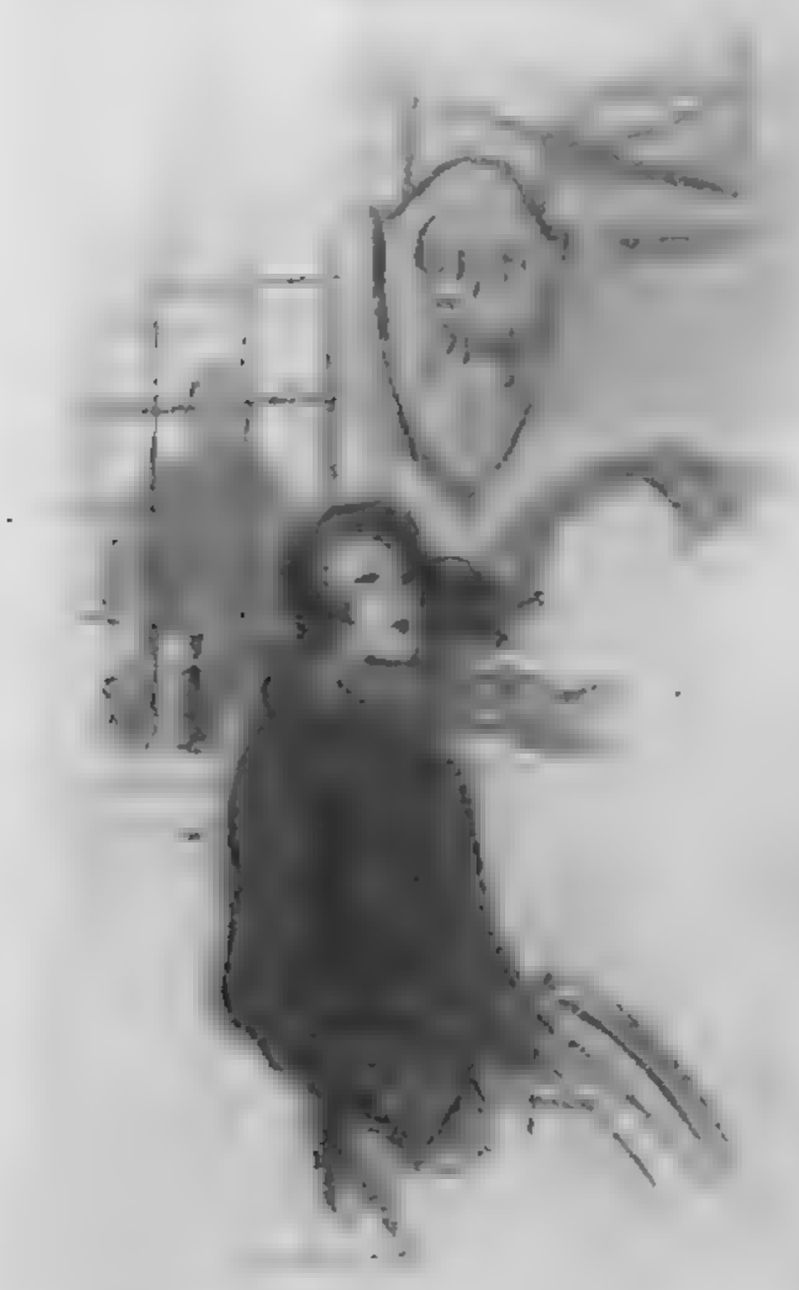
"Still," said his father's second wife buoyantly. "I lived with mamma in Nevada a couple of years, when Felicity was a baby an' I was gettin' divorced, an' so on. Only there ain't so many contraltos with my range. Travel and see the world! Well, where is John Smith?"

Alan dug a crutch in the Bostonian tiles and felt moisture appearing on his upper lip. His part sister might faint or something. You couldn't tell. Diamond on left hand—engaged. All right, but she might tell her man and he wouldn't like it. Alan cleared his throat and said, "Haven't seen much of pop in five years. Drops in every once and a while with a tale of woe. No. Y'see, he put the kid to work. Casimir swims better'n most fish. Pop had him out in vaudeville when I was in France—billed as the Divin' Kid. He was a reg'lar—regular gold mine. Then my spine was all bunged up, besides losin' a leg, and I had to dangle on with pop and the kid for a year after I got back. It was a shame! We never had a cent! The kid got sick of it an' we ran off to Uncle Hugh. That's five years back. . . . No use tryin' to educate the kid, of course. We let him have a garage to play with this summer, down here at a place named Siamet. He's done fine. Nothin' he don't know about a motor. Has a kind of gift for it. He ——"

"How many times has John Smith got married?"

"Well," said Alan, "six."

Elfie Delane swung a brilliant purse to and fro and shivered oddly under her furs and the orange of a cloak. She said "Women are fools!" in a strangely sour voice,



The Woman Beat Her Blowing Cloak Away From Her Face and Seemed to Laugh in the Wind

and then shrugged so violently that her hat bobbed as she asked, "Who was the last common or garden idiot, Lanny?"

"She's Italian. A widow with children. Runs a road house down by New London in Connecticut. She writes a pretty good letter. Had some correspondence with her . I never saw his third. After you quit him he loaded me an' the kid onto an old guy down at Santa Barbara. He was up in Oregon a couple of years. Married a school-teacher. She gave him his papers in about six months. . . . Four and Five were in vaud'ville. They were nice girls, but couldn't stand his gait. The kid knew 'em. I didn't."

Felicity, daughter of John Smith, nodded benignantly to her relative and strolled back into the assembled company. Alan wiped his lip and took a placid breath. He hoped that his collapsible grammar hadn't offended. Well, she was used to her mother's diction and it didn't matter. Only her eyes had startled him.

"Good-lookin' girl, Elfie."

"Pretty sensible too. She's engaged to a man in the wholesale drug business. Cross-eyed, but what's the difference? . . . What was you blinkin' for when I asked where John is?"

"Didn't want to say in front of the girl. . . . Why, he had a fight with his wife, Elfie. She caught him takin' some money out of the place. He beat her up and then one of her sons beat him up an' pop tried to bust him on the head with a chair an' they had him arrested. He wired me to help him out. I dunno if it was right or not, but I let him go up. They gave him a year. He hurt his wife pretty bad. Dunno exactly what I could do about it. I felt bad afterward, but ——"

"You must of," she said slowly. But in a moment she gave a tremendous shrug and told him, "Ah, don't worry! Life's too short, huh? Some men just don't never grow up. It's awful funny in a play or sumpin, but it ain't so gay when you gotta live with 'em. . . . Well, our train goes in two shakes."

His back ached from the trip through the cold night from New York, and a cup of coffee was poor protection from the chill sweeping around his leg. He felt confusedly that he'd grown small again, about eleven years old, seeing Elfie Delane, and that his father in a pink shirt might come in at him from the door of the telephone booth and cuff his ears. Numbers of girls in hidden offices repeated to each other, "Mrs. Smith, Carmelsville, N'York," while he listened, fretfully snapping glances at the watch on his pink wrist. He had John Smith's hard, ornamental skin. Nicer to be brown, like the kid, and never recognized as a son of John Smith who owed money all over the United States. He said to his wife feverishly, "You, honey? Sorry if I woke y'up."

"Don't be silly," Mrs Alan Smith said in the white living room at Carmelsville. "Are you in Boston?"

"Yes'm," he admitted "Your wire got me just when I was gettin' in bed. . . . Gee, it was cold in New York last night for October! Had about twenty minutes to catch the train in, an' I only got about twenty left to catch the one out of here in. What did the kid say in his wire?"

"He just said for you to come to Siamet at once and bring a heavy overcoat. But you mustn't worry, Alan. He can't be ill. He never is."

"No, he ain't sick, o' course," said Alan, and then dutifully blushed, even if Myra wasn't close enough to look sadly at him, and said, "No, of course he's not ill, honey But what's wrong?"

"He's probably got into some mess over closing the garage, Lan. He simply can't have got married or anything horrid, and Mr. Smith hasn't been annoying him. . . . Don't worry, dear."

Alan said morosely, "I just ran into pop's second wife, Elfie Delane. Gave me an awful jolt! She's the one nursed mamma when she was dyin'. . . . Huh?"

"We can't possibly ship McCready those dinner sets before Saturday," a male voice remarked; "the enamel's still soft. It's the worst of that kind of china! Tell him that ——"

"Soft enamel!" a barytone yelled. "Enamel?"

"Well, whatever the stuff is," the first intruder drawled with an echo of Myra's soprano cutting over his speech.

Alan swore and then hung the useless thing back on its hook. His head ached, anyhow, and it was no good yelling toward the Hudson River's eastern bank through the china business. If he hadn't gone to New York yesterday to see a specialist in country houses about renovating an old barrack behind Poughkeepsie, he would have been at home when the kid's telegram came and not have had to worry all night about its contents. If the boy hadn't fallen ill, it was some money matter, or the garage had burned at Siamet. Or he might want to build a bigger garage for next summer. . . . It probably wasn't serious. The boy hated to write letters. His mangled education had left him a poor speller. It was probably nothing grave. Alan told himself so fifty times and blinked wearily at the suburbs of Boston from the empty car, so heated that its inner paint smelled horribly and drove him, in three stations, to the odors of the smoking car, where nine lank negroes were chattering in Portuguese to one another and a tenth sat hammering a guitar in a corner, wailing a song about Margarida in falsetto. . . . The kid tanned so in summer that a boarding house out in Seattle once had refused him as a negro. He must be getting to mere brown again. . . . It was certainly cold for October. Women appeared on platforms with woolen shawls over their heads and trees blew in a frenzy under an opal sky.

"If that Portygee coon don't stop singin'," a young man in brown said, "I'll climb him. They hadn't oughta let them things travel with white people."

Another young man in brown hitched a muffler around his neck and said, "I dunno. They gotta travel, ain't they? A fella was tellin' me they's a lot of them work down here in the cranberry bogs. What's that bully singin' about? Por alma minha, huh? Somethin' about a girl."

"Alma? Naw, alma means soul or heart or somethin' kinda poetry in Portygee," the first young man grumbled, fussing with his muffler.

Their brown suits were distinctly new and not in the best style, Alan thought. Somehow he and the kid had always dressed decently. The boy flashed a red necktie now and then, but he looked well in his dark clothes, and Mrs. Alan Smith never shook her head over any of his colored socks. These young men were simply wrong, and their black hair was oiled too highly. They lifted their hats as a pleasant-faced old priest came through the car and their heads were black balls with yellow ears attached.

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"I Been Tellin' Her if She Had a Couple of Hundred She Wanted to Put in This Real-Estate Deal, I Can Give Her Back a Thousand in No Time"

CAME DAWN AT HOLLYWOOD

By DeWolf Hopper and Wesley W. Stout

BEFORE anyone else can say it first, let me admit that I was no earth-shaking success in the movies. If the truth must be known, I died on the silver screen; I sank majestically beneath the oily waves of the cinema sea and never was heard of again. Not so much as a life belt or a spar was picked up. The fact that a gallant company of stage celebrities perished with me made my demise less poignant personally, but not the less indisputable.

And so it may be suggested that the lavender grapes of Hollywood are sour to my palate only because I found them beyond my reach. Be that as it may, as George Monroe used to say.

I was part of the Triangle Film Corporation, the first great flourish of that prattling infant industry. That was a scant ten years ago, yet it will entitle my posterity to membership in good standing, if not in the Mayflower Society, at least in the Colonial Dames of Hollywood, for time is relative and as picture history goes 1915 is somewhere back in the French and Indian War. Only six years earlier David W. Griffith, under the anonymous bushel of the Biograph, was turning out one one-reeler a day in a brownstone front house at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York, and paying Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, Mary Pickford, Flora Finch, Mack Sennett, David Miles and Bobbie Harron five dollars a day for their services. Pathé was just emigrating from France to make chase comedies in Weehawken and Vitagraph was organizing in Flatbush. Actors and directors alike were nameless on the screen. Miss Pickford was identified only as the Biograph Blonde, and regularly confused with Blanche Sweet. English audiences demanded the names of their favorites, and to gratify this whim the London offices of the Biograph tagged Mr. Griffith's hired hands synthetically. Old posters still are extant in which Mabel Normand is labeled as Muriel Fortescue, Mack Sennett masquerades as Mr. Walter Terry, and Blanche Sweet as Daphne Wayne. All this in 1909.

PHOTOS FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Chester Withey, Fay Tincher and DeWolf Hopper in Sunshine Dad, 1915

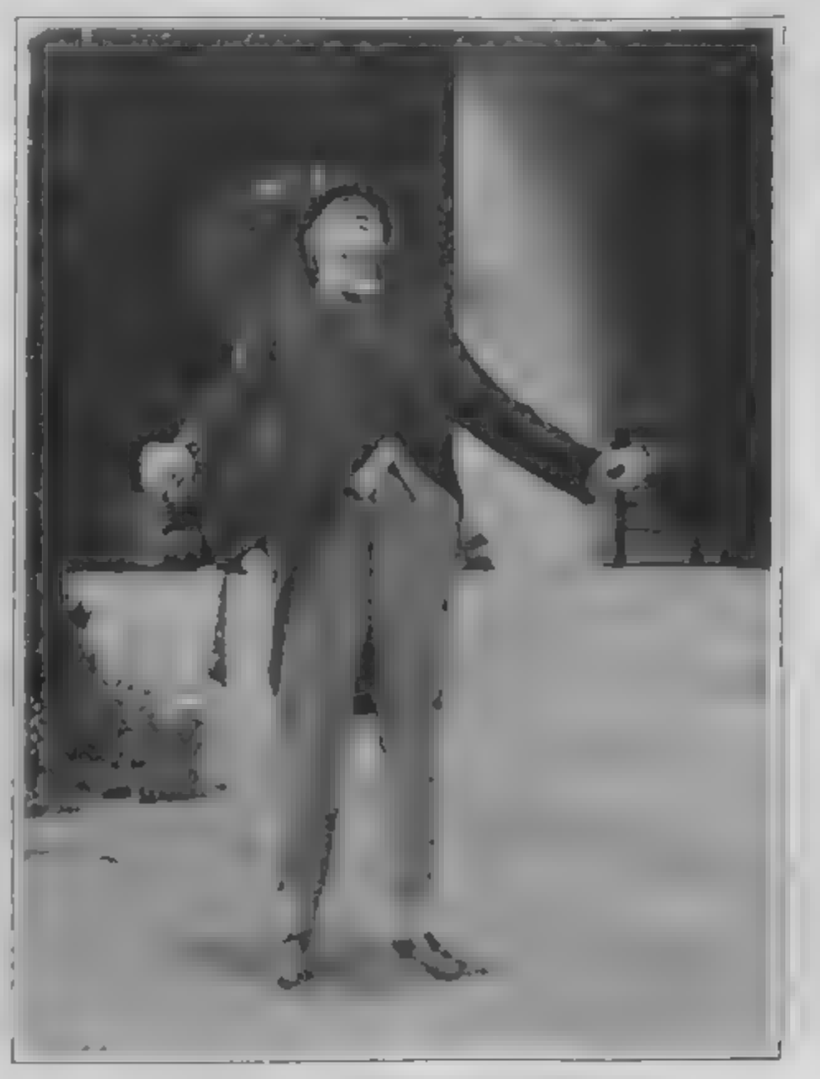
The Tragic Tale of the Triangle

THE Triangle was such a brave and ill-fated enterprise that it justifies recounting. It took its name from the Big Three, Griffith, Thomas Ince and Mack Sennett. Harry E. Aitken was the promoter, and Willie Collier, Billie Burke, Raymond Hitchcock, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Eddie Foy, Weber & Fields, Sam Bernard, Dustin Farnum, Frank Keenan, Willard Mack, Douglas Fairbanks and myself were among the stars engaged from the speaking stage at salaries so large that they were set down as the brazen inventions of a press agent.

Griffith, Ince and Sennett went on to greater directorial glories, Aitken went down with the ship, and of this impressive array of names recruited from the theater to revolutionize the films all failed, with one exception. Fairbanks, whose salary was among the least, survived and triumphed.

W. S. Hart, it is true, was of the Triangle company and had come from the legitimate stage, but he had not been either a star or a leading man and he had played in a number of pictures for Ince before the Triangle was formed.

Aitken, whose imagination conceived the idea and whose enthusiasm and organizing ability made it a reality, first appeared on the distant horizon of the movies about 1905 as a salesman for a Chicago film exchange. Moving pictures then had been exhibited for ten years or more, but only as a sort of animated magic-lantern show. The photoplay was not more than two years old. Films, which had originally been sold outright to exhibitors, now were beginning to be rented through exchanges, and the salesmen, such as Aitken, virtually were peddlers packing a suitcase of assorted reels from nickelodeon to nickelodeon



Mr. Hopper Imploring Heaven in Hollywood

Among young Aitken's customers was John R. Freuler, a Milwaukee real-estate operator who had been forced to take over the Theater Comique, a five-cent picture theater on Kinnikinnic Avenue, to protect an investment, and who found that he had no choice but to operate the place himself or close it up. He gave the orphan one pigeonhole in his desk and saw to it in chance moments, taking care as a business man of weight and dignity not to publish to his associates that he was the owner of an institution that had the social standing of a shooting gallery.

Film Epics

PRESENTLY Aitken asked Freuler to go his bond with the Lewis Exchange that Aitken might carry a larger stock of films. Freuler suggested instead that he and Aitken organize an exchange of their own. They did and called it the Western, with headquarters in Chicago and branches in other cities. When the General Film Company and its closely allied Motion Picture Patents Company began to tighten its grip on the young industry about 1911 the Western cast its lot with the independents.

The first move of the independents was a defensive union remembered as the old Sales Company. It was a loose federation, full of civil wars, and ended quickly. Whereupon Freuler and Aitken organized the Mutual Film Corporation on the model of the General, and Carl Laemmle formed the Universal. Freuler took care of the operating machinery while Aitken went to Wall Street, opened an office at No. 60, interested Crawford Livingston, an investment banker, and through him the portentous firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Big money had discovered the films for the first time, and Aitken was the evangelist.

Mutual began as a program producer, making the slapbang one-reel dramas and comedies that were the staple of the business. But Aitken's vision saw further than that, and as he watched the multi-reel Quo Vadis, imported from Europe by George Kleine, and Queen Elizabeth, a French production with Bernhardt in the title rôle, brought over by Adolph Zukor and released in the fall of 1912, he began to reach out on his own. Through the Majestic Pictures Corporation, which was producing for Mutual distribution, Aitken hired D. W. Griffith away from Biograph. Mutual also was releasing the product of the New York Motion Picture Company, better known as the NYMPH, owned by Adam Kessel and Charles O. Baumann, ex-bookmakers at Sheepshead Bay and other New York tracks. NYMPH had both Tom Ince and Mack Sennett by this time.

Aitken, Griffith, Sennett and Ince put their heads together and Mutual Masterpieces, the first American-made four and five reel feature pictures, were born. Aitken also put up the $60,000 that went into The Birth of a Nation, the first great epic of the films, produced independently of Griffith's labors for the Majestic, but originally intended for Mutual release. The money was going out faster than it was coming in and the banking interests grew unhappy. Months of intrigue and dissension within the Mutual organization ensued.

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Congestion in the Halls of Fame

By WM. A. McGARRY

THE making of images is probably the oldest of human arts. Every time a paleontologist digs up another habitation of early man, fresh evidence is obtained that *Homo sapiens* started drawing figures on the walls whenever he got far enough ahead of his appetite to knock off an hour or two from his basic industry of knocking off behemoths. Even then, however, there was always a critic snooping around to murmur, "It's pretty, but is it art?" and after turning that over in his mind for another hundred thousand years or two, Homo discovered the lack of the third dimension. Forthwith, he began to mess around with clay and later to chip stone into rude but premeditated shapes, and right then and there he laid the foundation for the great American habit of building monuments.

If you have any idea it isn't a habit, take a trip to Washington and try to stake out a site for another memorial. Harassed keepers of the nation's stone and metal menageries—you may find them in nearly every department of the Government—will lead you in sorrow to Statuary Hall, that lofty room in the Capitol more commonly known as the Chamber of Horrors. There you will meet a waiting list—at this writing—of fifty-one effigies of famous statesmen, scientists, politicians or what have you, ranged in circles four and five deep; pacifists in resounding bronze rubbing elbows with warriors in flea-bitten marble, all of them crowded off the street corners by earlier or better advertised heroes. And that's only the beginning.

The Interior of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, Showing the Daniel Chester French Statue

No Parking Place for Monuments

REGARDLESS of the fact that public sites are at a premium and that monument building is being hedged about with various legal obstacles, to say nothing of the increasing cost, the habit gives every indication of developing into a downright passion.

I could lead you, for example, to a certain large cemetery where the monotony of marble and granite shafts is broken by the seated figure of a man in bronze. Shorter than many of the surrounding shafts, it bulks hugely because of its massive base and the heroic proportions of the chair and statue. On the base appears a legend something like this—name and date being fictitious:

In Memory of
Luke Montmorency
Smith
Born Jan. 17, 1873
Died ——

The date of death is left open, because at last accounts Mr. Smith was still alive and in excellent health. Some years ago he arrived at the conclusion that he would eventually die. In common with many others, he had a lurking suspicion that posterity might fail to recognize his many qualities with a suitable monument. So he sent for a sculptor and furnished it himself, getting just what he wanted.

It is a common thing for men of means to provide in their wills for elaborate monuments to be erected after death. But sometimes the heirs to an estate contest these provisions if too large a share of the total has been set aside for this purpose, so the practice has developed in some circles of making sure of the memorial before death. One man had statues of both himself and his wife put up in the family burial plot, and even took friends out to admire them!

It isn't only in cemeteries that this happens. The truth seems to be that the memorial is relegated to the cemetery only when its admiring donor—and subject—gives up all hope of landing it in the thick of the traffic. Every big city has lists of trusts left by wealthy citizens for the construction of public monuments to themselves, which for various reasons may not be built. Sometimes there are no heirs or interested friends to push the thing along. More often the terms are impossible or involve too much public expense. Funds for memorial fountains which fail to provide for the water supply are without number. And not all are private funds. A few years ago the District of Columbia had three waterless fountains because Congress had overlooked the appropriations for water or the power to pump it.

Heroes and Lions

THE cases mentioned are all individual—single statues or memorials to one person. If a census were taken it would show a veritable army of such monuments. Yet this imperishable legion is as nothing in comparison to the group memorials to military heroes and events, put up directly at public expense by appropriation, or indirectly by subscription. War is the great stimulant to this movement, but lacking that, Americans can find subjects for monuments in travel and exploration, visitations of pests, the law, medicine, science, emotions, ideals, commerce, wild animal life and even the barnyard hen! A huge bronze chanticleer immortalizing the Rhode Island Red may be found on a granite bowlder at Adamsville, Rhode Island. Set into the rock is a tablet inscribed with the genealogy of the breed. A sailor, it appears, brought a Chittagong cockerel from Indo-China seventy-one years ago, mated it with the local fowl bred from Cochin Chinas, and the red hen of Rhode Island was the result. An Alabama town has a monument to the boll weevil, because, in eating up millions in cotton, it forced the introduction of diversified agriculture in the South. Near the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City is a stone shaft topped with bronze sea gulls. When the pioneers of the Latter-day Saints reached Salt Lake their food supply was low, and their first crop was threatened, according to the story, by a swarm of crickets. Sea gulls saved the day.

Philadelphia has a bronze billy goat in one of the city squares, its coat glistening like gold from much hard riding by the poor little Ritz boys and girls. But this is decorative—art for art's sake—and represents a wholly different field. It has no memorial significance, except that it is another competitor for sites. One noted American sculptor has attracted wide attention by his reproductions of fish. Start counting lions in your own home town, do a little figuring and you will discover that the king of beasts in granite, marble, bronze, lead and concrete is a herd of herds. And every lion displaces a patriot!

Nevertheless, the heroes do fairly well. In its ninth annual report, the National Commission of Fine Arts said that "the question of erecting war memorials in the national capital in

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The Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

The Star and the Village Maiden

Miss Wynne Spoke Rather Blankly. She Was Feeling Her Way Toward What She Now Vaguely Felt Was to be a Big Scene

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

ORSON HEWITT, the storekeeper and postmaster of Hinsdale, frequently remarked that the only live thing in that town was young Dave Wallis. He usually made this statement after watching young Dave swing into the post office with his engaging grin and swing out of it with an undiminished grin and several magazines, newspapers and circulars. David rarely received letters.

To the postmaster's tribute old Daniel Mason, eighty-two, who spent most of his waking hours in the only comfortable chair in the post office, usually made the same peevish reply, "Ef Dave's alive he better git out of this here dead town 'fore we bury him by mistake," to which Hewitt usually retaliated, "How can he get out with a paralyzed mother tied onto him?" Then all the loungers in the post office, thus freshly reminded of Dave Wallis' burden, looked after him for a moment with such sympathy as their various natures held, before they returned to their discussions of national and local politics.

As a matter of fact, it was hard to be sorry for David. He was an athletic, upstanding, curly-headed, handsome young giant of twenty-four, with the record of being the best shot, the best fisherman and the best rider in his county. He had the best house in Hinsdale, the biggest grounds, and, it was generally understood, plenty of money. He was in absolute control of his invalid mother's estate and of her household. He was in robust health, and he had some fad—no one knew just what it was—which kept him busy for hours every day in a workshop he had constructed behind his house. No, one couldn't be sorry for Dave—till one met directly the look in his steady gray eyes. Then, abruptly, one was sorry for him; for one realized that it was hard to be the only live thing in a dead town. Even Janet Roemer, the girl Dave was tentatively engaged to, wasn't really a live one. She had been, when she came back from college two years before this story opens; but almost immediately she had taken on the atmosphere of the rest of Hinsdale. She thought she was living a busy and active life as her father's housekeeper. In reality she was buried, like the rest of Hinsdale; and, like the rest of Hinsdale, she didn't know it.

Though he had made one or two flights across the mountains that shut in Hinsdale, David seemed to have made few friends in the outer world. Certainly only one man ever came to see him, and this man had made only three visits, all within the past year. But this was not surprising. No one ever came to see anyone in Hinsdale save on rare business journeys. Hinsdale, twelve miles from a railroad, was really off the map. Nevertheless, it was a lovely, wide-streeted, elm-shaded old town, with surroundings of deep woods and mountain brooks in which the hunting and fishing were very good, as David had discovered. David had discovered everything else there was to know about Hinsdale—except the fact that it was dead. Having spent all his twenty-four years there, having been educated at home by a tutor, knowing no other life, he assumed that all places were more or less like Hinsdale.

The lack of youth in his town sometimes disturbed him, but he never admitted this, save by the wistful look in those gray eyes. He and Janet were the only young things left, and Janet sometimes seemed as old as his mother. He had observed with surprise that all the young boys and girls got out of the place as soon as they could travel, and stayed out of it. Occasionally they wrote letters to their families, tactlessly mentioning the superior advantages of the larger towns to which they had fled. David shared the conviction of those families that this was disloyalty to Hinsdale. One was very well off in Hinsdale. He reminded himself how well off he was.

In his boyhood his widowed mother had frequently inquired what more a reasonable boy could desire, and Dave had always earnestly assured her that no boy, however unreasonable, could possibly desire anything more. That was when his mother was still in a condition to ask questions. For the past two years she had been beyond questions and seemingly beyond anything else, lying helpless in her big bed upstairs, devotedly cared for by an austere and middle-aged trained nurse, who ate her meals in the sitting room next to the sick room, accompanied Dave on his night and morning visits to his mother's bedside, and invariably assured him that her patient was resting comfortably.

So might the mother rest, the doctors thought, for several years to come, waking and sleeping, babbling of childish things, calling sometimes for her own mother, dead these thirty years, and never once recognizing her only son when he approached her, though she often mentioned his name. Numerous specialists, inwardly irritated by the severe shaking up they had received on the trying journey over those impossible mountain roads, had been more sorry for the patient's son than for the patient. It must be frightfully hard for a young chap to be shut up with a mindless woman and a little group of hirelings. On one occasion one of the specialists said as much to David and brusquely added that there was no sense in it either—that the boy would be justified in getting out and living his life elsewhere, coming back once a month or so to follow his mother's condition.

"Your mother won't know the difference, you see," the specialist added. "She evidently has an invaluable nurse, who is doing everything for her that is possible. And this condition may last for years—whew!"

He shivered a little, for this particular specialist was himself a young man, and he felt that the eager-faced youth before him was caught in a trap he must open if he could. "I'd get out if I were you," he curtly ended, under the urge of this conviction. But David looked at him wide-eyed.

"And leave my mother?" he asked amazedly. "Oh, I couldn't think of doing that!"

"But, my boy, she doesn't know you, so your presence or absence means nothing to her."

"I think she does know me—sometimes. Once or twice I've caught a look in her eyes as if she did—for a moment or two. But, anyhow, I'll stand by as long as she lives," the boy said doggedly.

"As you like. Of course it's up to you."

The specialist shrugged his shoulders and dropped the matter from his mind. It was out of his line, anyway, and

he wondered why he had spoken. But what he had said had made an impression on old Doctor Rosmer, Janet's father and the town's one general practitioner, who had brought David into the world and was fond of the boy. Rosmer was not a sentimentalist, and his views of the duties of children toward their parents were distinctly old-fashioned. However, he was just, and he experienced a twinge of conscience.

"That young ass from Boston was right about you," he grumbled during his call the next morning as he and David stood by the bedside of the unresponsive patient. He thrust out his underlip as he spoke and regarded David with frowning intentness.

"I suppose you ought to have a few days off occasionally. Why not run away to Boston once in a while, for a week or two?"

"That's all rot." David spoke with an impatience designed to hide the fact that the suggestion appealed to him. Going away entirely was one thing, and, of course, out of the question. Taking a little jaunt occasionally was another thing, and perhaps it was time for a change. But even as the temptation came he shook his head. "No," he said with sudden decision. "I'm out of the house most of the time as it is. I'm in my workshop hours every day, and I keep myself fit as a fiddle by my hunting and fishing. So let's drop the subject."

"I'll say one thing, if you don't mind," Rosmer, who prided himself on speaking his mind on any and all subjects, found himself oddly embarrassed now. "Why don't you and Jan get married right away, and then you'll have her to help you through?" he demanded. "If it's me you're thinking of, I'll get along all right. I've got a good cook, and I've lived long enough to know that a man mustn't stand in the way of young folks."

"That's awfully good of you, doctor." David, too, was embarrassed. "But Jan understands how I feel. We've talked it over. I think it would be as wrong to bring her into this mess as it would be for me to leave mother. Besides, Jan doesn't really want to leave you yet, and you know it."

Rosmer dropped the subject. Inwardly he was vastly relieved that his proposed sacrifice was not to be accepted.

"Well, if you won't get married, won't you go to Boston for a fortnight?" he ended.

"No, I won't. I've made up my mind to stand by mother, and I'm going to do it. That's flat, doctor, so please don't say any more about it."

Dave started and bent over his mother. She had been staring up at him with the expressionless eyes that were so familiar, but now a sudden change appeared in them as if the imprisoned soul struggled for an instant to look through its dim windows. He drew back awe-struck.

"I—want -Aunt—Sarah!" she brought out with sudden energy, and her son turned away disheartened. The nurse came forward.

"Won't I do, Mrs. Wallis?" she asked gently, and the patient dropped acquiescent eyelids. Aunt Sarah had been dead for a quarter of a century, but here was someone with skillful hands and a pleasant face.

"Just the same," the nurse muttered, as she rearranged the pillows, "I believe she does get an occasional inkling of things. We must be more careful what we say before her."

David went downstairs with Doctor Rosmer, who stopped at the front door for a final word.

"Well, there's some comfort in having those medical big bugs agree with one," he confessed as he stepped into his mud-spattered flivver. "It's just as I've said. There's nothing we can do, and we don't know how long this condition may last." He frowned under the impulse of a new thought. "Why don't you get some young friends here to visit you?" he suddenly demanded. "She wouldn't know it if the house was full."

David laughed.

"I haven't got any young friends, and you know it," he good-humoredly pointed out. "Where could I have made any friends?"

"Well, then"—Rosmer tacitly admitted the claim—"why don't you ——"

"Say, doc"—the young man's good humor abruptly gave way under the strain of this insistence—"I wish you'd stop fussing about me. I tell you I'm all right."

But Dave wasn't all right, and he knew it as he stood on the threshold of his home watching Rosmer drive away with a forgiving wave of a heavily veined hand. He knew it still more as he closed the big front door and crossed the main hall to the den, which was his favorite resort when he was in the house.

He sat down at his big writing table, stared resentfully at its polished surface and abruptly got up again. He was restless and —yes, he might as well admit it—he was lonely—darned lonely. He had such moods sometimes, and dreaded them.

From the driveway came the sound of wheels and a puffing engine. Rosmer back again of course. He had forgotten something. The old chap was beginning to show his age. Funny for him to suggest that he, David, and Janet should marry at once, when everyone in Hinsdale knew that Janet was the sun of the old fellow's world, and that, despite his excellent housekeeper, he was really utterly dependent on her. He thought of running over to see Janet now, but that meant disturbing her. Janet Rosmer would no more desert her housework in the morning hours than Dave would desert his mother. Janet had already won renown as the village Martha—"cumbered about much serving." From infancy keeping house had been to Janet a most enchanting game and one of which she never tired. Janet was a born home maker. Incidentally, she was extremely pretty, but she was growing primmer every day, and now showed little effect in dress and manner of her four years at a Boston school. She had had a settled and matronly air since she was four. At twenty-four she was in danger of developing the qualities of a maiden aunt.

Some day, it was taken for granted, she would make a home for David. The thing seemed inevitable, but neither admitted a thrill at the prospect. It was one of those settled affairs. David continued to frown at the top of his writing table. He wanted something badly, but he didn't know what it was.

The door of his den flew open and he looked up with quick annoyance. He could never teach old Nancy, his housekeeper-cook, to knock at the door of a little imp to whom she had given his bottle when he yelled for it. Behind Nancy stood another figure—a young, charmingly dressed, exotic figure, exhaling suggestions of the outer world and delicate French perfumes.

"A young lady to see you, Mr. Davy," Nancy announced, and retreated, while the vision behind her passed the old retainer's bulky form and entered the room. David rose and frankly stared.

He had known there were such things as this in the world, because poetry and fiction were full of them and magazine covers used them for models. But nothing of the sort had ever struck Hinsdale before. The vision smiled. It was speaking.

"I hope you'll forgive us for bouncing in on you this way," the vision said. "But Mr. Hewitt, the postmaster, sent us here and told me to see you personally. Mamma and I are looking for a place to board for a few weeks, and Mr. Hewitt thought you might take us in."

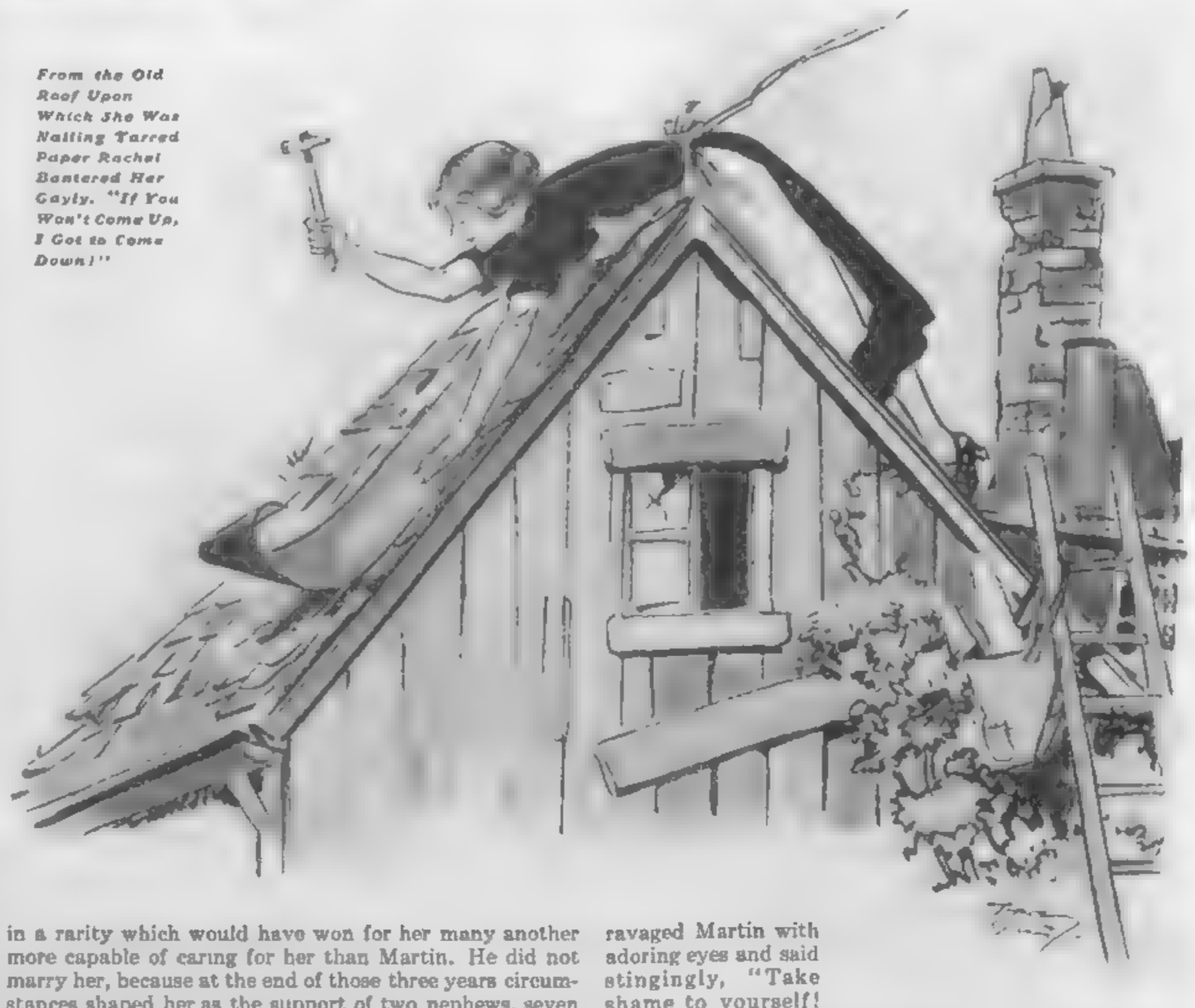
(Continued on Page 191)

"I Feel as if I Had Known You in Another Life," She Said Dreamily. "Perhaps You Were a Great King and I Was Your Slave!"

BEE-HOLDEN

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



From the Old Roof Upon Which She Was Nailing Tarred Paper Rachel Bantered Her Gayly. "If You Won't Come Up, I Got to Come Down!"

EVERY man has within him a dominant emotion. Wise men differ as to which this may be in the majority of cases. Maeterlinck says it is fear; Clemenceau calls it dread; others express it with wider variation.

But whatever the dominant emotion in any individual may be, this much may definitely be said of it: If he does not ride it, it will in time ride him.

In the case of Martin Sohst, it was neither fear nor dread. It was pride. As a little boy with straight lean back and bright restless eyes, it had been pride in mental and bodily swiftness; pride in racing those metal-blue eyes down a page of the spelling book, scalpeling each word with a glancing thrust into his brain; and then of bracing that lean back with easy swagger and spectacularly slicing out each syllable in his sharp, incisive voice—just like that. It was not the words he cared about, of course—he knew the meaning of scarcely any of them; it was the game of it—the beating of everybody, the impressing upon everybody that he, Martin Sohst, couldn't be beaten; and, most gratifying of all perhaps, the coddling of that warm, growing little feeling within him that he was in fact unbeatable.

He was never beaten but once. A girl beat him. Martin was almost eighteen at the time. He had been out of school for more than a year. The match was a prearranged exhibition held upon the closing night of the Farmers' Institute. People talked for a long time of how they stood out against each other, those two—for more than an hour, with eyes straight forward, Martin clipping off the words in his swift, slightly insolent way, the girl more carefully, her fingers straining behind her back. The word was "valorous." The weary audience relaxed with a great sigh; the tensity had grown until it was for them even almost unbearable; they went out, laughing shamefacedly over the extent to which their feelings had been engaged by a mere spelling match.

But it had been more than a spelling match. It was of the essence of drama, that struggle. Martin was bewildered and more angry than he had ever been in his life; but bewildered as he was and angry as he was, he proposed to the girl that night. She accepted him beautifully and tenderly.

Even then, before he left her, fronting her there in the moonlight, he said, "If I'd just have run my eye over the speller, you'd never have done it!"

And with her warm amber eyes brooding upon him, she answered quietly, "No; I had to study hard to do it."

Martin had been more surprised than ever when he had proposed to the girl; but immediately a great calm fell upon him; he knew that he had always intended doing it. What he never understood was why he did it that night when he was so scorching angry with her. But the answer was simple: He had to have the one thing that had beaten him. Taking that one thing to himself, he had, in a way, not been beaten at all.

The thing that had made him demand her made him give her up. He appropriated her jealously for more than three years, appropriated her while from a thin, colorless stalk she flowered in a rarity which would have won for her many another more capable of caring for her than Martin. He did not marry her, because at the end of those three years circumstances shaped her as the support of two nephews, seven and nine. Martin was able to care for them all; he had just heired his father's productive farm; but his eyes had lost their restlessness they had steadied to a steel-blue point of acquisitiveness. He dallied for wretched weeks; he lived in a community where the breaking of a betrothal vow was tantamount to a crime. But finally, one night, as he twisted before her, she looked at him steadily and clearly and steadily and clearly bade him good-by. She took the little boys and went away. She was almost twenty at the time.

Martin did not see her for more than ten years. He came around the house one day and there she sat, beneath his grape arbor. He swung upon heels smitten to a halt, unstrung and staring. She had the advantage—she had known she would see him, of course. If color flooded her, it was not remarkable; she had the skin under which color ebbs and flows perceptibly.

She said, "And was it you oncet, Martin?"

Martin slubbered into a chair and, as always when embarrassed, frowned.

"How was you?" he muttered gruffly.

His widowed sister with whom he lived stirred irritably. Mrs. Lena Fetzer was a hornet-shaped woman who loved the irritations of life and was determined to have her share of them. Her attitude toward Martin was a continuous and pleasant irritation; she loved him idolatrously and she hated him for the faults which marred his perfection. She never seemed to sit comfortably; she always seemed to have just lit upon the edge of her chair and to be on the point of flying off.

Her elbows lifted fretfully now as she ravaged Martin with adoring eyes and said stingingly, "Take shame to yourself! Look oncet how strubbly you was! A body would think you ain't ever combing your hairs."

Martin grinned and stubbornly raced his fingers through his crisp black hair. Rachel Muller uttered a soft sound between a chuckle and a laugh.

It was a new sound with her. She had been a serious girl who seldom laughed. Martin, motionless, eyed her sharply as she went on talking of her nephews. Her fair hair blew lightly about her ears as he had thought of it a thousand times; if her mouth drooped a little wearily, the very helpless pathos of it seemed youthful. He thought at first that the ten years had made no change in her. But he began to be puzzled by the suspicion that they had, and it seemed epitomized in that soft, satisfied bubble of sound; scarcely a sound, indeed—rather an echo as of some repletion of life within. He heard it again.

"Yes," she was saying, "they ain't my babies any more. Timmie is all for his hands—he works a'ready by the garage. But little John Mark not. No, John Mark is all for making with his head; so he is getting such an engineering course off the mails yet. Every night he has his books after he works by the factory in the day. So they ain't needful for me any more; but sometimes I am that much a dopple that I wish if they was little again—yes, if I don't!"

Her arms made a faint encompassing gesture; one could almost see small heads pressed against her bosom. Oh, yes, she was older in that moment; warm brown flecks stirred in her eyes which had once been pellucid amber; her body may not have weighed more, but it seemed curved.

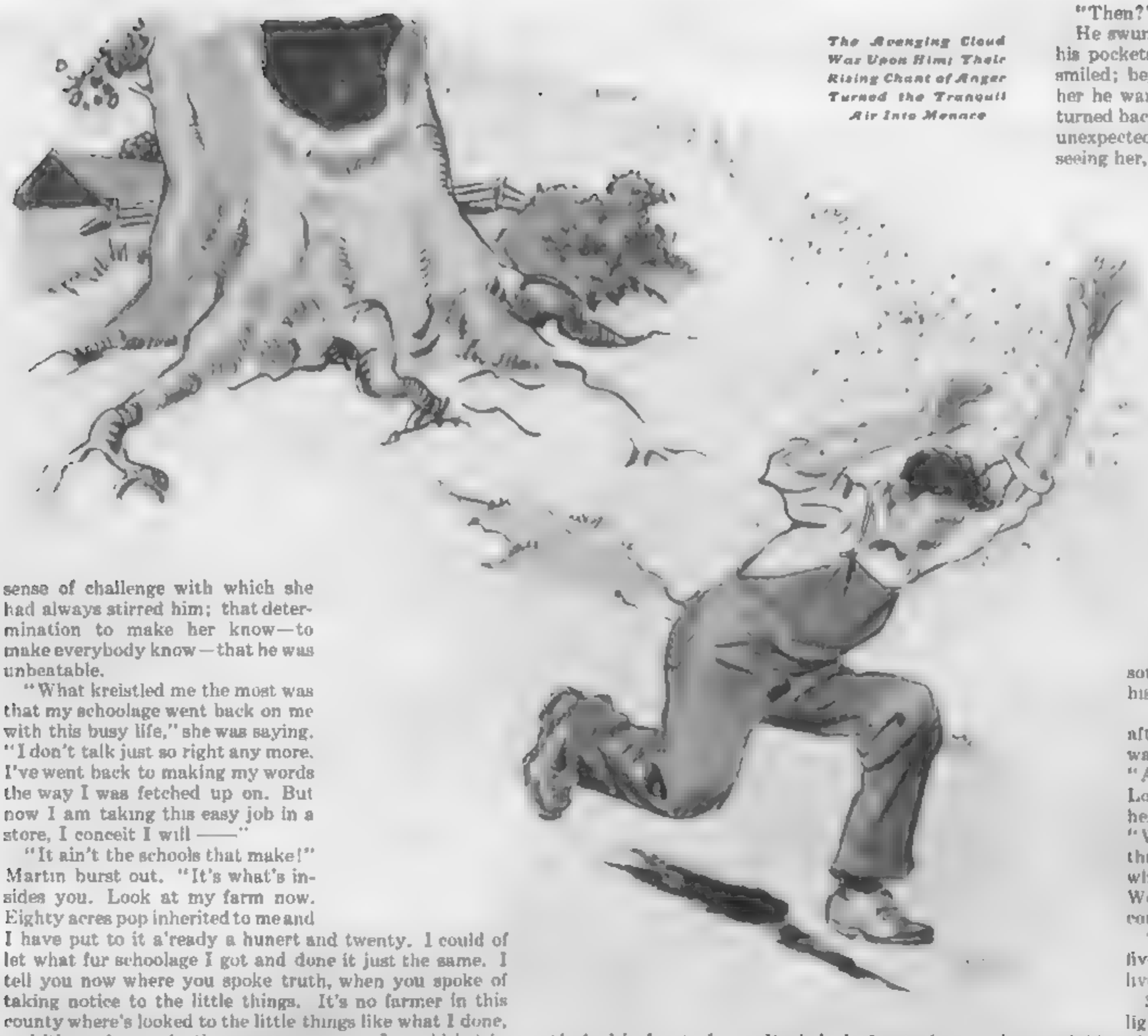
"But how did you manage it to fetch them up? You hadn't nothing," demanded Mrs. Fetzer in her blunt way.

Their guest glanced quickly at her hands and buried them more deeply in her dress.

"I guess my hands show it. But, oh, we got along. A cow and berries and chickens and bees. And two years I cooked along for such a crew of threshers and well borers. And I sewed. To be needful to somebody is wonderful," sighed Rachel Muller. "And a body can do always what comes to them to do, I guess."

The tight black turret upon Mrs. Fetzer's head, thickly fortified with metal hairpins, revolved as she darted a quick glance at her brother. He twisted from them both, frowning deeply. Nor was it now entirely a frown of embarrassment; that thing deep within him which had straightened his restless eyes to a steel point was beginning to feel slight. His ears had greedily absorbed those details over which he had wondered so often; but, after all, she had said nothing about him, about the evidences of his success which were patent all about her. He felt suddenly the old

"Take It—and Starve Then!"



The Avenging Cloud Was Upon Him; Their Rising Chant of Anger Turned the Tranquil Air Into Menace

sense of challenge with which she had always stirred him; that determination to make her know—to make everybody know—that he was unbeatable.

"What kreistled me the most was that my schoolage went back on me with this busy life," she was saying. "I don't talk just so right any more. I've went back to making my words the way I was fetched up on. But now I am taking this easy job in a store, I conceit I will ——"

"It ain't the schools that make!" Martin burst out. "It's what's insides you. Look at my farm now. Eighty acres pop inherited to me and I have put to it a'ready a hunert and twenty. I could of let what fur schoolage I got and done it just the same. I tell you now where you spoke truth, when you spoke of taking notice to the little things. It's no farmer in this county where's looked to the little things like what I done, and it's no farmer in the county—no, nor I would bet in the world, even—where a made as much from their eighty as what I have."

He was off now, riding and ridden. He sat before them, his back braced in his old insolent way, his arms flinging swiftly, his eyes glorying from spot to spot. There was no stopping him. Mrs. Fetzer buzzed futilely, scratching both elbows at once. Rachel said nothing.

"Yes, every nickel I wring out of it. A rabbit couldn't live on what I leave go to waste. That's what the county farm adviser says. 'Sohst,' he says, 'I have got now to hand somepun to you. It ain't any farm in this county so good managed,' he says. 'It ain't any farm in this county where gives such a yield per the acre,' he says. And here week behind last if he ain't fetching the state adviser for to look it ower. Yes, if he ain't."

"They ain't saying nothing about the yields of them acres on the hill, I should guess," Mrs. Fetzer heckled malevolently.

Martin started as at a prick of the quick. His eyes stormed upward toward the dry peak of a ridge some quarter of a mile distant. Bald upon one side, a scraggle of trees blurred its outline upon the other and at their edge the faint smudge of a house.

"I wish them five acres was under the oceans," he muttered. He squared toward his sister. "No, they ain't saying nothing about them. They ain't dummies. They know oncet when the soil is such that no feller living could make from it."

"Then you name your pop a dummy," nagged Mrs Fetzer. "It was him where started that house there."

"The spring fooled him," said Martin shortly. "Yes, I do fault him for making so quick with the house. There it sets a-starin' down onto us, and nobody in the world fool enough to take it off us. Now if it had been me ——"

Rachel laughed. She may not have known that she did so; her eyes were still lifted to the ridge, absorbed with it. Martin stopped abruptly. What was she seeing there? What was she thinking about anyway? Why had she not given him some word of approbation? Or was she laughing at that previous folly of his family?

"Look here!" he cried, stung from his chair. "You come with me oncet! You leave me show you how I make changes around here. Wait oncet till I unhook the mare and then I show you somepun." He was off.

"The big blow!" Mrs. Fetzer bounced out of her own chair, then settled back irritably upon its rim. "A-settin' here a-blowin' about hisself—always hisself and what he's got! And in front of you, Rachel; in front of you, where everybody knows ——" She stopped and caught her breath lamely. "Ach, my, I could feel fur killing him when he acts like that!"

Rachel had winced, but she smiled slightly now.

"You ain't ever fetched up a little boy. A body don't kill them. They spank them."

"Yes, and that's what he is!" cried Mrs. Fetzer. "A little boy yet! But, ach, my, such a bad little boy! And such faults at him!"

"Just one fault," corrected Rachel.

"But such a fault! And how it grows on him! Folks are taking notice to it. Whiles they used to respect him so much, they are beginning to laugh on him now for appreciating himself so wonderful. Yi-yi! It is going fur to ruin him, that fault! He needs fur somebody to prove him he ain't so smart as what he thinks. But there it is; he is that smart nobody is smart enough to come it ower him. You was the only one where ever got the better of him, Rachel - that there spelling time. I mind of that night. The word was 'waiorous.' I thought I would die if he didn't beat you, and then I had glad when he didn't. Yi-yi! I wisht if life was a spelling match so somebody could make down on him again, now that I do."

Rachel's eyes were very serious now.

"Mebbe it is," she fumbled. "I mean, just to say, something like it anyhow."

"Most of us gits knocked out one after the other and sets down, if that's what you mean," contributed Mrs. Fetzer grimly. "It ain't so many keeps on standing. But here he goes, coming back. He'll be giving you some more of his blab now."

He showed her his self-feeders, his farm implements, his barns, his blooded stock. He took her to the cornfield and he showed her how he had gained two furrows upon each side of his field by unhooking one horse that the other might draw the plow more closely to the fence.

"A little thing, heh?" boasted Martin. "Is eighty dollars on a forty-acre field of corn a little thing? Eighty bushels exter it makes; eighty bushels at a dollar per the bushel."

He took her to his pasture and showed her his canny device for the economical feeding of his stock. In low troughs the steers were first fed; the hogs were then turned in to fatten upon the by-product—the half-consumed cobs which had fallen from the loosely rotating jaws of the steers.

"And then?" queried Rachel, her eyes upon the yellow cracklings half buried in the black soil by trample.

"Then?" demanded Martin. "There ain't any then."

He swung from her, nettled, and rammed his fists into his pockets. She had listened, she had nodded, she had smiled; beyond that, nothing. And he wanted more; from her he wanted more; from her he must have more. He turned back and stood looking at her, and his throat began unexpectedly to beat. For the first time since his shock of seeing her, he was silent before her.

Her eyes were lifted away from him, beyond him, musing, absorbed. It was as though she were making some enormous calculation. Once her eyes wavered toward him and an undefined feeling that he was concerned in it swept him. The mesh of her interweaving thoughts spread about them both; it was for a moment as though he could not move. It was for a moment in that play of sunbeams as though they were children again. He felt his body drawing toward her. He did actually step toward her, though he had no sense of movement. He was panting a little.

She turned her musing eyes upon him then, and she said, "You think then a body couldn't live on what you waste?"

For an instant he could not think.

"Waste?" he repeated dully. "Waste?"

She smiled a trifle apologetically.

"I mean, would you sell the five shiftless acres and the piece part of a house your pop built?"

He recoiled as from shock. His lips worked soundlessly while his voice gathered the thunder of his anger behind them.

"Waste?" he hurtled. "After all I tell you, after all I show you, and you use that word to me—waste?" His eyes stormed from blue to black. "And the hill? What do you mean by that now? Look here!" He took a threatening step toward her, probing her with the racing scalpel of his eyes. "Was you giving me a dare? Was you aiming to throw my words into a lie? Was you hearing me whiles I said a rabbit couldn't live off my waste? Well, I say it again then! And if you mean you could live off me, off my corn, off my ——"

"I mean," said Rachel Muller, "I will buy them five acres from you and I will live off you. I will live off you and I won't set foot onto your land."

She stood before him, smiling a little, her foot lightly forward upon a clod. As when they were children in their moments of combat, her teeth had had a trick of meeting, throwing her chin into elfish tilt, so they met now; her palms strained slightly behind her back. Martin Sohst dashed his hat upon the ground.

"Take it—and starve then!"

As though something stronger than themselves had whirled them about, they turned simultaneously and walked toward the house.

At the side fence they halted and Martin furiously bit off his terms. He was ruthless and reckless. She was to pay him all she had in the world when she lost to him—four hundred and twenty-five dollars. Otherwise—and this he gritted between his teeth—he would pay her the identical sum.

It seemed bizarre, fantastic, that bargain, spawned in the heat of sudden crisis—something so outside the course of their prosaic lives that each stood staring at the other, drawing scant breath, after the word had been passed. Then Martin chopped off to the barn. Rachel stood for a moment, brooding after him; and the warm brown flecks in her eyes seemed to swim out tenderly toward him.

(Continued on Page 172)

It Made Nothing With Her That He Set There a-Suffering So

The Point Where All Sails Shiver

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THERE was a card game going on in the front parlor of the Capt. Paul Weymouths'. It had got hot in there; Dave Peters already had his coat off—by permission, and Milly Hill—that was Mrs. Paul Weymouth—opened the door into the front hall a crack.

Old Capt. Jim Weymouth, her husband's father and her enemy, sat in the kitchen with his knees together and his feet apart, listening cynically to the confusion of voices.

"Whose say is it?" an over-sweet voice inquired.

That was Aileen Peters, Dave's wife

"I can't talk and play cards, that's all there is to it. If you're going to play, then play, I say, though still at the same time I don't mean to insinuate that I'm one of these ogres in human form that glare at their partner every time he or she makes a mistake. Dave, those are my shins you're backing your shoes up against, not the table leg."

"Excuse me, I thought they were Milly's."

"My husband's idea of humor. He plays cards, he says, for the sociable end of it, and I guess he must. He talks, talks, talks a blue streak from the time he sits down, and pretends he doesn't know one card from the other. He says he talks to confuse the opposition. I get so mad sometimes I could kill him."

"I think good players invariably hold good cards," Milly Hill said. "Good players just seem to attract good cards, don't you think so?"

"It evidently ain't the good-looking players," Mr. Peters said. "I say it ain't the good-looking players that attract the cards, Mrs. Weymouth."

"She heard you the first time, Dave," Aileen thrust in. "Wouldn't gather it to look at her though."

Milly Hill's lashes swept through their accustomed arc. As usual, she was having difficulty in dealing. The cards, fudged, stuck. Then she sent one of them flying clean off the edge of the table into Dave's lap. It danced to the floor. He ducked his head, leaning down among the neighborly shoes to retrieve the card. Withdrawing, he pulled out of the breast pocket of the coat hanging back of him a handkerchief with which he conspicuously mopped his face.

Aileen, catching Milly's eye with elaborate secrecy, nodded her attention to this act.

"Recognize your handiwork?" she queried.

Milly's brown eyes twinkled. Dave was on the rampage tonight. He was adding his spice to the gayety of nations by wearing a handkerchief Milly had once embroidered for him with a letter of her own working. That had been before Captain Paul had come along posing as a viking and a storm king and all the rest of it. The tables were turned now, with Dave a prosperous contractor and Paul slaving away in the men's furnishings store which he had bought out from Mr. Saltus, because Milly wouldn't hear to his going back to sea.

Milly put out an imperious and pallid arm, snatched at the handkerchief. But Dave retained his corner of it, with a steel point in his eye, an appearance of great resolution, of extreme muscular tension, in his pose.

"Only way you'll get it is over my dead body," he grated.

Milly Hill let go with a little gesture of despair. Captain Paul, black and silent, a black bang of his rough hair hanging down over one eye, raised his eyes slowly. They rested on the grim eyes and brows of Captain Jim, who, shuffling along the passageway, had halted at the door. The old man, Paul knew, did not approve of Milly Hill. Captain Jim mistrusted her good looks, holding, as he did, that beauty was a snare and that only homely women were sensible. Furthermore, the place for Paul, for any Weymouth in the prime of life, was on the sea. Weymouths had always been tossed into a ship's rigging from the cradle. Now, to be forced daily to see his son mousing about with a feather duster dusting off shoes and suitings was actually almost more than he could stomach.

Aileen was playing with extraordinary rapidity, sweeping her tricks in in a flood. Dave, thumbing his cards with discretion, just slid one past another far enough to peer at the symbol, his under lip out, his head tilted back with closed lashes to avoid the smoke of his own cigar. He fluttered his cards out silently, letting them drop flat from a height of a foot, or scaling them dexterously without moving either arm a hair; these were just cards he was getting rid of; then, dramatically coming down with an enormous humorous slap—take that—playing the ambushed card in an outburst of hilarity restrained too long and dropping the rest of his now invincible hand face up. No need of troubling them to play their powerless cards one at a time any longer.

"After a round or two has been played, he just seems to know where every card is," Aileen said despairingly.

With his bold eyes, his dictatorial manner, he did suggest omniscience in his field; but Captain Jim, watching him with concentrated venom, knew that Mr. Peters didn't know just how the financial cards would fall, for all his cunning. The man was land-poor; and the banks had balked at his latest building campaign.

Aileen suddenly said that they had overstayed; that they must be going; that Dave would never leave of his own accord——

Captain Jim, hearing the outburst of parting in the hall, plucked an accordion off the kitchen mantel, and played a gladsome chantey. It died with a sob, a gasp. Captain Jim, muffled shadowwise in the dark, in the lee of the clotheshorse draped with sheets and underclothing, scraped his feet on the floor. He heard Milly dancing upstairs to her room. Then Captain Paul was towering above him.

"What luck with the Lily Whitehead?"

"I bought her in," the old man said sonorously. "Don't have to stir your stumps much at a ship auction these days. I bought her in for twelve thousand. She cost a quarter of a million three years ago. Want to go skipper?"

Paul muttered that Milly wouldn't hear to it.

"A good deal she won't hear to, it appears as if. Still, look at this man Peters. An old flame of hers. What? Comparisons are invidious. Women make 'em though. He's getting rich. You're going behind. Don't you undertake to show me different. You're going behind."

"Going behind every day," Captain Paul said, staring. "What's wrong? Looks as if people were going out of their way to avoid me on the street, let alone not coming into my store."

"You're pulling against the will of God," snarled the old seafarer. He was gone, banging the back door to and stumping away for his own house through the alders. Captain Paul, looking at the ragged shadow of his ragged head on the kitchen wall, struck his hands behind him. Pulling against the will of God. Who knew? His father might be right. He might be too fatally amiable in his concessions to his wife. She wasn't a mercenary soul; and yet, if a man didn't make a little money he wasn't on quite the same footing, couldn't be, even with the most lenient woman.

He went upstairs heavily. The tide was evidently running full bore against him. He found Milly standing before the cheval glass—that mirror, he had said jokingly, big enough for a horse to look himself over in, let alone this satin stripling of a wife. She stood looking at a stocking which had dropped a stitch, several in fact. She made a grimace.

"When they go at the knee, Paul, it's hopeless, let me tell you for your private information. I guess there is something after all to be said for rolling 'em, if you've got a little Highland blood. I'm a rag bag—a walking rag bag."

"I ought to have gone in for women's furnishings instead of men's," he said grimly.

"Paul"—Milly's stricken voice had sunk to a whisper—"as if I cared." She came up behind him in a rush, and slid

"Now Then, Take Your Medicine," Captain Paul Said, Close in His Ear

her slim arms down over his big shoulders, and held hard against him. She felt a queer kind of makeshift or temporariness in all his doings.

"Your father will prevail over you yet, I know he will," she murmured. "Paul, I heard what he said. I—I sneaked back. You're not—going back to sea?"

Going to sea was the thing farthest from his mind, Captain Weymouth said. None of this turning out, now, in the middle of the night with the wind blowing hard enough to snatch hair out of a bald man's head, the ship rolling maybe forty degrees out of plumb and nobody but the coachmen and button makers that went to sea nowadays to take his instructions.

No, terra firma was good enough for him.

Yet, when in the middle of that night the wind came hooting in from sea, Captain Paul got up on his elbows in bed to listen to its gibbering seductions.

"What is it?" Milly whispered, having burglars on her mind.

"Nothing, honey." The big man sank back. "Vessel laboring a little, I guess, that's all."

Always and forever thinking in terms of ships. The instant he put his head outdoors, he went sniffing out the wind. He couldn't seem to realize that now he was ashore it didn't make a particle of difference which way the wind blew from.

"Confess"—it was Milly on her elbow now—"in your heart of hearts you're glad you're here and not pitching and tossing round in the middle of that terrible ocean."

The lingering rote of the sea filled their ears with its prowling menace.

"It's like asking a man if there's a difference between heaven and hell," Captain Paul replied. "Why, Mill, if I was at sea a night like this, I probably wouldn't so much as take off my clothes. Might snatch a nap in the chart room, and then again I might be up all night. I went three days and three nights running, once, without a wink of sleep. North of Iceland, that was, with the engine stopped, and the sea on the beam and slopping down into the engine room. She was ice in cataracts right down through her and no coal to waste on heating the rooms either."

Milly shuddered close.

"And to think that you actually had to be weaned away from that. It's a wonder you weren't all crippled up with rheumatism."

"Never seemed to mind it," he yawned. "But as a matter of fact, lately seems to me I have noticed a few twinges in this left arm. Must be from lifting so many shirts out of that show case or something."

He stared through the window at the harbor light, which winked at him a double wink. It was the sea winking at him ironically. Its salt breath came through the open window and its distant drone haunted him with an undying and reproachful whisper.

In little ways he was getting out of kilter.

"I think if I was you, where Paul's so kind of nervous, and won't see the doctor on his own account, I'd see him for him," Aileen Peters urged Milly. "Just tell him what his symptoms are."

Doctor Sterritt was applied to. His diagnosis was decided.

"I might call it bile or scirrhus of the spleen, and take money from you for giving it a name; but that would be taking money under false pretenses. The fact is you're trying to make a land animal out of a sea animal."

Milly flamed at him. "Do you think you can reason me into believing that Paul Weymouth has gills in place of lungs? It's nonsense to contend that he's so different from other men."

"Don't you contend it then. You let him go on selling neckties. Cracking walnuts with a pile driver."

Halfway out of the office she turned back.

"I forgot," she said hurriedly. "I meant to inquire. I know you've seen Capt. Jim Weymouth lately. Don't you think he ought not to live alone at his age in that crazy old house of his? Last time he was sick, you know, he had to hang a sheet out of the kitchen window to attract attention, just as if he had been on a raft in midocean. Why shouldn't he come and live with Paul and me? I don't look as if I would eat him, do I?"

Doctor Sterritt laughed, and went along with her a step or two, with his hand on her shoulder, and his fascinating gray eyes looking over his glasses.

"That's one thing he's never called you," he whispered. "He's never called you a cannibal. Even a cannibal would pass him up. Too tough. He is going back to sea now, himself, for the honor of the family."

"I—heard. He thinks he can shame me into giving Paul up to it again. I won't—I won't shame. Let him go drown if it will give him any satisfaction."

"Don't you antagonize him too far," Doctor Sterritt said playfully. "Captain Jim's rich. He wasn't in those Cuba voyages for his health."

"As if I cared," Milly said, compact with scorn

A day or two later, old Jim went into Paul's store; but there, confronting him, in place of his son, was old Saltus in a black skullcap.

"How come you're resurrected?" said the old seafarer.

"Paul's sick again," Mr. Saltus tittered.

"Sick," Captain Jim repeated contemptuously. "Sick abed on two chairs, ain't he?"

"Confinement's too much for him," Mr. Saltus elucidated. "He glooms. He's what I call a gloomster. Getting so some of these back-country women are afraid of him. Stand and wait for him to speak, like as if they had come up for judgment. There'll be whole days go by here and he won't hear the latch rattle and won't take in a dime. Why don't somebody put the idea into his head to go to sea again?"

"Wife won't hear to it," said Captain Jim, purple.

"Why not?"

Captain Jim inverted his thumb and showed his teeth.

"She's afraid the boat will upset," he said.

Captain Paul got out again next day.

Old Saltus inquired, "How's the invalid?" Paul issued his personal bulletin. Old Saltus said there was quite an epidemic of that going the rounds. Conversation was, under this theory, a series of minutely particular questions and answers, the ascertainment of unimportant but hypnotizing facts. Life and death and the sorry twilight tract between the two were the chief of these facts. A lot of old people were dying this spring, old Saltus averred with triumph. For that matter, some of the young ones were finding it not the easiest thing in the world getting up March Hill

Captain Paul, staying at home for safety's sake, a family man, had not supposed there was so much death and danger in the world as showed its head in that small village. Those adventurous souls seemed half of them to be on the ragged edge of nothing; and their predicament, by a kind of spiritual seepage, was his, or half his. What were perils of the sea compared with these dark introspective chasms and abysses?

"Life is certainly precarious," he said to old Saltus, who had recently relieved him at the store twice in one week, when his services were required as pallbearer.

"Wouldn't think so to look at your father putting to sea at his age," Mr. Saltus said.

Old Mr. Saltus had for half a century looked at the world beyond his door through this sheet of plate glass. He was like some queer fish in a fortunately placed aquarium Looking through the glass wall now, with his skullcap shoved forward to the bridge of his delicate aquiline nose, he saw Captain Jim coming along in the middle of the road.

"Looks like he was headed for here," he muttered, as if calculating the chance of a visible black squall driving by

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Dandlett, the Sheriff, Was Standing There With Papers in His Hand and an Appearance of Casualness in His Sloping Pose. "So, Then, It's War, Is It?"

RENTING MONEY

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN BUSINESS, money has many of the characteristics of a commodity It is a basic raw material without which operation becomes impossible. Industries go into the open market for money in very much the same way that they purchase coal or iron or copper. There is this difference, however: They consume the coal or convert the raw copper into finished products, while money, theoretically, remains money. It is rented. Industry pays for the use of it in the form of dividends, bond coupons and straight interest on notes. Stocks, bonds, notes and all other evidences that money has been put out for hire are supposed to have a market value, so that in theory, they remain money. As a matter of actual fact they usually do have a market and the theory is not far from correct. Money is rented or hired.

Standing between industry and the thrifty citizens who supply the money market with hundreds of millions of dollars in new capital every year are numerous men and firms who may be considered rental agents for this money. They find it and deliver it to those who will pay for its use. For this service they collect commissions in various forms. The charge is sometimes made, by both industry and investors, that these rental agents receive entirely too much for what they do. If that charge is true, they are a serious burden upon the industrial life of the country.

To some extent the evidence appears to sustain the charge: to an approximately equal extent, it falls flat. For the most part, the evidence itself is debatable, because theories upon the subject of finance are beyond all numbering. This subject has an enormous range; to generalize becomes absurd and ridiculous. Facts drawn from the automobile industry, for instance, will not apply to railroad financing. Real-estate mortgages are an entirely different matter from preferred stocks of public-utility corporations. And most important of all is the fact that the securities of new unseasoned industries find their way into the hands of investors through different channels, as a rule, from those employed to distribute the stocks and bonds of old, established, seasoned firms.

A Case for the Corporations

THE processes by which money is rented in this country have not received a great deal of calm, constructive criticism except behind closed doors. In public, they have been assailed by hundreds of furious critics and flayed—to use the favorite word of newspaper headline writers—by scores of demagogues.

The general result of this continual attack has been that industry, bankers, security holders and security sellers have been on the defensive. As a rule they have been afraid to admit anything at all, lest one admission outweigh ten volumes of sane explanatory defense. In such an atmosphere, those best able to deal with it have hesitated to drag the problem into the arena.

There has been very little legislation enacted to regulate corporate management in this country with a view to making it more efficient. On the contrary a great deal of legislation has originated in frank hostility to corporations; much of it bears in its very language evidences of suspicion and distrust. Corporate activities have been limited and curbed by whole volumes of laws, but seldom has the subject of control been approached from a point of view which might be summarized as follows:

"The corporation is one of the most useful, practicable and therefore valuable forms of organization ever devised for the conduct of business. It should be safeguarded against the obvious opportunities for abuse both within and without. We want it to thrive and prosper as a useful tool."

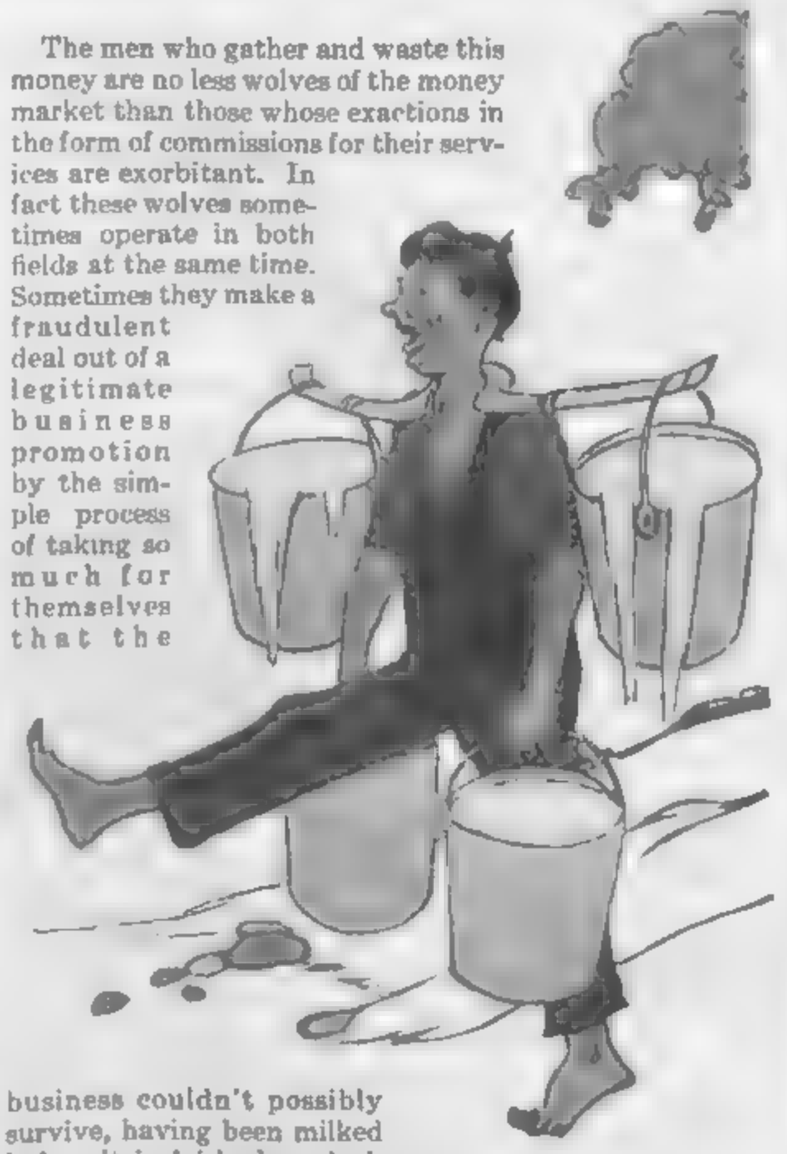
That has not been the point of view, I believe, when most laws relating to corporations were enacted. But in spite of hostility, their number has grown enormously. They absorb a very large portion of each year's crop of new capital. Apparently they are here to stay. And because the number of persons holding their securities goes on growing by the thousands every month—not just the money, but the number of investors—it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that very little has been done to protect them against the wolves of the money market. Hundreds of them fall victims to these wolves every year.

The money market, one must realize in order to approach this subject with any hope of understanding, is never able to meet the demands upon it. The Government may be able to rent money at a very low rate, and call loans may be insistently offered at such low interest as to stimulate a boom in the stock market—in other words, we often read of cheap money—but when the total national demand for capital is considered, we must also take into account the man out in Grassville Junction who may have just invented a new kind of bicycle, or his neighbor who wishes to establish a wholesale grocery firm.

Taking into account every applicant, there is never enough capital for rent to supply the enterprising citizens who feel absolutely certain that they could rent some cash with safety and profit to the owners. So there is a great deal of competition for the limited supply of capital, and men who know just where some of it is and what inducements will be most likely to lure it into rental contracts have extremely advantageous positions.

My imaginary character who has just invented a new kind of bicycle must, if he wishes to manufacture it, rent some money. As soon as he attempts that feat he must venture into a field where there are both friends and wolves. The same statement applies to the biggest corporation in this country. It is a perilous journey, whether undertaken by giant or pygmy. And the same statement applies to anyone who has money that he wishes to offer for rent, no matter whether it be millions or his first $1000.

Current hearsay accepts an estimate that $1,000,000,000 is annually lost through stock frauds. That sum is not even close to the total annual loss from fraudulent and palpably impossible promotions. The figure was seized upon after having been once used as a rough estimate of the amount of money lost through frauds conducted by mail. No one knows what the grand total really is.



The men who gather and waste this money are no less wolves of the money market than those whose exactions in the form of commissions for their services are exorbitant. In fact these wolves sometimes operate in both fields at the same time. Sometimes they make a fraudulent deal out of a legitimate business promotion by the simple process of taking so much for themselves that the business couldn't possibly survive, having been milked before it is fairly launched. It is not at all unusual for some rental agents of cash to demand 35 per cent as their commission.

Those Who Get the Best Terms

WHEN they charge as low as 20 to 25 per cent, some business men will defend them on the ground that the job couldn't be done for less. There are at least a few instances of legitimate established industry being forced to pay upward of 40 per cent for new capital. And, of course, there are instances without number where the attempt to finance failed, which means that expenses absorbed every dollar obtained.

But we shall get a more comprehensive view of this whole problem by beginning at the top, where money is easily rented at low interest for small commissions, and then proceeding step by step until we arrive among the skeletons left by prowling wolves whose long sharp fangs make disguise impossible.

As an aid to brevity I shall make three arbitrary divisions. At the top stand the Federal Government, the states, counties, municipalities and those long-established firms whose credit is nationally recognized. In the second classification are smaller but solvent and prosperous

If That Charge is True, They are a Serious Burden Upon the Industrial Life of the Country

By Taking So Much for Themselves That the Business Couldn't Possibly Survive

firms, not widely known, and some of them engaged in comparatively new industries. In the third classification are new promotions, firms trying to raise money with which to begin operations. We start at the top.

The United States Government can rent money at a low rate of interest without paying any agent a commission.

High-grade municipal bonds leave a profit of one-half to one point in the hands of the middle man, according to the head of one of the largest firms in this field.

I quote the same man for the assertion that the highest grade of public-utility bonds are disposed of by his firm for two points. That means that he buys a bond at 98 and sells it to the investor at par. If he buys and sells it at less than par, then a point is slightly more than 1 per cent, but not much more, because bonds of this class will usually sell at very close to par.

The highest grade industrial bonds, he said, are disposed of for two and a half to three points. The highest grade of foreign bonds must pay three to four points.

Stepping down to what he designated as semispeculative industrial bonds, he said that the commission would be five to seven points, and in some cases some of the common stock in addition. Semispeculative foreign bonds would have to pay about six to ten points.

The highest grade of common stocks of public utilities, he said, would pay two to five points. Industrial stocks of the highest grade would pay three to five points.

From Issuing Firm to Investor

THE man whom I quote is at the head of a firm with an enormous outlet for securities of the class he mentions. His figures might not hold good for every firm in that field. Some, I am told, necessarily charge more.

His firm specializes in very high-grade issues, so that those he called semispeculative wouldn't involve very high risk. I asked him to trace a big high-class industrial bond issue from the issuing firm to the investor; here are his figures: The whole issue of bonds is sold at 90 to a firm such as his. They are then parceled out in large blocks to a group of banking houses in order to spread the risk. In this case, of course, he means only the risk of having some of them remain in the vaults.

Bond-buying houses are really bond sellers; they count it failure to have any left. The banking syndicate takes the bonds at 90½. The half point represents the profit of the original purchaser, which might be his firm. The banking group passes the bonds on to a syndicate of firms that sell bonds; the price will be about 91¼. There you have the banking group's profit. The next step is the selling of the bonds to the investing public, price about 93½; and there you have the retailer's profit. Thus the whole spread is not very large. Out of it has come a multitude of expenses for examining the property, analyzing financial statements, advertising the issue and keeping in touch with world-wide financial conditions.

Unless issues of this sort moved very rapidly, the big houses that handle them wouldn't be able to pay their overhead expenses. But they sell these bonds in enormous amounts every month. Even 2 per cent on $20,000,000 worth of bonds is no small sum. Suppose the capital of the bond-selling house is turned over eight times annually at a profit of 2 per cent each time. There you have an indication of the situation at the top.

But this also has its critics. I met one who immediately put his finger down on the admission that there is sometimes an extra commission in the form of stock in addition to five or seven points for disposing of semispeculative industrial bonds.

"You may bet your life there is a commission in the form of stock," he said. "Such transactions usually come up where a prosperous industry is expanding on a large scale, especially where it is buying out a big competitor and effecting a consolidation. Money is obtained by selling bonds, but there will also be a new stock issue. In many cases the actual bond buyers as well as the underwriting firm will be given some of this stock.

"I see no objection to what the actual buyers get for their money; anyway, we are not discussing what the man who puts up the money gets in return for it; but I do object to the financial house that handles these securities getting an additional commission in the form of common stock. I don't think they ought to have it, because it becomes a permanent charge upon that industry. It is a temptation to overcapitalization, and it puts the security house in a position to keep its finger on the pulse of the management.

"In cases where common stock is paid as part of the commission for selling bonds or preferred stocks it is not at all unusual for the banking house to demand fiscal control as well. That means that all the firm's money will pass through the hands of the banking house. Eventually that firm will become a chattel of the bankers. This process, with variations, is what gave the bankers such a large measure of control in the railroad field, and that control, in my opinion, has not been good for the railroads. Gifts of stock or agreements for fiscal control, or both, are a little too much to pay for new capital, especially in view of the fact that the security sellers don't put up their own money."

Both Sides of the Question

AND now let us hear the defense. I quote an investment banker: "Bonds are sold on the reputation of the firm that offers them to a much larger extent than on the reputation of the firm that issues them. If the issuing firms want to go into the market directly there is nothing to stop them. They come to us because our services are the cheapest they can get, with efficiency. Ours is a special field, requiring elaborate organization and great skill. We have to guard our reputations with ceaseless care, and in some instances we feel that it is advisable to control the fiscal management of a company because we do not want that company to fail. We have stamped it with our approval by offering its securities and we feel responsible to our investors. If it is well managed and has the good fortune which we most earnestly hope for it, then nothing more than fiscal control will ever come into our hands. If misfortune overtakes the company, then it may have to lean against us, but we are always hoping that it will not."

I went back to the critic. "How about that?" I asked him. "It sounds reasonable to me."

"In theory," he said, "it is reasonable. In practice, it doesn't always work out so. If the bankers get a representative on the board of directors, it is his business to look after their interests primarily and those of the firm secondarily. If all goes well and expansion continues, he is there to see that the same house or houses sell the next issue of securities. If things go wrong his eye is on the till all the time. He doesn't probably know much about the business from either the production or selling end; he watches the bank statement. When it is time to be intrepid in business, he is conservative; when it is time to be conservative, he's in a panic. He often uses the firm as an outlet for the bank's surplus cash, if he can, urging the management to borrow, and at the first sign of trouble he's for calling the loan almost regardless of consequences. The firm ought to be absolutely free to steer its own course in accord with the advice of its own financial experts."

I decided to lay this before a corporation executive of many years' experience, a man who has often worked under boards of directors comprising representatives of banking and security houses.

"What about this?" I asked him. "It sounds reasonable to me."

Security Houses to the Rescue

"WELL," he said, "it depends on the sort of representative the banks send, on the status of the business, on the personality of the executives, and a lot of other things. Sometimes your cynical critic will be right, and again he will not."

"What is your experience, both pro and con?" I asked.

"Mine," he replied, "is all pro. I managed a wonderful property that went wrong during the war through no fault of the management. Security houses of the highest type felt that their reputations were at stake and that they could pull us through by lending us money to tide over the difficulty. They put men on the board to advise us, and, of course, to watch us. The money was forthcoming and we pulled through. They took a legitimate profit for what they did and were glad to get out as soon as possible. On other occasions I have received advice beyond all value from the representatives of banking houses who sat on the board. They did not interfere with my management, but they did know when and how to get money under the most favorable conditions."

Hundreds of Them Fall Victims to These Wolves Every Year

"Have you ever known a case where, after a period of depression, the bankers came out owners of the property for a very low price?" I asked.

"Of course," he replied; "but then how are you to help that? It's bound to happen in some cases. The banks find

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A CERTAIN DEXTERITY

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS a shabby room—this room in which our story opens—and yet, from the Venetian blind at the window, one might guess that the house had been proudly planned in its day. The room itself was nearly dark, but enough light filtered through the blind to show the outlines of a washstand against one of the walls, an old-fashioned trunk in front of the window and still more dimly a bed and a chair at the darker end of the room.

At the moment when our story opens, this bed was beginning to creak; and presently a voice arose from the shadows—a man's voice, a tragic voice, and although this is hard to explain, the voice of one who is speaking before an audience

"Another day!" said the voice. "Ah, happy are the dead who wake no more!"

There was a sigh then—a sigh, it might almost be said, of satisfaction; a sigh which was all but drawn with a smack of the lips. And after a pause the voice spoke again, pitched this time in a deeper key.

"Another day!" said the voice, slightly correcting itself. "Ah, happy those who sleep to wake no more!"

With that, a large mound in the bed turned over, the coverings were cast aside, and a few moments later the Venetian blinds were opened by the occupant of the room—clad now in an old blanket dressing gown and gazing out at the drying clothes in the courtyard with the glance of those who greet the dawn without much joy in the mouth.

He was, one might have guessed, about fifty-five or sixty years old, with one of those majestic curves in the front which Mr. Pertwee once happily described as a lower bosom. His face was pale, quite curiously pale, and although his features were cast in the heroic mold—the features of an elder statesman, say, with the welfare of the world upon his shoulders—his hair and eyebrows would probably have drawn your attention as quickly as anything else. His hair was long, hanging almost to the collar of his dressing gown; and his eyebrows were two black arches which seemed to be designed for purposes of gesticulation the eyebrows, one might imagine, of an old-time Hamlet who first sees the ghost, or a clown who has just felt the barrel stave and is wondering what strange bee has stung him there.

It was with a brooding look from under these eyebrows that he delivered his next remark, still gazing out of the window at the clothes drying on the lines.

"Life—yes, that is life," he said. "First we get dirty and then we get clean. And some of us grime more easily than others; and some, God help us, we can never get clean!"

They Hurried Through the Deserted Rooms Together and Were Soon at the Foot of the Staircase in the Hall

Turning rather heavily from the window, he shaved and dressed. His trousers gave him much concern, a dark design of shepherd's plaid which had unexpectedly grown threadbare.

"Sitting in those accurs-ed agencies!" he sighed.

The soles of his shoes were broken, too, but he had a can of polish and gave the tops such a shine that surely no one could have doubted that anything was wrong beneath. He had washed his handkerchiefs and the cuffs of his shirt the night before; and his white waistcoat, always sedulously guarded against misfortune, still made at once an imposing covering for the majestic swell of his front and a ceremonial background for the heavy plated chain and charm which he draped across it. And all the time that he was dressing he was apparently in communication with himself, his thoughts now and then breaking into speech—bits of imaginary conversation, one might have guessed, which needed oral tests to determine how well they were going to sound.

"In Europe for slightly more than three years. . . . Practically impossible in fact to get out of Moscow, and as for mailing letters or receiving remittances —— The Russians were very kind, very appreciative, but all my reading notices and reviews being in that language—you understand? In London too—a command performance—the King—the King was delighted. . . . A very delightful fellow, the King, very charming—chawming. 'Professor,' he said, 'you have raised comedy juggling to the height of a dramatic art,' and he gave me a cigarette holder which I should like to show you some day when I am not so busy——"

While he was thus dressing and talking, he noticed a draft through one of the panes of the window which was broken, and he mended this ingeniously by draping a sheet of newspaper over the top of the sash. This done, he examined the contents of his trousers pockets and found there the same four minor coins which he had counted the night before. He was still verifying the sad fact that money fails to grow in trousers pockets when a knock sounded on the door and suddenly, like Peter Rabbit, the professor froze in his tracks and the room grew very still.

Again the knock sounded—this time, it might be said, as though from the knuckles of authority.

"After all," the professor sighed to himself, "she knows I'm in." And raising his pitch, again as though a larger audience was listening, he cried "Yes, yes! Who's there?"

"Mrs. Murtle sent me ep to fix the window," said a voice on the other side of the door.

"Ah, yes, the glazier," thought the professor with a sigh of relief. "Come in, my friend, come in"

A man in overalls entered, carrying a pane of glass and smelling of putty—a man, the professor almost unconsciously noted, who wore a good pair of shoes and carried a notebook in the pocket of his jumper

"This is Professor Alexander's room?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, my friend," said the professor indulgently. "This is the room and this is the window. . . . Well! And so you are the glazier. A highly interesting profession—or at least I have always so considered it; but the profits, I imagine, are, to put it euphonistically—euphemistically—shall we say rather small?"

He stood there, large and benign, and yet with a slightly anxious manner, somewhat like a metropolitan window dresser in the country who is wondering if his art will move the field hands.

"Oh, I don't know," said the other, already at work. "I manage to get by somehow."

"Ah, granted, my friend!" exclaimed the professor, seeming to bulk more largely, more benignly than before. "Most cheerfully granted! But need I tell you that there are other, easier and far more pleasant, ways of getting by, as you so expressively describe it?" He played with his watch charm for a moment, clinking it musically against his chain before he continued. "For one example—for one chahnce example—have you ever considered the theatrical business, for instance? But of course you know the great fortunes which are being made, I might almost say nightly, in the playhouses of this great city. And speaking of plays, now that we are thus embarked upon the subject, I have a play here, sir—The Juggler of Destiny the story of a juggler who always knew his hour would strike at last—the ripe work of a fruitful life, written by one who is himself far from being unacquainted with the Thespian boards. One moment, my friend. I will show you."

Just as Lucy Gasped "There He Is!" There Was a Sudden Exchange of Shots

Opening his trunk, he brought out a manuscript, tattered somewhat as to corners, but having a noble girth

"Sir," he said, holding it out as though it were a crown upon a cushion, "a fortune. How would you like to have the priceless boon of sharing it?"

"Out of my line," said the glazier, still working away. "Me, I stick to pent and glass-to-put-in."

"Your name, sir?"

"Emil Kodelewski."

"A Polish gentleman, I take it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Better and better! Why, this is a most remarkable thing! In my youth, and under most excellent tutors, I made a specialty of Polish history—the passion of my younger years; and you may be pleased—you may even be proud to know—that in the last century there was a Polish prince of the same name as yours. I shall never forget it."

"What name you say he was?"

"Her—er—the same as yours, my friend. The very same name as yours."

"Kodelewski?"

"Kodelewski, yes! And now that we are growing to understand each other and the fortunes which are being made in matters theatrical, allow me to introduce myself more thoroughly. Professor Alexander, sir, more generally known as Alexander the Great, and not, I flatter myself, altogether unknown to fame."

At this, with a dramatic gesture in which his eyebrows played a prominent part, he indicated a much-creased poster on the wall—a theatrical single-sheet in red and blue—headed by the line, The Great Alexander, the Man Who Has Raised Comedy Juggling to the Height of a Dramatic Art.

"A description, sir," continued the professor, "coined by a man who at that time was even a greater man than I. William Winter, sir, of blessed memory."

He made two gestures at once then, the one with his right hand removing an imaginary silk hat and holding it against his breast, the one with his left hand scattering rose petals over a newly closed grave.

"I trust you will pardon my emotion," he said in a voice which even those in the back seats of the gallery would have recognized as being husky; and blowing his nose with a resonant blast, he continued more firmly: "And now that we know each other, let us return to our play. It was written, I might tell you, in seclusion, during the spare time of a little over three years. But enough of time and place, sir," he rather hurriedly added. "Let us on with the plot!"

At that, clearing his throat with importance, he squared his elbows and made seductive gestures with eyebrows, finger and thumb.

"Our play opens," he began, "with the episode of a juggler, a part which I myself—need I tell you?—shall take upon the stage. This juggler has made a wager with a friend of his that he can go into a pawnshop and come away with a diamond ring without the pawnbroker knowing it. The quickness of the hand, you apprehend, deceiving the eye. In an unfortunate moment, however, another customer happens to knock against his elbow and the unfortunate juggler is caught in the execution of his wager and forthwith sent to prison."

"Heh! I know he would be!" said the glazier, coming in off the sill. "Fool a pawnbroker? I'd like to see it done!"

"The very point, sir," exclaimed the professor, "which imbues—embrues—imbues our opening episode with dramatic interest! Now! The curtain rises on the pawnshop scene—the counter, the shelves, the grating, the safe, and finally the pawnbroker himself, standing at the counter with a glass in his eye and congratulating himself upon the diamond wedding ring—evidently a keepsake, sir, a sacred remembrance—which he has just bought from a sterling old character actor—I mean a broken-hearted old widower, sir—for fifteen dollars and fifty cents—and the ring well worth two hundred! And then, sir, just at the right dramatic moment, when the whole audience has been aroused to a proper pitch of indignation against this villainous pawnbroker—then, sir, I come in, like a figure of poetic vengeance, silk-hatted, fur-coated, my stick crooked over my arm; and not, sir, though I say it myself, not without a certain dexterity ——"

He turned and strode toward a wardrobe in the corner, and was putting on an old silk hat in order that he might make a proper entrance, when out of the tail of his eye he caught sight of Mr. Kodelewski making for the door.

"One moment, my friend," said the professor, quickly turning and following. "Surely you are not walking out on me!"

"Sure I em," said the glazier. "My job is finished."

"But our play—the immortal Juggler of Destiny ——"

"Excuse me, mister; I don't want no play. Me, I heff to look for work, not play."

(Continued on Page 121)

"Oh, Yes, the Professor!" She Said, Hurrying Forward. "I'm So Glad You've Come!"

WHY IS A BANK?

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"This Town's Standing Still. How Many Young Men Have We Here? Mighty Few. They Have to Go Away to Make a Living. It's a Town of Old Folks"

ADAM KIDDER sat at the head of the table about which were gathered the members of the finance committee of the Westminster Savings Bank. Adam was only twenty-six, but he seemed much younger in the presence of the other venerable members—Eli Ware, the Streeter twins and Pliny Butterfield, whose ages totaled close to three hundred years. Adam was changed since first he came into public notice in his village—changed for the better in the matter of clothing and of bearing—but his thin, rather handsome face was the same.

It never had been a countenance given to facile changes of expression. It was economical in such matters just as he was economical with words. In repose his natural look was one of severe concentration, and he wore his natural look at this moment as he propounded his question to the other members.

"Why is a bank?"

"Eh?" snorted Eli Ware. "Why is a bank? What you gittin' at? A bank's to take care of folks' money."

"Partly," said Adam.

"Partly! What else? 'Tain't for nothin' else."

"That," said Adam, "is the way this bank has been run. It's what's the matter with Westminster."

"Matter with Westminster!" It was Pliny Butterfield, whose local pride was stirred at this. "Best town in the state. What's wrong with it?"

"Everything," said Adam.

"Huh!" grunted Eli. "Mebby you think you kin improve it"

"Know I can," said Adam.

"What d' you think a bank's fur?" asked Floyd Streeter.

"The main end and aim of a bank," said Adam, "ought to be the building up of the prosperity of the town where it is."

"How?"

"By using the money in its possession to build up business."

"Usin' the depositors' money to build up business!" Eli's voice was weighted with scorn. "And have the bank examiner on your neck, eh? And mebby end up in jail."

"No," said Adam. "We got ample money. It ought to stay in Westminster. Put it out on good notes and mortgages—what part of it is legal. You men have been sending it West to put in Western farm mortgages because you get 8 per cent. Why help out Dakota when Westminster needs it? All you see is a rate of interest."

"Got to pay expenses."

"It's worth more to this bank and this town to lend a thousand dollars at 6 per cent right here than it is to lend two thousand at 8 per cent a thousand miles away."

"We got on perty well," said Lloyd Streeter.

"We're going to get on better," said Adam. "This town's standing still. Worse than that, it's going backward. How many young men have we here? Mighty few. They have to go away to make a living. It's a town of old folks."

"We're satisfied with it," said Eli.

"I'm not," Adam replied. "Another thing, loans have always been made on a basis of personal bias. Your grudges figure in it, not the facts of the case. You're jealous of each other. That sort of thing is over."

"Huh!" Eli snorted again.

"When the mill came here, what happened?"

"They didn't git a loan," said Eli.

"Why?"

"Didn't figger they was entitled to it."

"No," said Adam. "Mr. Belden didn't understand local affairs. He met Pliny and knew he was a member of this committee, so he made his application to him alone, instead of running around to each one of you to pat your vanity. The four other members of the committee sat back and said—for I heard it—'Wa-al, he thinks Pliny runs this bank. Let's see him git his loan.' And so the loan and the business of the mill went to Franklin—total deposits running half a million a year!"

"We got along without it," said Floyd Streeter.

Adam shrugged his shoulders.

"You got the idee," said Eli, "that you know more about bankin' than the hull of us put together."

"I do," said Adam.

"What d'ye aim to do?" Pliny asked sourly.

"To make this bank the business partner and adviser of every business man and farmer in this locality, furnish capital to run their business the way it ought to run and the brains to run it right."

"Everybody'll welcome your stickin' your nose into his affairs," said Eli.

"Everybody will before I'm through with it," said Adam.

"Where you calc'latin' to commence?" asked Floyd.

"With Cosimo Fox," said Adam.

There was a silence. Cosimo Fox owned a general store which, for thirty years, had run him. He was old and deaf and he sold to customers who came in, but never had he tried to draw a customer in. His stock embraced everything and was so mixed and cluttered that nobody but Cosimo could ever find anything at all. Groceries were mixed in with dress goods and hardware was under the candy case. He never took stock and never held a sale. If goods remained on the shelves a certain number of years they were relegated to one of the upper stories of the store, there to remain forever and forgotten. Nobody knew how many thousands of dollars' worth of stock those upper floors contained, but they were a museum of the styles of the past two-score years. All lost money!

From the street you could not see into the store. The windows were small paned and high. Sometimes they went for years without even that rudimentary dressing which Cosimo gave them. It was a store in which people bought, but in which its proprietor made no effort to sell. And now, after a lifetime of it, Cosimo was tottering. The other merchants were glad of it—and four merchants were on that finance committee!

"You want to lend Cosimo money?" demanded Eli. "Why?"

"To save his business for Westminster."

"On what security?"

"His building and stock—and faith and credit."

"This committee won't hear of it," said Pliny.

"Mebby it will. Mebby it will," said Eli, glancing at each of the members in turn. He lived for but one thing,

and that was to discredit Adam Kidder. Perhaps here was the way. If Adam forced the bank into making a bad loan, the blame would lie upon the young man's shoulders. "How much?" he asked.

"Don't know how much's required," said Adam.

But he did know fairly well, and he knew what he was going to attempt and how he was going about it. Cosimo, if Adam's plans carried, would be eliminated from the business except as a figurehead. Young Frank Fox, Cosimo's nephew and clerk, would be financed in the purchase of a third interest, and Adam himself would acquire another third. And then the business would receive a touch of Adam's methods. Adam's main purpose always was the building up of his town, the creation of something solid—but he liked a by-product of profit for himself.

But the success of it depended upon the bank. The bank must finance, provide capital. . . . Adam was looking much farther ahead than the mere renovating of a broken-down store.

That night he completed the inner details of the deal with Frank and Cosimo, while Eli and the other members of the committee busied themselves by spreading the report of Adam's reckless financing. Westminster sensed another battle between the young man and the old war horses and sat back to enjoy the entertainment.

On Monday the doors of Cosimo's store were closed. For the first time in its history, stock was being taken. Three days later a sale was announced—such a sale as Westminster never had experienced. It lasted for two weeks. Adam believed that there is a purchaser for everything as long as it is sold cheaply enough and is called to the attention of the possible purchaser—and he was right. His purpose was to clean out that ancient stock and to start afresh. Everything went. Goods which had been stored away and worthless for twenty years were resurrected and turned into money—into a fraction of their cost, perhaps, but nevertheless into money instead of dead weight. The sale brought a gross return of something close to nine thousand dollars, more than half of which came from stock which had better been given away long ago than kept to clutter the shelves. A balance of modern staple stock remained

Now Adam arranged the loan at the bank, but this loan did not find its way into the purchase of new stock. It went for rebuilding and for fixtures. Six weeks was consumed in this process; but at the end of that time there stood across from the post office a store with a modern front, with broad show windows at sidewalk level, instead of small dingy panes through which one could look only if he stood upon a porch.

Adam came out of the store, where he had been overseeing the setting of fixtures, and encountered Damaris Ware, who regarded him sidewise, as was her way.

"Father seems pleased with you," she said

She did not know that long ago this young man had determined she should be his wife, nor that his every move was directed to that end, though it may be she was not without her suspicions. As for herself, he interested her; rather more than interested her, for she found herself thinking about him a great deal and speculating upon his doings and his purposes

"Nice day," said Adam noncommittally. His methods of courtship were extraordinary

"He says you're squandering money—the bank's money."

"Had much company lately?" She frowned.

"Why?"

"Might drop in to call if you're not busy"

To this she made no reply

"Trying to bring New York to Westminster?" she asked.

"New York's entitled to the best, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why isn't Westminster?" Adam countered.

"Why, come to think of it, I suppose it is—if it can afford it"

"Prosperous country, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Mail-order catalogues in every house?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Oh, because the folks can buy better and cheaper things in Chicago or New York."

"Don't like mail-order catalogues," said Adam

"Is that your idea?" Damaris asked, opening her eyes. She nodded her head and pursed her lips. "Maybe you can do it," she said presently. "But what else are you aiming at? You surely don't want to run a store! You're aiming at something bigger. I've watched you."

"Keep on watching," said Adam sententiously.

"I'm not busy tonight," said Damaris.

"Um—maybe you'll help me trim up these windows."

"I'd love to."

"There'll be more windows than these trimmed," said Adam, and she smiled with sudden intelligence.

"So that's what you're after, eh?"

"Westminster money for Westminster," said Adam "Be ready to trim tomorrow—say, ten o'clock."

"I'll come," said Damaris.

Adam was not looking at her, but off at the mountains

"More mail," he said, "makes better post offices, more freight makes better railroads, more work brings more people, more people bring more money; more money, more sales, and then right back over it all again. And the whole of it means more deposits in the bank."

"You're looking ahead," said Damaris

"And more deposits in the bank mean more capital to build up a town."

"And to make Adam Kidder rich," said Damaris.

"I want money," Adam said.

"Why?"

"So my wife and I can enjoy life, leisure, travel, own beautiful things. I want to make money—not by taking it away from other folks but by making other folks make money and having it spill over on me."

She was watching him now with a close and absorbed scrutiny, for she had never seen the young man like this She did not know it, but she was watching an artist, a creative artist,whose joy was in the thing he produced, not for its own sake but for the love of creating. She was looking at a business man whose view went far beyond dollars and cents to the ultimate. Canny, he was, but she could see his ambitions were not for himself alone—indeed were very little for himself. All he desired was to be a part of the fine thing he was striving to create. And the tool with which he sculptured the granite was a little country bank!

"When do you open?"

"In a week."

She paused a moment, considering something

"When I come to help trim the windows, may I see what women's things you have—dresses and coats and wraps?"

"They're not in."

"Not in! Why? Surely you're going to have them."

"Not till I'm sure what to buy. I want them right Our women have a right to be as well dressed as any women anywhere."

"How do you expect to find out what is right?"

(Continued on Page 58

"Young Man," He Said, in That Accent Which Only Fathers of Daughters Learn to Assume, "You Hain't Wanted Here"

The Passing of the Ranches

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

NO PUBLIC or private question so fully enlists the interest of people in the Far West as the reclamation and irrigation of arid and semiarid lands. The policies and details of this form of development, past, present and future, form quite the most absorbing economic as well as political issue in the whole region west of the Missouri River. For as land is conquered, wealth and population are supposed to follow, and these are naturally the supreme desires of sparsely settled states.

But preoccupation with the numberless questions involved in reclamation and irrigation, and more particularly concentration of interest upon the interminable squabble over harnessing the mighty waters of the Colorado River, have caused men to overlook the fact that after all only a tiny fraction of the Far West has yet been broken to the plow. All but insignificant patches are still devoted to grazing or ranching, and perhaps are destined by the inexorable laws and forces of Nature to continue long in such use.

The time may come when population presses so overwhelmingly from both sides in upon the mountain and desert barriers of the continent that the cattle and sheep industry, except on the feedlots of farmers, will be a thing of the past, a colorful chapter out of high-school history books. Never, it is well for the cautious man to note, has been defined as being a very long time.

Except, however, for small parcels which man devotes to towns, factories, mines, railways and highways, he must, to keep himself alive at all, use all his land for three purposes, crops, forests and pastures. Of the land available for these purposes, nearly one-third, or six times the farming area of Germany before the war, is even in these latter days devoted to semiarid pasture or range. In area at least ranching is still far and away the dominant industry of the Far West.

Nevada Valleys Like This, a Hundred Miles Long or More, are Often Occupied by a Single Ranch

Our Debt to the Domestic Animals

ASSUMING a very moderate increase in efficiency and a very slight decrease in the standard of living, it is estimated by as competent an authority as we have on the subject, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture, that only 40,000,000 acres need be added to the farms to support a population of 150,000,000 in this country. Even if most of this new crop area is taken from grazing rather than from forest land, as it no doubt should be, the relative spheres given over to the basic uses of land will not be greatly altered.

In the ease and complacency of modern life we too often overlook the realities of existence. Whatever may be the facts of human evolution from lower forms of animals, we are closely bound up at this moment of our being with the animal kingdom. Livestock—that is, cattle, sheep, horses, mules, goats, hogs and hens—consume three-quarters of all the crops raised on improved lands in the United States, and literally all the crops raised on unimproved or grazing lands. We really subsist only through the medium of the domestic animals.

Livestock converts into food for man, or into other commodities for his use, coarse forage unfit or not wanted for human consumption. It is a crop that can be grown on enormous areas often suited to it alone, and at far less cost than many other products.

When we think of crops, our minds naturally turn to food for human beings—to wheat, potatoes, apples, and the like. But the important crop is not food for humans so much as it is forage for animals. Animals, not humans, eat the corn, oats, barley, rye, hay, the seeds and straw of plants commonly thought of as being for textile purposes only, and even a large part of the wheat itself. Seven-tenths of the land in the United States occupied by crops is used to produce forage, one-tenth for tobacco and textile plants such as cotton and flax, and only two-tenths for human food.

The enthusiastic subdivider, looking out upon a stretch of lonely pasture or grazing land, or even upon a forest, may yearn for a neat addition to his town with rows of bungalows. The grazing land has the appearance of being unappropriated, unoccupied, unused and unimproved. A row of houses or a dozen small farms bring population and activity. But poverty like that of the Chinese is sure to follow the elimination of the two great primary crops that the soil of the earth is best fitted to produce—trees and forage. The general agricultural system, with its reliance upon forage and livestock, seems the best method in the long run of sustaining human life. For thus the fertility of the soil is renewed rather than depleted, as in the more specialized-crop systems.

It is true enough that the largest and most valuable of the forage crops are cultivated, like grain and hay. The natural volunteer forage of the Far Western plateaus, mountains and deserts does not equal in importance the cultivated forage crops. But it is a free gift of Nature, like the forests and mines, and alone makes productive the greater part of a dozen states. It cannot be measured in bushels, but it is none the less a fundamental natural resource for all that.

Grain is planted by the farmer, but the grasses and shrubs of the Far Western mountains and deserts reseed or reproduce themselves. The farmer harvests, bundles and stacks his grain. The rancher cannot gather the cactus of the Arizona deserts or the natural grasses of the Sierra foothills, but the horse, mule, cow, sheep and goat are four-legged animals that wander successfully in search of this sparse but excellent feed into the roughest and most isolated places. The wild forage does not have to be gathered for them; it waits and they come.

Through circumstance, ignorance or greed, ranching may be both exploitative and destructive industry. But why is it necessarily such? The wild forage has grown since time immemorial, and if the right number and kind of animals are placed on this forage at the right season of the year, it will reseed itself for ages to come.

The bored traveler crossing the continent asks the porter, "When do we get through this desert?" But it is not desert in the sense in which the question is asked. Except in a few isolated alkali flats, all land produces some plants of forage value. There is no area of any considerable size where the plants themselves are not adapted to some class of grazing animals in one season or other, although there are areas where there is not enough water to go with the forage.

Wild Forage

THE average person looks at the deserts and mountains and says there is nothing to eat there. But nutritious grasses and other plants and shrubs suitable for grazing are found in great variety—more than a hundred in all. They serve as feed for one type of livestock or other, and often contain needed water as well. Even the formidable cactus, with its thousands of horrid spines, is of incalculable value to cattle in periods of drought.

Much of this volunteer forage is the kindliest in the world, curing on the ground and sustaining stock in winter as well as in summer. On a tract in the Sierra Nevada foothills of California that runs into the tens of thousands of acres on a single ranch, I have seen in the spring an almost solid pattern of entrancingly beautiful wild flowers, mile upon mile of them as far as the eye could reach. No plow has ever been put to this soil; the flowers have bloomed in the spring since before recorded history began.

Early in the season these flowers are injurious, even poisonous to stock, but in the summer, when the plants themselves have died away and the seeds have fallen upon the earth, the cattle can be let in to lick them up, and are sure to fatten upon this feed.

Through centuries of adaptation the natural forage lives and thrives under conditions which are not always suited to cultivated or domesticated crops. Yet these wild grasses and shrubs are often as good as hay, provided only the seasonal rains come along in regular course, and even in periods of severest drought they survive after a fashion because of the very adaptation referred to.

This range country may look as if it were wasted, but it has long supported and with proper use will continue to

support a population of its own running far into the millions.

Don't be quite so contemptuous, Mr. Traveler, of the desert and rough mountain spaces, for they help to support the animal population upon which your kind of human life, as contrasted with the Chinese kind, is based. The cow or sheep that wanders through these lonely cañons and mesas finding its own food is a self-supporting, automatic farm all by itself. It is the sort of farm that the early Aryans carried with them on their migrations, and is one that man should think twice about before discarding.

Life is so easy nowadays that we regard our wishes as having the power of a fairy's wand. But there are physical limitations upon the utilization of land, such as climate, topography and water resources, which human ambitions, no matter how vaulting, cannot overcome There are economic limitations as well, such as the remoteness of potential farm land from market, or the fact that a given product is not needed at a given time.

But the physical boundaries or frontiers are quite enough to consider for the moment. There is the northern limitation, with its short growing season and frost hazard. As we work north from the temperate zones, quickly growing grains are all that can be raised, until finally we reach a point where crop growing stops and forests take their place. Ultimately even the forests give way to the frozen tundra.

A View of Headquarters, Tejon Ranch, California

The Farmers' Movement Westward

GOING west from the Corn Belt, another frontier is set by lack of moisture. It is true that in the process of westward movement farming has conquered more than one frontier. Prior to the 60's it appeared that the farmer would keep well within the timbered areas of the humid region. But he finally took the prairies, which were once considered unfit for agriculture, as his realm.

So successful was farming in the prairies that for a time it was thought the high plains and deserts would be converted also. Dry farming became a fetish, and the movement into the dry country did not end, as was stated at one of the agricultural experiment stations, that of Texas, "until the West, from Texas to Canada and from Western Nebraska to the Pacific Slope, was dotted with the wrecks of this invasion

"The consequences were a setback to the grazing industry and misery and poverty for the dry farmer and his family. Society sustained a loss for which it received nothing in return except a demonstration of the truth that no method of farming will serve as a substitute for suitable soils and a requisite amount of water.

"In the absence of scientific guidance whereby farmers and ranchmen might limit their activities to their respective domains, they have had to learn by bitter experience that in the United States there are vast areas of nontillable, nonarable, permanent grazing lands."

Once plowed up, the native plants will not come back for years. Thus if farming fails, grazing cannot be reintroduced at once. But when the homesteader sees the virgin soil for the first time it looks fertile to him. As the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture says in one of its bulletins:

"The homesteader may be able to grow crops on his place for a few years in succession and seemingly succeed. This is taken to mean the absolute proof that his judgment was correct. Then comes a drought lasting one, two or three seasons, and the farmer learns the truth. His former temporary success, however, has been the undoing of the whole region. Many homesteaders have come in; the range has been broken up; the stockman has had to move out because he had no feed. . . . The land is neither grazing land nor crop land. The stockman has gone and the crop farmer has to go in turn."

Obviously dry farming is economic only when crops can be grown during periods of drought, not merely those of normal or abnormal rainfall. It is just as uneconomic to farm these lands as it would be to pasture a goat on a $1,000,000 city lot.

But it will be said: The West is subject to reclamation and irrigation. By the impounding of water, the building of dams and other engineering works, great areas of fertile land can be planted to crops.

This is not an article on reclamation. Suffice it now to say that the great works of engineering necessary to impound water on a large scale are not costless. They are among the most colossal and expensive of all man's undertakings. Interest on bond issues creates an overhead charge which makes the growing of intensive cash crops absolutely essential.

From the very nature of the case the less expensive impounding projects are undertaken first, so that water rises in price as time goes on As pointed out in a recent bulletin - Number 9 — of the Division of Engineering and Irrigation of the California Department of Public Works, such large reclamation and irrigation projects have to be undertaken to get enough water, that it is most difficult to fill them up with settlers except by artificial means. If by an extreme effort the settlers are secured, there is then the danger of glutting the markets.

If population pours in the demand for domestic purposes alone is very great. It is difficult to make one pint of water do the work of two. Thus in a thickly populated arid region, competition for water attains a fierce intensity, and to the outside observer it would seem obvious that positive natural limits are set, either to the increase in population or to the expansion of farming.

Land Too Rough to Produce Crops

BUT there are other physical boundaries to land utilization besides the lack of water in arid regions. Crops cannot be grown on mountain tops, or on rocky, hilly, stony and broken ground. Always as we climb a mountain there is a point where forests take the place of farms, and finally, past the timber line, there is only the gray granite country.

To produce crops on a successful commercial scale, one must have not only fertile soil and moisture, natural or artificial, but either level or gently rolling ground. The portions of the West too rough for such production are far larger, I am sure, than could possibly be realized by the casual traveler or even the average settler. Those who visit or who move to these Western states naturally spend most of their time in or near the more settled and populated regions, and like everyone else are governed in their thinking by the little fringe about them.

It is unnecessary to go into tiresome detail in dealing with this

(Continued on Page 141

Camulos, California, One of the Oldest of the Southwestern Ranches

WITH OR WITHOUT

Sally Reflected That in Another Phase of Animal Life the Two Gentlemen Before Her Would Probably Now Have Locked Horns, Roaring

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY N. R. BALLINGER

VI

FROM Apartment 37, and the safe if inquiet shelter of Harris Devlin's name, Sally, in her taxi, went straight as a homing dove to a small, rather grubby hotel on a small, rather grubby, but entirely respectable square downtown and engaged a room for the night.

She had once known an elderly lady who lived there; an elderly lady of no especial interest but unquestionable gentility. Sally gave her name now as reference and was at once, by the tired, middle-aged clerk at the desk, admitted into his fold.

"Mrs. Phipps—yes, indeed!" said the clerk. "She lived here for years. Until her death, in fact—stomach trouble, if I remember rightly. A very nice woman; quiet and never any sort of worry to anyone. You say she was a friend of yours?"

Sally having said so once, said it again with a touch of regret for death by stomach trouble, and a touch of pride in the fact that Mrs. Phipps had never been any sort of worry.

"Do you think," she inquired, having created obviously the desired impression, "that you could give me a comfortable room—for a day or so?"

The clerk thought he could; he added a hope that it would be more than a day or so merely. Sally said her plans were unsettled—which exaggerated nothing—and followed a tired, middle-aged boy into a creaking elevator on the way to her first night of freedom.

Three dollars a day, the clerk had said—for a gray little room with stains of doubtful ancestry upon the wall paper; for a golden-oak bed, dubiously sheeted and coverleted and pillowed in dingy cotton; for two windows, one looking upon a fire escape, one upon a barren and hopeless back yard.

The tired, middle-aged boy accepted with effusion a quarter, instantly regretted by Sally, who perceived from his demeanor that a dime would have been sufficient. He withdrew, after wishing her good night, and she opened the bags she had so lately packed and took out a rose crêpe nightgown, as strange in that place of musty shadows as a flower on a dust heap.

However—"It's only for a little while," said Sally to herself, brushed out her hair and performed other nightly ceremonies with gallant disregard of her surroundings.

She did, it is true, suppress with difficulty a vision of Harris sprawled comfortably in one of those painted dull-green beds while the other stood empty.

"It's the woman that pays!" conceded Sally, shivering to feel on her smooth white skin limp grayish cottons and fuzzy gray blankets.

She slept at once, to her own immense surprise—having looked forward to hours of autolaceration—and woke to find the room suffused with daylight of a sort.

Eight o'clock by the watch on her wrist, a pleasant trifle in platinum—no diamonds, but a touch of filigree which at a decent distance suggested diamonds. An uncle had presented it as a wedding gift, and Sally, regarding it now with detached appreciation, considered she might easily obtain on it enough to carry her for a bit. That watch and a ring she wore—two sapphires and a diamond—a ring which had been her mother's—her mother had died the year of Sally's marriage to Harris.

If her mother could know what was happening to Sally now! Half in and half out of matrimony! One shoe off and one shoe on, so to speak. No longer a spinster—purse-mouthed word!—yet certainly not a married woman.

"Have you realized what you may be up against—alone—under these circumstances?"

Pretty sharp of Harris, that! Reminding her that she would, in leaving him, cut herself off from the friendship of Mrs. Grundy, supposing the truth ever leaked out—the truth about the Reverend John Collins, of Blankton, with his shell flowers and his jailbird tricks.

Of course there didn't seem any possible way in which the truth could leak out, unless Harris himself told. And that was unthinkable. Even with the memory of Harris' outrageous selfishness, his blind possessiveness, his hateful inattention, fresh in her mind, Sally knew Harris wouldn't tell. Harris was thoroughbred to the bone, if the stubbornest, most disappointing man God ever made.

No, Sally was safe with Harris—without him, rather and she wouldn't be the first woman who had left her husband in anger—which was all the outside world need know in case it troubled to inquire. Nothing to make a fuss about there. As for the inner truth of the matter—as for the relationship which had for seven years existed between them—Sally felt herself clear of it, clean of it, free of it, oblivious even, as a bird, released, goes clear and clean and free of a cage.

She forgot, perhaps, the homing pigeon, which can be trained in less than seven years; and is, when all is said and done, no less a bird than the vagrant gull. Distinctly more useful, in fact, to man.

"It's odd. I might never have been married at all. I feel so—single!" thought Sally.

Refusing any emotional maunderings anent the doubtful desirability of her past, she got out of bed, dressed and went down to breakfast, in a small rather grubby dining room, sparsely settled with tired-looking people, employing

themselves in the joyless consumption of coffee too pale and oatmeal too cold for true epicurean allurement.

Harris would be—for Vivian had yet a week to preside over the Devlin kitchen—breakfasting comfortably on well-chilled orange juice, steaming coffee, golden-brown toast and delicate three-minute eggs. Sally grappled to her fiercely the thought of Harris' wretched embarrassment at having to account to Vivian for her mistress' absence from the establishment. Harris' embarrassment was the only thing that made the thought of Harris' perfect breakfast even bearable for Sally.

Would he say she had gone to visit her people? She hadn't any living, beyond the uncle of the watch and a cousin or so in California. No one in the world now had the right to hold her to account. Would he say she was ill? Vivian, making up the bedroom, could not long be thus deceived. Gone away—where, and why? Coming back, when?

Sally almost snickered to think of Harris, wrapped in his violated self-esteem as in a torn toga, putting Vivian in her place, ignoring obvious questions, loftily offering inadequate explanations of a ménage bereft overnight of its lady.

Vivian was much attached to Sally—she would undoubtedly be prodigal of inquiry.

"That's his trouble, not mine!" thought Sally, maliciously cheered; and leaving the dining room behind her, called Reck on the telephone in her room and asked him to take her to lunch.

"I want to talk to you," she said. "It's rather—important."

"Then why wait till lunch?" said Reck.

"Aren't you busy?" asked Sally. Hope in the garden of her soul sent up a slim and tender shoot. A friend in that moment was all she asked of life—one friend. She forgot that monogamy, platonic or emotional, has not always been woman's high note.

"I'm not busy if you need me," said Reck.

"I do!" said Sally—that reluctant sob again.

It hadn't affected Harris unduly, because he so often evoked it. Reck, unaccustomed to its limpid cadence, fell like a plummet. He gasped in horror—"Sally, are you crying?"

"Not now," said Sally.

"Has anything happened to Harris?"

Hardly the right cue. Sally's tears dried as quickly as they had started.

She said briefly, "No—it's me."

"I don't get you," said Reck anxiously.

"Well, I can't talk over the telephone—not here."

"Sally, where are you?"

Sally named the grubby little hotel. She knew he would know it. He did. He echoed the name in a dazed mutter.

"For the love of heaven, what are you doing there?" he asked.

"Staying here temporarily."

A stunned silence; then—"But I talked to you—at the apartment—at eight o'clock last night!"

"I know it."

"Sally, I must see you!"

That was Reck all over! What did he suppose she had called him up for? One had always at moments of crisis to give him a push in the right direction—lay a hand on the wheel, as it were.

Sally said sweetly, "If you really aren't busy ——"

"Where'll you meet me?" asked Reck.

"Why, down here—in the square. That might be best," said Sally.

"How soon?"

"As soon as you like."

"I'll be out right away."

"I'll be waiting."

"Cheerio!"

"That's a good boy!"

She turned away from the telephone delightfully heartened. Good old Reck! He at least had gone on caring, unchanged, unfailing. An imp at her elbow murmured, "You haven't been living with Reck, my dear!" Which was incontrovertibly to the point, if one liked to admit it

Sally didn't. She preferred to consider that Reck's faithfulness threw its beams across the present waste land of her life, immutable and imperishable. It gave her a stimulating sense of personal desirability, the sort of woman for whom men were ready to die, ignoring the question of whether or not they were able to live with her.

She powdered her nose and went down to sit on a grimy bench in the square beneath a blackened and discouraged little tree, waiting for Reck.

She had calculated that by catching a car at once he might be there in twenty minutes. He was there in ten, having caught a taxi. The taxi touched Sally to the heart, knowing Reck's financial limitations.

She met him at the entrance to the square, walked back beside him to her bench and her tree, filled with an almost palpitant gratitude, her hand through his arm—he wore an old gray suit which needed pressing—her cheek glowing with a desire to rub itself against his sleeve.

They sat down and Reck squared about to look at her. His hat would have been improved by brushing and, perhaps, blocking. He wore a dark blue bow tie, polka-dotted, which Sally's fingers itched to straighten. His eyes were full of anxiety. He looked as if he had not shaved that morning, but his smile was rather sweet.

"Now," he said nervously, "shoot the works! What's all this about? Gosh! When you said you were staying down here at this joint I couldn't imagine —— There's nothing wrong, is there?"

Sally grinned at him pleasantly.

"Oh, no," she said. "I came just for the ride."

"Don't be a nut!" said Reck, grinning back at her in spite of himself.

"Then don't you!"

"Well, what's up, Sally? How the devil do I know unless you tell me?"

(Continued on Page 80)

Impossible, Almost Unbearable. Harris' Dark Head Going Away Beside That Singed, Pale, Permanent-Waved Bird's Nest!

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

"Black Photographs as Well as Anything, I Assure You," Said Peach in a Sweet Voice, "But if You Prefer the Paler Colors I Will Gladly Have Some More Done and Send You One"

XII

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

PEACH lay in bed late next morning, luxuriating in memories of the previous evening. Beside her, when she opened drowsy eyes about nine o'clock, still lay, upon the bedside table, the ravaged chocolate box which had assuaged her pangs of hunger last night. She rang for Eve and ordered a very large breakfast at once.

"The white lace matinée with the white fox collar, Eve," said Peach, stretching luxuriously, "and give me my powder puff. Thank you. You told them to hurry with my breakfast?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"I have hardly eaten a mouthful since lunch yesterday."

"Ah, mademoiselle, I feared so. I was with my friend last night and he said, 'That 'ouse? There'll be nothing there. That 'ouse,' he said, mademoiselle, 'why, they can't even keep their cats alive, and the Lost Cats' Home has refused to supply them any more.' Is it not shocking, mademoiselle?"

"You must not gossip, Eve. I met your friend's lord last night."

"Lord Loring? Ah, there is a gentleman!"

"If Mrs. Mount is too poor to feed her visitors, Eve, why doesn't her relation, Sir John Lexham, make her an allowance? What are men for?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, the men—they have uses for their money other than elderly ladies, and relations too!"

"Still, Eve,"—anxiously—"Mrs. Mount is very nice."

"Oh, mademoiselle, an aristocrat! And she can send all her friends to call on you. We shall be gay."

While Peach still lay in bed, Lord Loring telephoned to her to say how charming had been their meeting last night; and after that, John Lexham telephoned her.

"When we were driving home last night," said John Lexham, "I forgot to tell you that you must never again be photographed in black pajamas."

"Black photographs as well as anything, I assure you," said Peach in a sweet voice, "but if you prefer the paler colors I will gladly have some more pajama portraits done and send you one."

She hung up the receiver quickly.

Mrs. Mount telephoned to say, "Dear child, leave your afternoon free for me if possible; I am placing mine at your service." It seemed so sweet and kind and self-sacrificing of Mrs. Mount.

The lady arrived about one o'clock, and the testy colonels who had felt so pleasurably doubtful about Peach, the rusticated dowagers and a bishop or two, were all much edified and chastened by seeing her lunch in company with such an impeccable guest. Indeed, one of the rusticated dowagers might be heard bleating, "There's Ada!" And at the faint cry Mrs. Mount turned and bowed to her, and turning back to Peach, said, "I could get you into her house easily enough, dear; but it's a brutal place; in Durham; ten miles from a station; and she still drives horses. She allows no fires in bedrooms, and I do think if one has to be uncomfortable and save anyone's money, one may as well be uncomfortable at home and save one's own."

"I don't like being uncomfortable anywhere," said Peach, feeling very rich.

"Of course not, dear; and you need not be," said Mrs. Mount, with a faint sigh of envy. "That brings me to a subject I was going to talk over with you. . . . I am going to have some more of this sole, waiter. Thank you. I am very hungry this morning."

"I expect you are; so was I," said Peach sympathetically; adding in haste, "I mean, it is a cold, appetizing sort of day."

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Mount brightly. "Now while we are on the subject of comfort, what about houses? Don't you think, dear, you would be happier, and that it is better all round for such a young girl as yourself, if you rented a furnished house—a small one—in a convenient position, where you could entertain?"

"I should love it," Peach cried, "if I could get some people to be entertained. At present, you see, owing to the hasty way I came over, not—not waiting for introductions"—she paused—"I know nobody."

"My dear, if you care to leave yourself in my hands——"

"I should love it."

"I hope you feel it would be an arrangement of which your father and mother would approve. Er—you have parents?"

For a moment Peach paltered with a strong desire to be an orphan and save all further trouble; but suddenly she found herself answering truthfully.

"Shall I write to your parents, dear?"

"Oh, no," said Peach, "please don't write to my parents. I am all alone and my money is my own. We American women are independent."

"It certainly saves complications," said Mrs. Mount with relief, for she had driven bargains with strong-jowled senators and American magnates about daughters before, and she didn't yearn at all to meet the father of Peach, even by correspondence. "Then, dear, shall we look at houses this afternoon? I don't know of any I could recommend to you, I'm sure—that is to say, I know of no small, cozy houses personally, except my own. Would you like mine?" said Mrs. Mount, the inspiration seeming to occur to her with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

"Why ——" Peach began, thinking over the weary drawing-room of the evening before.

"Now I think of it, it's the very thing for you!" said Mrs. Mount enthusiastically. "How stupid that the solution did not occur to me earlier! I don't mind at all, dear, if it helps you. You can take possession at once. That is a wonderful idea! I only want thirty guineas a week for it furnished. Of course, if you want to entertain much—and there are a good many people running up and down at this time of year—I should advise you to do a little upholstering. The drawing-room does need a little redecoration. But any good firm will do it for you so quickly that the inconvenience will be hardly noticeable."

"I will take the house," said Peach, and her eyes grew extremely big. Her fingers clutched and intertwined

together on her lap under the shelter of the lunch table. "Nonsense!" she said to herself, stilling her tremors. "What's taking a little old house?"

"Let us say till the middle of January?" proceeded Mrs. Mount. "That is about two months."

"We will say till the middle of January," replied Peach Mrs. Mount beamed.

"How charmingly things arrange themselves!"

"Should I," Peach ventured, "engage the butler?"

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Mount, in a little pain at such a question, and raising her eyebrows, "he is a person who knows how royalty should be entertained."

"Royalty!" said Peach to herself dizzily. "After all, what does it matter if he wabbles a bit?" She nodded. "I'll take him, of course."

She ate her cutlet with disdainful calm.

"You will find him invaluable," said Mrs. Mount.

"No doubt," said Peach judicially, and then, with a hazy memory of her mother engaging a day girl in Lenville, feeling that perhaps a little criticism was the thing—"But he does not look very strong. Is he strong?"

"One does not engage a butler for his strength, dear, but for his *savoir-faire*."

"Naturally," said Peach. "And he has *savoir-faire?*"

Mrs. Mount assented, smiling, and the aged butler passed, all unwitting, into Peach's service.

"You are sure I am not inconveniencing you in turning you out like this?" said Peach with genuine concern.

Mrs. Mount was once more in slight pain.

"Well, dear, I thought you were feeling that you needed someone—do not let us say a chaperon in these days, but at least a cicerone; someone socially experienced—to live in the house with you and assist you in your arrangements."

"Oh, will you live there?"

"I am perfectly willing to do so, dear."

"Why, you can keep your same bedroom and everything, and—and there will be no need for you to pack up anything—or—or anything then. Will there?"

"Under the circumstances, I suppose not," said Mrs. Mount, giving this question her due consideration. "No; you are right. There will be no need for any disturbance."

"Is that all then?" asked Peach.

"Well, not quite all," said Mrs. Mount, smiling in a kind way. "We shall have to talk finance, distressing as it is, and I should really so much rather arrange it all with your father," she said, turning cold at the remembrance of the strong-jowled senators and the keen-eyed magnates. "But as it is, I suppose we must discuss it ourselves. It is just this, dear: My time is not altogether valueless, you know, and in fact at this very moment I am being begged to undertake the chaperonage of a girl whom I am refusing for your sake."

Peach committed herself to a hundred guineas a month, and all expenses, for Mrs. Mount.

"About those pearls, dear," said Mrs. Mount, "one imagines all you rich American girls have simply festoons of jewels; but you say you haven't a thing. So wise of your mother to bring you up so simply. But perhaps, since you wish it so, we had better go to Martier's this afternoon."

Lunch was over, ending in Turkish coffee, the most expensive cigarettes and liqueurs, and it had been duly entered on Peach's account. They departed to Martier's in a taxicab. Peach fell for pearls. She loved the sleek lustrous things coiling about her throat. She set her teeth and wrote the check.

Five hundred pounds! Still, it was a nice little string.

"Shall we send home your diamond star, madam?" said the salesman confidentially to Mrs. Mount.

And she answered thankfully, "Yes, send it home now." She observed to Peach, "A diamond star of mine they have been resetting," but forbore to add, "And my credit is so bad in the West End that they wouldn't let me have it back—without payment—till I brought you in to buy pearls."

One must live, thought Mrs. Mount.

"I don't know if you want to replenish your wardrobe, dear," she said, in the taxicab again.

"I have two evening frocks," said Peach. "My silver and my pink; and this suit, and a lot of lovely pajamas; and then—just one or two old things."

Mrs. Mount sighed.

"I am afraid," she said very, very sympathetically, "that something must be done about that. Shall we see to it now?"

"I have a lot of money," Peach assured herself; and aloud she cried, "Yes."

They drove to Mrs. Mount's dressmaker's.

"You see," said Mrs. Mount, as they ascended the stairs, "if we are going country-house visiting at all, there must be tweeds and knitted things; and for town an afternoon frock or two at least."

"Shall we not make you a frock, too, madam?" said the head saleswoman confidentially to Mrs. Mount, when Peach had been duly seen and much admired.

And Mrs. Mount replied, "Yes. I'll have this—and that."

"What a gorgeous afternoon we've had," Peach sighed when they came out again into the jolly biting cold of a late and frosty afternoon.

"I have enjoyed helping you, dear," said Mrs. Mount.

But there was a thing which exercised the lady's mind; it had exercised her ever since she first saw that portrait of a fair American in black pajamas on the cover of Weekly Words. It was this:

"Just how much has the girl got?" Mrs. Mount always said of herself in her capacity of social guardian, "I am nothing if not conscientious. I wouldn't let people in for extravagances they can't afford, nor would I countenance unbalanced squandering."

But proper expenditure depended, of course, on the size of one's income. Extravagance was a matter of degree. This little Robinwood girl was, so far, an unsolved riddle. There was no doubt but that she was genuine, honest, candid; and the prettiest thing in girls that had come Mrs. Mount's way yet. But just how much money had she? What was her income?

One guessed, of course, from the entirely confident way in which she set about spending considerable sums of money, that she was solidly wealthy. But just how far could she go? Mrs. Mount tried the problem in the taxicab going back to Black's Hotel

(Continued on Page 94)

"I am Just as Surprised as You are to See Sir John," She Observed to Lord Loring by Way of Explanation of This Unexpected Impasse

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 12, 1925

Better Than Christmas Cards

COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT has for some time pursued the excellent practice of giving to the newspapers the text of letters of praise for individual members of the New York police force. The press has given liberal space to these communications, and many a thrilling encounter with motor bandits, footpads and runaway horses has been fittingly commemorated. Stories of courage, pluck and resourcefulness always make inspiring reading, and when a public servant is the hero they cannot fail to stimulate civic pride and to heighten respect for the particular service to which he belongs. Police commissioners in every American city might with profit follow Mr. Enright's example.

There is no reason why other municipal authorities should not follow suit. There are very few fire departments, for example, which cannot boast an abundance of the stuff of which heroes are made. These young men in blue look commonplace enough as they loll about the engine house between calls to duty, but when there is a fire to fight, lives to save, merchandise to protect, long chances to take, they are very demons for grit and daring: and when they err it is more often in the way of foolhardiness than on the side of safety first. Every time there is a great conflagration the newspapers are full of stories of the gallantry of firemen; but they too rarely get all that is coming to them in the way of glory without losing their lives or sustaining severe injuries. The amateur fire laddies of other years were popular heroes, but the modern professional fireman has yet to be appraised and appreciated as highly as he deserves. A settled policy of giving credit where credit is due is bound to have strikingly good results in every quarter in which it is adopted.

If the public were half as liberal with its praise as it is with its censure it would be much better served. Brickbats are the rule; bouquets the exception. Compliments may be cheap, but they will often pay for a quality of service that money alone cannot buy. Every public commendation has a widespread effect, for it makes a hundred or a thousand employes who have not been singled out for special honor strive to win similar recognition.

Even in the smaller towns there are plenty of chances to give a helpful boost to those who serve one competently, cheerfully and rather better than their fellows; who do a little more than they are paid to do, or who are a little more patient or polite or painstaking than they absolutely have to be to hold their jobs. These pleasant people are to be found everywhere. There is likely to be at least one on every railroad train. There are scores in every large department store. They are commonly to be found in hotels, telephone exchanges, ticket offices, trolley cars, grocery stores, courthouses and always in public libraries and art museums

It is all very well to thank these pleasant and obliging people with a perfunctory smile or a hasty nod; but why not be a little more generous? Why not take the trouble to drop a line of appreciation to the president of the trolley company, or to the general passenger agent of the railroad, or to the head of the department store, or to the chief librarian, and tell him about your pleasant experience with one of his bright young men or women who has taken unusual pains to be friendly and obliging?

Such letters make a much deeper impression upon executives than might be supposed. The written word is something tangible. It can be passed about and discussed: it can be handed on from official to official: it can be noted upon the personnel record of the man or woman whom it commends. There are few concerns that have broad contacts with the general public whose officers do not realize the extraordinary value of employes who have learned the secret of making friends for the company or the firm by giving cheerful, competent service of unusually high quality. They are only too glad to have the assistance of the public in their endeavors to single out for promotion these invaluable breeders of good will and prestige. Curiously enough, the commendation of an immediate superior frequently carries less weight than a spontaneous note from an outsider who may be a perfect stranger. An enthusiastic letter from a traveling salesman who has spent but a day in town may easily cut deeper than a formal memorandum written by a minor official who has been with the company for years.

He is a hard-boiled citizen indeed who does not have contacts with at least two or three quasi-public servants for whom he could honestly say a pleasant word and do a good turn, if he would only take a little trouble. We venture to suggest that those who are so minded send out a few letters of the sort. Arriving at this season of the year, they would serve as practical Christmas cards and would produce just as kindly an effect as any to be found in the shops. How could two cents be better spent than upon a postage stamp to stick on such a message of good will?

Friendliness pays; and readiness to give praise where praise is due is not inappropriate to the holiday season.

The Time Wasters

IN HIS little play, Fame and the Poet, Lord Dunsany tells how the poet, after years of struggle, suddenly finds the cherished lady comfortably ensconced in his room, ready to blow her trumpet to the gaping crowds below. But what she mentions is not his newest sonnet. Rather she shouts to the populace that he eats bacon and eggs for breakfast and that his favorite color is green.

Even the very moderate degree of prominence implied by inclusion in a standard book of biographical reference brings precisely this same sort of "fame." From a research institute associated with one of the great universities comes a polite but insistent questionnaire wanting to know what the person addressed eats for breakfast, how long he has eaten it, why he has eaten it, and many more similarly impertinent questions of momentous international consequence.

Diet and food research are important subjects. But a sense of humor is equally valuable. Besides, is the American home to be left no privacy at all? Must we all be martyrs to science, even to the extent of betraying to a curious world the number of pancakes eaten?

But even worse awaits each name in the reference books. To each and all, or perhaps to selected lists, comes a request to serve as local committee, county or state member or sponsor or donor of the United States Thank Your Grandmother League. This is really no exaggeration; it is typical of very many similar organizations.

Secretary Hoover has long been fighting waste; here is another job for him. Or rather, is there no modern Dickens to drive these trivial circumlocution offices from the busy areas of present-day life? Readers of Mr. Child's recent series of articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the crime wave must realize that a concentration of public-spirited effort is an imperative need of this country. Crime is not our only enemy. But we cannot run with brush and broom after every mote in the atmosphere. There are limits beyond which the thinning and flattening out of civic and reformatory effort are dangerous. Certainly they have been reached.

Efficiency Falls Down

NOWHERE do ideals of result-getting fall down more lamentably at times than in charitable, welfare and relief activities, commonly known as social work. This is not because the men and women in these agencies lack knowledge, ability and devotion. From the very nature of their work they can be only moderately successful in guiding or helping in the intricate maze of human living. The ideal is a hopelessly unattainable one.

A widow with four small children in a New York tenement becomes desperate and steals two cans of peaches from a grocer to keep her little ones from starvation. A pension is due her from her dead husband's employer, the city government, but municipal processes are slow. Meanwhile there is nothing to eat. The police discharge the woman, newspapers print the story, and food, clothing and money pour in upon the bewildered widow from evening newspapers in search of a second-day story and from reputedly wealthy individuals who drive up to the tenement in limousines.

The woman probably never heard of the many organized charitable agencies supported by generous donors to care for cases like hers. Or she may have been afraid to approach them, or the orderly process of their systematized activities may have prevented relief in a case where a pension was pending. Who knows? Yet it is a disorderly world in which such cases occur. It is a crisscross, seemingly purposeless, at odds sort of world. Objects are attained in too roundabout a fashion; mills function without enough grist and the flour is produced only with endless friction and lost effort.

Individual charity is not all loss. Many efforts are needed. But there is too much waste, too many organizations, offices and secretaries inside, in proportion to the uncaptured raw material outside.

It is no one's fault exactly, but it is everyone's duty to seek the fullest use of available agencies in industry and government as well as in philanthropy, rather than to start new ones.

Taking What's Left

DURING the past year the Federal inheritance tax has been the subject of more intensive study by a greater number of persons than during all the years of its previous existence put together. The more thoroughly it is examined, the more carefully it is considered in its relationship to similar taxes imposed by the states, the less can be said in its favor and the more can be urged against it. In the past, Congress has employed this tax only in war emergencies and has speedily discontinued it when the emergency was past; this time it has been loath to loose its grip on the resultant hundred millions.

The champions of the Federal inheritance tax fall into three categories: First, there are those who always favor any drastic system of taxation as long as it does not operate disagreeably in the particular financial stratum occupied by themselves and their followers. Second, there are those whose political creed teaches the beauty and reasonableness of scattering all aggregations of accumulated capital. Last, there is a group of serious thinkers, whose reasoning we cannot follow, but who are apparently honestly convinced that inheritance taxes are a good thing and the more the merrier.

The taxgatherer always has the last laugh, whether he stalks the living or the dead.

Our Capacity to Receive Debt Payments—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE past six years have witnessed the outturn of an enormous literature devoted to the discussion of the main phases of the problems of war reparations and war-debt payment; the capacity of debtor countries to pay; the raising, in debtor countries, of revenue to accomplish debt payments without overtaxation, sacrifice of essential expenditures or unbalancing of budgets; the transfer of payments from debtor to creditor countries without disorganization of exchanges; and the capacity of the creditor countries to receive international debt payments. The progress of the funding of the war debt of the United States makes consideration of the last question timely at the present moment.

It is important at the outset to make clear the distinctions between payment of governmental international debts and private international debts. To pay debts, a state raises money by taxation. If the debt to be paid is international, the state has the peculiar problem of converting the domestic currency secured through taxation into gold, or bills convertible into gold. When a private international debt is to be liquidated, the money secured by commercial enterprise must likewise be gold or bills convertible into gold. When it is stated that foreign debts must ultimately be paid in gold, goods or services, this holds as much for private as for public debts. But the state must guard its budget and not violate sound fiscal relations between revenue and expenditure; private concerns must merely safeguard their solvency.

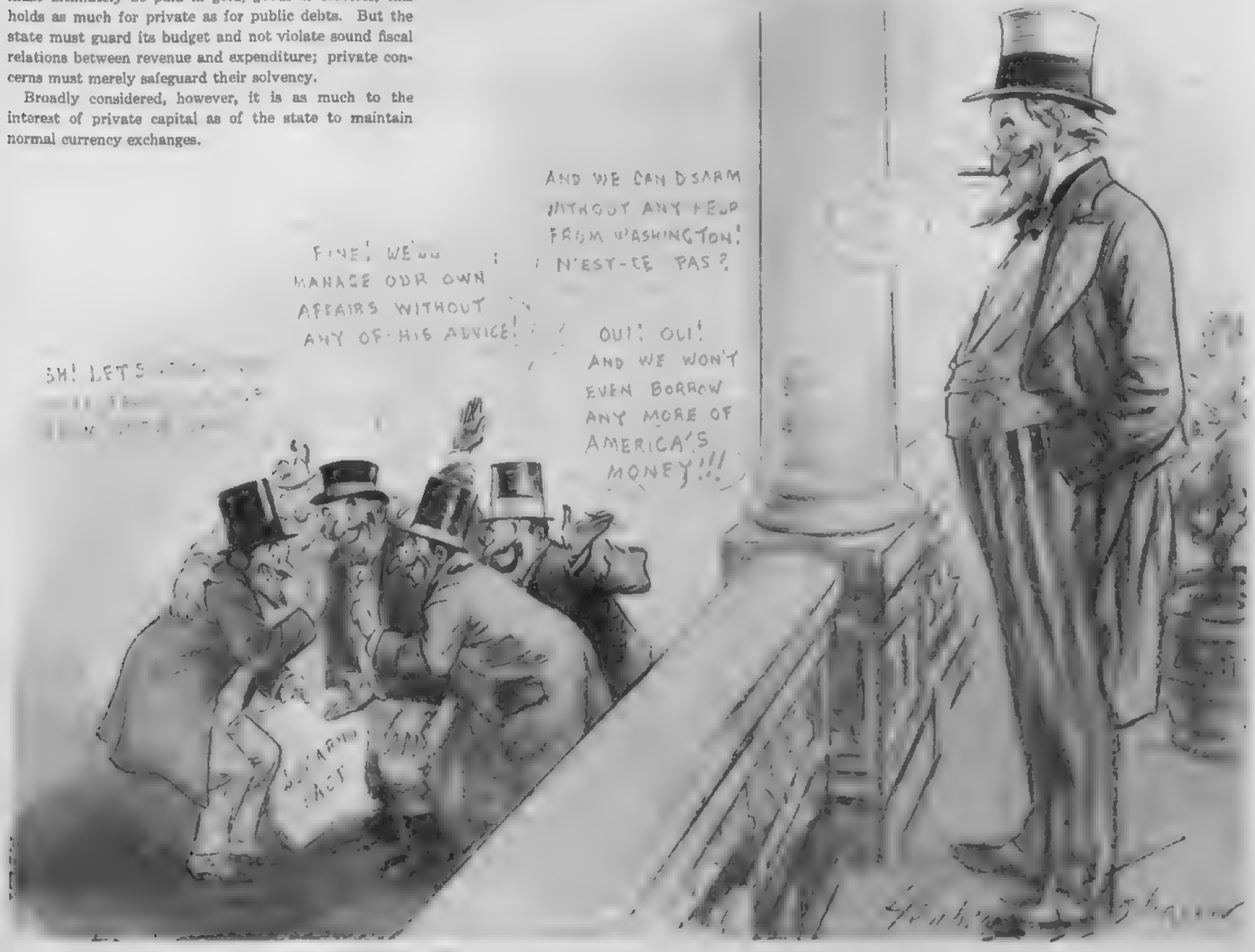
Broadly considered, however, it is as much to the interest of private capital as of the state to maintain normal currency exchanges.

Owing to the United States are over $12,000,000,000 of governmental debts to the Government, of which $4,600,000,000 are British; and governmental and private debts to American citizens of over $9,000,000,000. Foreigners, however, hold investments and credits in this country to the extent of over $4,000,000,000, which reduces the net figure for our international holdings to some $17,000,000,000, twelve governmental and five private. The credits due our Government represent state loans. The credits due our nationals represent foreign investments of Americans. Both pay interest; both presumably must be repaid in principal, either through amortization or at maturity. From the standpoint of our capacity to receive payments in goods, gold or services, the two kinds of debts are to be regarded as substantially identical, despite the differences that have been alluded to.

It is also important to realize how new is the practical problem of international-debt payments of large extent. There is really no precedent outside of the French payments following the Franco-Prussian War. And this precedent, on analysis, serves little in the present situation. There is considerable evidence in European experiences since the Napoleonic Wars that foreign investments are really never paid off; they may change their forms, but they remain abroad relatively in perpetuity, earning an annual return available to the lending country.

The theory that foreign investments are perpetual is reënforced in the case of Europe by the fact that Europe, outside of Russia, is not in the extractive state of development and has, therefore, no natural increase in values, "no real sinking fund," according to Keynes, out of which they can be repaid. If this view prove correct, then the debt negotiations are essentially the preliminary steps in a long-time refunding operation whereby the European obligations to the United States Government are to be transferred to citizens of the United States, probably at a higher rate of interest, to the relief of the body of American taxpayers.

(Continued on Page 157)


FINE! WE'LL MANAGE OUR OWN AFFAIRS WITHOUT ANY OF HIS ADVICE!
SH! LET'S
AND WE CAN DISARM WITHOUT ANY HELP FROM WASHINGTON! N'EST-CE PAS?
OUI! OUI! AND WE WON'T EVEN BORROW ANY MORE OF AMERICA'S MONEY!!!

Uncle Sam: "Go as Far as You Like, Boys. You Can't Make Too Many Peace Pacts to Suit Me."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Special Feature

CAME a day when the expected little one arrived in Hollywood. A genuine little one; no stage baby; the first-born of Harold Hairworthy and Cynthia Celluloyd, his wife, both movie stars of first magnitude. And this was the announcement card which was at once released:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hairworthy

Present a Son

REX ROYAL

Eight Pounds of Life, Love and Laughter
A Sequel to Last Season's Spectacular Success, "Matrimony"

Director, Dr. Heza Buster, M.D.
Associate Director, Dr. Newton Kidder, M.D.
Dietitian, Dr. Abel Tumm, M.D.

Dimples and color of eyes by Mrs. Harold Hairworthy
General expression of face by Mr. Harold Hairworthy
Incidental Music by Rex Royal Hairworthy—in Person

Photography by Hairworthy Studios, Inc.
Pet Names, Subtitles, Interviews, Etc., by Hairworthy
Bureau of Publicity
PASSED BY BOARD OF CENSORS

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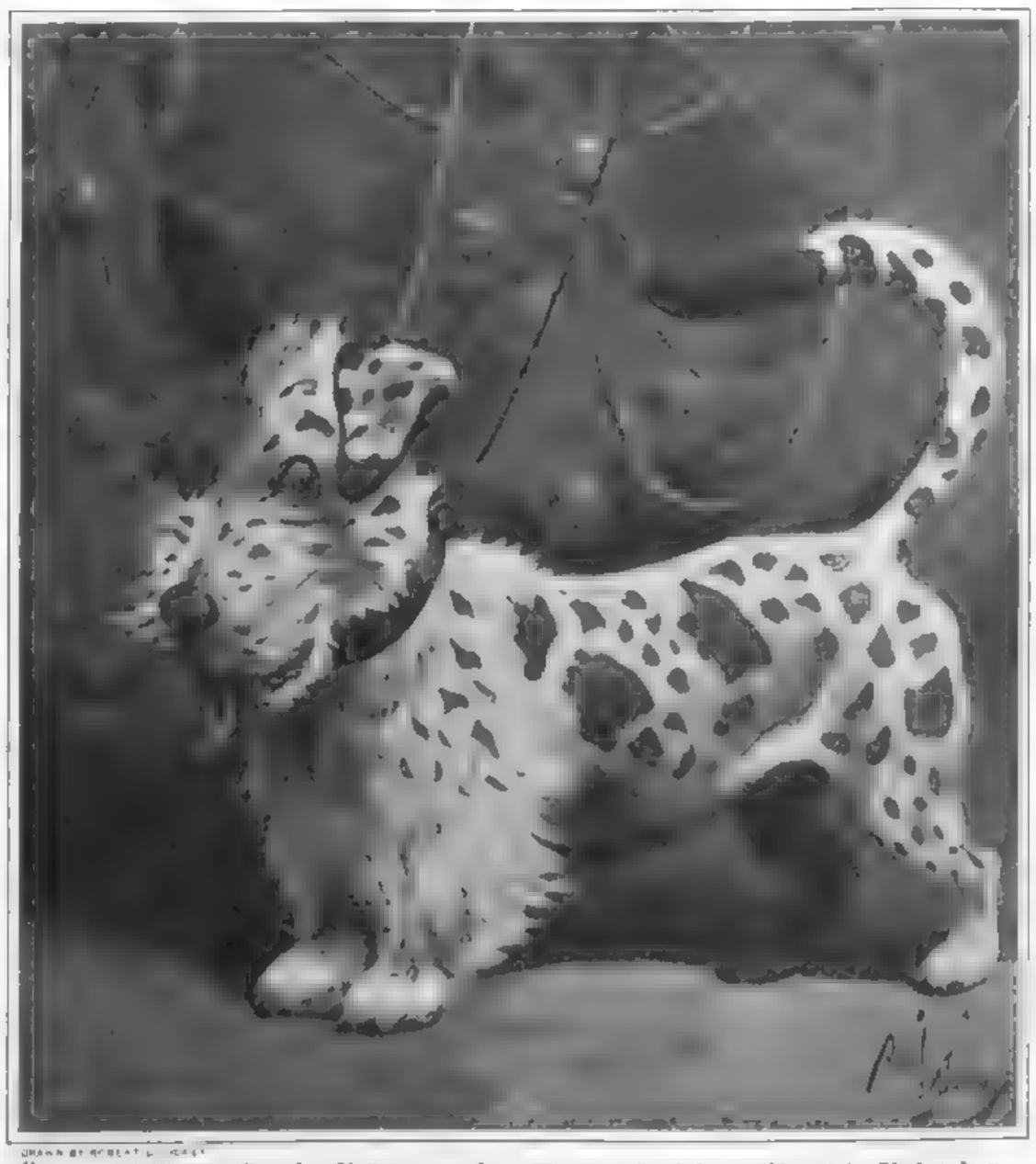
—A. H. Folwell.



"They All Want a Dog for Christmas. Amy Wants a Sealyham; Jimmie's Choice is a Cairn; Walter Would Like a Bull Terrier; Betty Demands a Dalmatian; Andy Has Set His Heart on an Aberdeen, and They All Thought a Dachshund Would be Lovely for the Baby. There Had to be a Compromise, and I'm It"

Gift-Thrift

AS SOME day I may lack a Christmas present for a friend,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of last year's gifty gadgets I've been saving up to send,
And they never would be missed—they never would be missed!
There's the dinky ash receiver, and the super-arty jug;
The optimistic essays by some Pollyanna bug;
The batik scarf and pillow top in wild, exotic hues;
The ornamental bottle full of scent I never use,
And the fountain pen that won't unscrew, no matter how I twist—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed! *—C. R. S.*

The Bad Buoy

NOW when, and why, and how came he,
This ten-ton rogue of the Charleston shoal,
To slip his moorings and put to sea
With an impudent whistle and lazy roll?
Fool! To be bound when he might be free!
Was it a choice to be pondered o'er
Long, lone days on a listless wave,
Long, lone nights by a heedless shore?
Nay! And he tugged at his chains and gave
A shoulder thrust as he rolled to lee—
A thrust like that of a drunken knave
When a jovial frenzy stirs his hulk
And the pothouse reels to his brawny bulk.
Ho! Ho! But the rusted shackles start,
Stretch, strain and yield, and now snap apart
To the short, sharp beat of his eager heart!
And the warm waves cuddle the langorous wretch,
And he winks at the stars and they wink at him,
As he rolls away where the wet leagues stretch
In a moony lane to the uttermost rim,
And is lost in the purple, vast and dim!

Weeks and months did he rove at will,
And the weeks and the months slid by as one;
Nor recked he the rising or setting sun,
The thickened night or the misty day,
For no charted voyage before him lay.

(Continued on Page 170)

Bachelor Ballads

II. Heigh-ho! A Book

GIVE me a book instead of a wife
And I shall ask no more of life.

A book all grief and pain assuages
Through the silent thoughts upon its pages.

A book has not a painted face
And can be kept right in its place.

CHORUS:
Heigh-ho! The bachelor life!
A book shuts up in time of strife,
But you can't say the same of any man's wife.
Heigh-ho!

Give me a book instead of a wife
And I shall ask no more of life.

A book gives joy and bright romance,
But never wants to go out and dance.

A book at night likes its covers, too,
But it never pulls them off of you!

CHORUS:
Heigh-ho! The bachelor life!
You can cut a book with a carving knife,
But you can't do the same to any man's wife.
Heigh-ho! *—Kenneth Phillips Britton.*

These Men Were Good From the Ears Up——

But Now You Have to be Great From the Knees Down

Just the delicious flavor you like in beans!

You're sure to think so, when you eat Campbell's Beans. You relish the last bean as much as the first.

Quality! Campbell's strict standard in the selection of the beans! Campbell's famous skill in cooking and in blending them with their tempting tomato sauce!

Every mother should know how nourishing and wholesome such good beans are for the entire family—children included.

Start today and serve them often!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

A real

meal!

THE CHILDREN OF MONSIEUR

By H. M. Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

BUT—tonight?" stammered Joseph in consternation. "Does Monsieur realize that it is six o'clock—and snowing?"

"*Comment?*" replied M. Henri Regnier, junior member of the law firm. "Is it that one regards only the timepiece? The affairs—are they not the affairs? Does M. Joseph Berthelet put his own concerns above those of Clouet, Clouet and Regnier? I demand it of you and you shall answer. If ——"

"I implore pardon, Monsieur," said Joseph. "I shall obey."

"Then attend. The papers you are to deliver shall be ready in a few minutes. You may sit down."

Joseph Berthelet was pale, thin and clerkly, with weak eyes and a receding chin. Nevertheless, like many subordinates, he was capable of a rancor which neither forgave nor forgot. This rancor was now directed toward his unsuspecting employer, who sat at his desk, writing with a fat white hand half hidden by a stiff cuff.

"Pig that he is!" thought Joseph. "He sends me out to Outremont in a storm, while my Ninette and the children wait for a papa who comes not. Naturally they concern themselves. They excite the neighbors. Does he care? Regard that fat face; the eyes far apart, the button nose, the expression which is of a *bouledogue!* Sacred blue! That such an animal should control my fortunes!"

These remarks, since they were unspoken, did not disturb the lawyer in the least. Joseph looked out of the window. It was high above the flat city. *Un véritable gratte-ciel!* So one spoke of the twelve-story office building on St. James Street; and if it did not precisely scrape the heavens, one must remember that such terms are only relative. For Montreal, it was a large building. From where he sat, Joseph could see lonely lines of lamps in perspective; wet streets that glittered with the moving twin lights of automobiles. It had been raining; now it snowed. A capricious wind swirled the flakes before dropping them. Joseph shivered.

"*Monsieur, I Demand to be Heard! I Came Here an Hour Ago, Bringing Papers to You From My Firm*"

"*Voilà!*" announced M. Regnier. "Behold everything. You have only to deliver these papers into the hands of Monsieur Aristide Beaudry. The address is written here. They are valuable papers. Guard them well."

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" said Joseph meekly. "But—the little matter of carfare ——"

"Naturally!" M. Regnier fumbled in his pockets. "Here are two fares, one for the going, one for the return. When you return, you demand a transfer to your own tramway line." As French-Canadians will, he called a transfer a "trasfay."

"Thus," he added generously, "I am paying your way home. That will compensate for your being a trifle in retard—not so? A young man with a family has need to consider the *centins.*"

"Monsieur has reason," said Joseph aloud. Inwardly he was saying, "Bah! Pig with the face of a dog! I should be well paid for extra services which keep me from going home, and thus cause my Ninette to excite herself. *Parbleu!* What a world to be poor in!"

He put on his thin old overcoat, while Monsieur Regnier shrugged himself into a heavy fur garment which could resist any storm. Together they went down by the *ascenseur.* The lawyer lighted a fat cigar.

"You know Monsieur Beaudry?" he asked between puffs.

"But no, Monsieur."

"It is a character, that one. Old, rich, an aristocrat, but, *sous savez,* a little queer, up here." The lawyer touched his forehead. "Do not be surprised at anything. He lives alone; he has had his troubles, no doubt. *Eh bien*—good evening, Joseph!"

With his fat cigar and his fur coat he stepped into a waiting limousine. Joseph buttoned his overcoat and turned up his collar. The snow hit him in the face with the sting of thrown gravel; the wind cut through him like knives. Joseph clutched his brief case, murmuring, "He was going my way. Yet he did not ask me to ride with him." It was not envy; it was hurt pride. Joseph's heart was sore. One was not thanked for sacrifices.

He clung to a strap in a crowded tramcar. It was cold and drafty, and there was the unpleasant smell of wet snow melting. After a long period of jolting he left the car. The snow was already deep. Joseph plowed through it, along a new street which climbed a shoulder of Mount Royal. Ahead was a large house, a castle almost. There were lights in one or two windows downstairs. Probably this was where Monsieur Beaudry lived—the old aristocrat who sat at home in comfort while Joseph turned his back on Ninette, his children, his humble home, to serve this man and his kind.

"They are all alike, these rich ones!" he thought angrily, as he mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door opened. A tall, oldish servant in livery stood before him.

"Monsieur wishes?" asked this menial, holding the door half open.

"To speak with Monsieur Beaudry," returned Joseph. "I come from the law firm of Clouet, Clouet and Regnier. I have valuable papers which I must deliver into Monsieur's own hands."

"Enter, please. It will be necessary to wait. Monsieur is dining. It is Monsieur's command that he is not to be interrupted at dinner. You will take a chair here, please."

Joseph sat down. He was in a large entry hall, with a magnificent staircase, and innumerable ornaments. Compared to the storm, it was pleasant enough, but ill-lighted. The servant had disappeared. Joseph shivered.

"Monsieur's commands are all very well!" he exclaimed angrily. "He is comfortable, and at his ease. Meanwhile, I miss my own dinner, and Ninette will be frantic. She will think that I have been hit by an automobile. It is very easy for Monsieur, to be sure! It does not matter if I sit here an hour two hours—and catch cold! Devil take these brutes of aristocrats!"

He sneezed. His feet felt as if frozen. From somewhere came the hum of conversation. Joseph laughed sneeringly. "Amuse yourselves, selfish devils that you are! That I sit here hungry and cold and worried is no concern of yours. You are happy enough. *Parbleu!* I should not mind, if Ninette were not anxious. If there were a telephone ——"

He got up and moved around the dimly lit hall. There were rich rugs, suits of armor, elaborately carved pieces of furniture, but no telephone was visible. Just in front of Joseph was an arch closed by folding doors. The room beyond seemed to be dark.

"Possible that I might find a telephone there!" he conjectured.

He opened the doors an inch or so. A large room, quite dark, lay beyond. The sound of voices—or, more exactly, of a voice speaking with great animation—came to him clearly. A light shone brightly in a thin line, under what seemed to be similar folding doors at the opposite side of the room.

"Monsieur amuses himself, no doubt, by monopolizing the conversation in there!" thought Joseph. "That a poor devil awaits his pleasure out here is a matter of no importance at all. I have half a mind to enter boldly and to tell Monsieur that I am not a lackey, to wait here forever!"

But he knew that such measures were beyond him. A bent reed does not spring erect when it has been bent for a long time. Joseph had been bent by the wills of other men his whole life through. He could be loyal; he could, on occasion, be brave. But he could not be bold. He sighed. Standing where he was, however, he could catch words.

"Louis!" commanded an imperious voice. That was without doubt Monsieur Beaudry himself.

"*Oui,* Monsieur." Joseph recognized the answering voice as that of the servant who had admitted him.

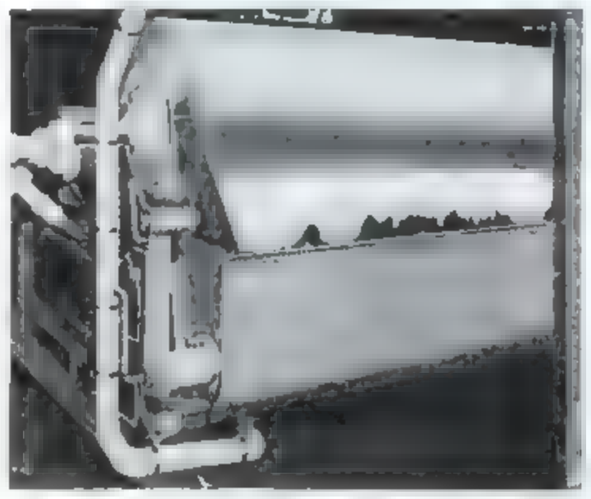
"A bottle of the '84, if you please! No, Pierre! Absolutely no! You shall drink your milk, just as Marie does. See how prettily, daintily, she does it! She is veritably a little lady. Is it not so? When you are grown-up, Pierre, then you shall have your wine, as papa does. Why? Never mind, you must learn to obey without question, my son."

(Continued on Page 148)

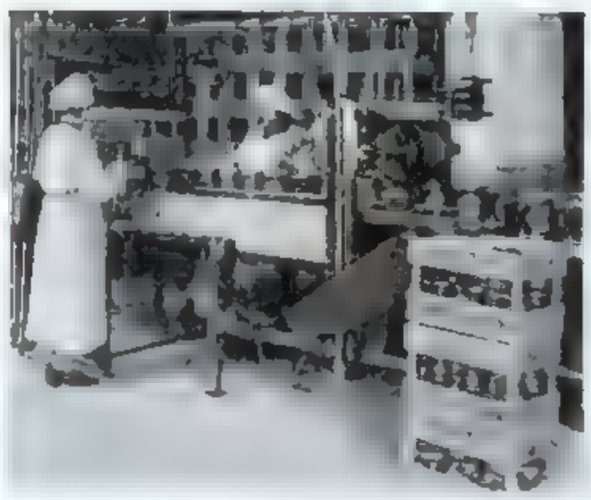
SWIFT

—a food service

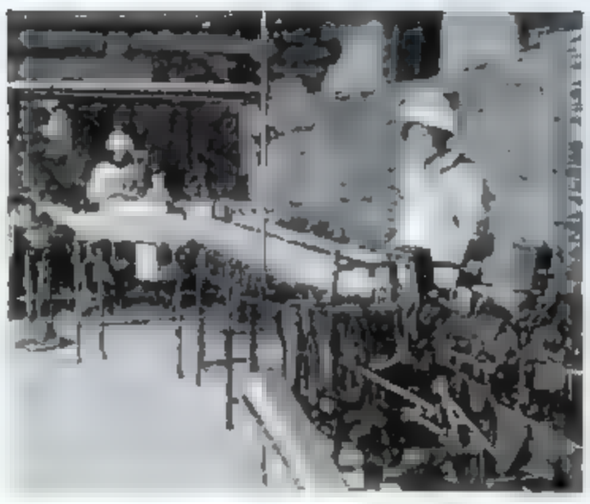
LARD used to be bought from barrels. Today "Silverleaf" comes in handy pails or sanitary cartons that save even the trouble of measuring with cup or spoon.



1 After lard is refined, it is passed over the cooling rollers. The snowy white film is removed by the sharp edge of a steel knife.



2 While in a semi-liquid condition, the lard is drawn off into containers. This machine fills and seals the pails of "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.



3 This human-like machine folds the carton, lines it with parchment paper, and fills it automatically with exactly one pound of "Silverleaf."

4 The primitive barrel of nameless lard compares unfavorably with this handy carton, with its measurement markings, or the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails which enable you to obtain lard in sanitary, original packages and under the Swift guarantee of purity.

THE SWIFT IDEA of a food service is not only to improve the quality of food products, but also to bring them to you in a perfected *package*.

The search for more efficient ways to package and safeguard foods is illustrated by the development of the sanitary "Silverleaf" carton.

Many important contributions to health, sanitation, and convenience have been made by Swift & Company through advanced methods of packaging.

Large volume, created by the public's appreciation of finer quality and better packaging, makes this service possible.

Swift & Company's profit, from all sources, averages only a fraction of a cent per pound

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

I WANT TO BE A LADY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XVI

Now saith the history, that when Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him.

THE rain still fell, a thin, persistent drizzle. Out on the hillside the thin layer of moss beneath the trees slid and slithered beneath his feet; and Farlow knew at a glance he must take care. Judy's face, in spite of the smile of unconcern she tried to put on, wried itself with pain as he raised her to her feet. "I'm just plumb fixed, I guess, Rand. My hawse fell and killed himself—broke his neck; and I got my foot twisted. I could hop as far as the shack, maybe, if you could hold me up. Are you able, do you think?"

Farlow wasted no time in words. He was no giant, though that didn't hinder him. Without further ado he picked her up in his arms and, sliding and staggering, he got her to the shack. Once inside, he set her down on the bunk.

Her teeth were chattering, her lips blue from exposure, and the agony of what she must be suffering showed itself in her eyes and mouth. "My poor hawse, Rand; he never knew, though, what hurt him. I had a time getting my leg out from underneath. It was like hours. Then I couldn't get a fire started, and the pack hawses, they were gone."

"Where were your two men, Judy?"

"They?" She looked at him in mild wonder. "I told you they hit back yesterday morning." She gave a shudder. "I'm terribly cold."

After that Farlow let his curiosity lapse.

He was already trying to get off her boot. She gave a gasp, a half-uttered cry, but stilled it instantly. "Pull away, Rand; it's not hurting." But Farlow needed only a glance at her to know different. Taking a knife from the table he slit the seam. The boot gave then; and she leaned back, her eyes closing, though she said nothing. He was pulling the stocking from her foot when she cried out again. "No, no!" She tried to draw her foot away.

Farlow glanced up at her. A fierce flood of color had leaped into her face, and he understood. "Don't be silly," he growled; and after that she again was silent.

Farlow was no surgeon, but one look at the damage made it plain to him that it would be days before she could walk.

The fire still was going in the stove. He heaped it high with the trash left in the wood box, and hurriedly setting fresh coffee to boil, he got out a pan from under the table and a new towel from the pack. She watched his swift preparations with interest, a vague smile in her heavy-lidded eyes. Farlow set the pan on the floor and filled it with water from the kettle. "I'm going outside now," he announced. "You get your wet things off, then wrap yourself in a blanket. There's hot water; and you put your foot into that. It may relieve the pain; but first of all, you get yourself dry, you hear?" he directed.

"Ordered" was a better word. His tone was mandatory, curtly so; but she shook her head. "The wet clothes won't hurt, Rand; I've been a heap wetter than this lots and lots of times."

"You do what I say!" he told her sharply, and again the color crept into her face.

"I've nothing to put on, Rand. I want to talk to you, besides. Please don't be rough to me."

To his surprise he saw her eyes brim.

He hadn't meant to be rough. He had only been hurried and earnest. Though her lips still were blue and her teeth chattered, her skin was hot and dry; and picking up one of the packs he turned out its contents. They comprised the rest of the things brought for him, a shirt and trousers. "Here, put these on," he said, his tone less sharp.

Judy watched him, her mouth tremulous.

"You're not mad, are you, Rand?"

"At what?"

"At me. I'm awful sorry."

He was at the door as she spoke; and without answering, he opened it and went out. "Aren't you going to tell me?" she asked; "I'd—I'd feel a lot better if you'd forgive me. Maybe you won't ever, though."

"Rand!" Raising Herself in the Saddle Judy Shouted It Again, "Rand! Rand!"

"I've nothing to forgive," answered Farlow.

"You mean you don't hate me?"

"You change your things," Farlow directed again; "we'll talk then, Judy."

He shut the door behind him.

For a long moment there was silence in the cabin. She hadn't moved as Farlow went out. She still sat on the bunk, her eyes fixed straight ahead of her; and somehow now the firm line of her square, firm chin and mouth didn't look quite so determined. The fire in the stove crackled briskly, the flame and smoke drumming hollowly in the pipe; and a small sound, a thin, broken breath like a whimper came from the bunk. The water still was dripping from her rain-soaked clothes, and it formed little puddles on the rough slab floor. She still sat there; and it was not till she heard the thudding of an ax outside that she awoke. The ax was going at full tilt, its haste evident; and she lifted her head, at the same time brushing away a tear that was trickling down her nose. Well, he'd told her she'd have to change her things; and she'd have to do it, she supposed. Another whimper left her as she clutched the side of the bunk and struggled up. She was bruised all over. Somehow, though, she managed to get out of the leather chaps, the pain it gave her excruciating; and sinking back on the bunk, she shook with another chill, her teeth once more chattering. She had been ordered to hurry, though; and she went at it again. Finally she finished; but once she had wriggled into dry things—his—she crumpled.

She didn't hear him when he knocked at the camp door. He knocked again, this time loudly; but she still didn't stir. She was propped up against the side of the bunk, her head back against its edge and the murky flame of her unbound hair streaming over her breast and shoulders. Farlow hurriedly pushed the door open. His arms were filled with the firewood he had cut hastily. The wood dropped with a crash, and she was just coming out of her daze when she felt herself picked up and laid on the bunk. As swiftly she was bundled in the blankets. She caved in then.

"Oh—oh," she gagged, her figure hitching.

"Here, drink this," ordered Farlow.

He propped her up, with his arm put about her shoulders. In his hand was a cup of black steaming coffee; and obediently she choked it down. She still was gagging, her misery complete. "I've got to tell you, Rand—I didn't set out to be mean, just that. It was as much for you I did what I did. I broke my heart watching you all the time!" she cried, hysterical, a little feverish. "I just couldn't stand it!"

"Don't talk, Judy; lie still." His voice was quiet, soothing. He could feel her figure shake. Her skin, too, was hot and dry to the touch. "You mustn't cry," he said.

Wildly Judy shook her head. "I've got to talk. I want to tell you, like I said, I wasn't just mean and low-down. I wanted to save you, to make you something; you'll never know how much I wanted. That's why I did all this crazy business that makes you think I was just low-down and awful. I wasn't, I wasn't, I wasn't!"

"Quiet, Judy." He held her till the spasm passed. "You weren't mean."

She shook afresh. "I know what you think of me. All yesterday and the day before I could see you looking at me; and I knew what you thought, too, that other time, the morning out there on the railroad back in town. You know when I mean. I nearly died when I found you'd gone, setting out to walk back East. I couldn't let you get away like that. I wanted to fix you up, anyway, before you went. I wanted to see you myself, too, the way you were when I first saw you. It was the time you came out to your uncle's ranch that night, the time pop got killed. I saw you; and it was like something I'd always thought of seeing. You looked like a picture book to me—don't laugh, Rand; and afterward, when you hung on in Pinto there and got going lower and lower and awful, I was fairly sick from it. I wanted to help you and make you clean and good, only I couldn't. I knew you'd never look at any girl like me—not, anyway, in the way I wanted. I was just nobody. 'Pie clerk' was what I was—what the train hands called me; and you were—well, I knew. You and your folks they'd just think me trash—no family, no money, nothing! I could have had money though. I could have married too. Nobody's maybe told you; but your uncle asked me, Rand. He wanted me to marry him and offered to make a lady of me. But I couldn't. I had my head all filled with dreams, silly ones like storybooks. Your uncle asked me about it, and I lied; I couldn't tell him. He wanted to find out if there was someone else. Well, there was; only a lot good it would do me. I knew too!"

"Wait," said Farlow. She was crying again, her arm flung over her face, misery and, with that, shame convulsing her. "You say my uncle wished to marry you?" She nodded wildly, unable for a moment to speak; and he asked, "Did he know why you refused?"

Her reply was hardly intelligible; and he repeated wonderingly a word or so of it. "You say he left a letter?"

"It was about you, Rand. He'd guessed, I think, though I'd told no one; and he begged me to forget it.

(Continued on Page 42)

CADILLAC

NEW 90 DEGREE

Prices range from $2995 for the Brougham to $4485 for the Custom Imperial. F.O.B. Detroit. Tax to be added

• • •

Buyers on the payment plan are afforded the savings of the GMAC financing system.

• • •

General Motors Export Company, New York. Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Its own peculiar public—the largest following of its kind in the world—has never been won away from the Cadillac, even for a little while.

There is a strain of steadfastness in the American people when they have tested a principle, or a product, and proved it sound.

And that steadfastness has never been more significantly exemplified than in the eager enthusiasm which greeted the new 90-degree Cadillac, and the phenomenal success which has come to it.

In these days of lightning-like and disturbing changes, it is reassuring to recall this national characteristic, even in so slight a matter as the history of a motor car.

No glamor of newness, no specious appeal of any sort, has ever been able to distract public attention away from the fundamental goodness of the Cadillac.

It is true that you seem to hear, just now, more ardent praise of Cadillac than ever before.

That is because the new Cadillac has given an even more emphatic emphasis to Cadillac goodness and superlative performance.

The old thought, which has held so many owners steadfast, is now operating in a new way, and in a wider sphere.

The new Cadillac is benefiting by a national habit of hunting for things that are basically right, and, when found, holding fast to them.

CADILLAC—DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 40)

He hated you and your family. He said, though, he wanted me to be happy, and if I thought I could be happy that way I could try it. I had sense, he told me; and if anyone could make you something I could do it. I was just crazy, though, when I found out he'd left me everything—just plain foolish. I knew you'd never look at me, like I said, if I had nothing; but with the money I figured maybe it would be different."

Farlow said nothing. He got up slowly, his face thoughtful, and crossed the floor to the bench beside the table. Judy sat up on the bunk and flung back the hair streaming over her face and shoulders. She choked down another sob. "I guess I know what you think of me. I couldn't help it though. I could have died out there on the railroad track; but what I said was the only way I knew how. I wasn't thinking about getting East. I wasn't thinking either of marrying you to be something else. You believe me, don't you?" she asked.

Farlow was looking down at the floor. He nodded. "Yes, I believe you."

"I know it's awful, talking like I am; I can't help myself though. I couldn't help myself out on the railroad there. And all the time I knew too. I knew you just said yes on account of the money. I could see you look at me. Yesterday and the day before, like I said, I could see you looking at me too. I knew I was a sight, riding along in those chaps and breeches, a regular scarecrow, scrawny, big as a hawse, red-haired ——"

"What?" said Farlow.

"Scrawny, red-haired," she repeated, her mouth trembling. "That wasn't all, either," she added. "There was what you said to me yesterday, poking fun at me the way you did."

"I? I poked fun at you?" he repeated.

"Before breakfast. Down at the brook. You said when I got all heated up I was good-looking, pretty."

"So I did, Judy."

"All got up like that in breeches and all?" She dashed the moisture out of her eyes and looked back at him, her face stained and woeful. "What would your friend have said to see me?" she wept incoherently.

"Which friend, Judy?"

"The one in the picture." He didn't understand; and she went on fixedly: "The girl you tore out of the magazine. I saw you when you did it; and if I hadn't known before, I knew then; only that's not what I'm asking. What would she have said to seeing me togged out the way I was—scrawny, breeches and men's things on, looking, well, like I look now?"

"What difference does it make, Judy, what she'd have said?"

"I know, just the same."

Farlow smiled quietly. "I know this, Judy: That girl you speak about would give her soul to have looked as you did."

"Red hair ——"

He didn't let her finish. "If she had your hair and could look as you did yesterday—or now—why ——"

"Me?" She peered at him, her mouth falling.

"You, Judy." There was a faint smile in his eyes. "Don't you know you're beautiful?"

She sat and stared.

Silence fell in the cabin. Farlow had risen, and his face preoccupied, he was gazing out of the window let in above the table. The rain still fell, drumming steadily on the roof slabs; and in the bend below the camp the Clawhammer surged along, nearly bank-high now. A sound caught his ear. It was as if she had caught at her breath, gasping faintly; and he looked at her inquiringly. She was looking at him, her eyes rounded, while over her neck and face, flaming like a flag, a tide of color crept in beneath her skin. Then, as her eyes met his they fell; and the color ebbing out of her face, a new look dawned there. It was in a sense hunted, fearful; though Farlow didn't see it.

"I'd better be getting busy," he remarked.

She awoke then. "Busy?" she repeated dully. He nodded briefly, turning again to the window and glancing at the day outside. "How do you mean, Rand?"

"I've got to get help," he replied.

Her eyes flickered as he spoke. He had left the window, and busy among the packs stowed in a corner of the shack he was investigating the contents. She seemed to be considering something.

After a long moment of silence she spoke, "What do you want help for, Rand?"

He had his back to her and was busily hauling out the things in a pack, food mostly. "For you, Judy. Your foot may be broken."

She considered this for a moment too. Then she said slowly, "You can't get any help hereabout."

"I can at the Cayuse."

"You mean you'd tackle it?"

"Yes, Judy."

"Alone—by yourself?"

"If I can."

"Why, Rand?"

His back still to her he gave a shrug. "I've told you, haven't I? You can't stay here with your foot like that. You might be made a cripple for life."

She detached her eyes from him and reached down until she could draw the edge of the blanket away from her foot. It was swollen and discolored and she eyed it thoughtfully; but as Farlow abruptly stood up she jerked the foot out of view.

Another look had come into her face, a new one. It was worried, hunted, though not the way it had been so before. "My hurt's nothing, just a bruise. I've had hawses fall on me before, lots of times; I haven't been killed yet. You can't hit out for the Cayuse."

"I have to, Judy."

"I'm not going to let you. You'd be lost before you got over the horseback. You can't make it."

Farlow went on working hurriedly. "I can try though."

She hitched herself up in the bunk, wetting her lips as if they were dry. "What's the sense of talking like that? You'd be all twisted before you went ten miles. It wasn't the real trail we came in on. I was trying to mix you, so I zigzagged every old way. I know it was mean—you needn't look at me like that; but I just had to."

He had stopped working. Over his shoulder he was eying her. "You tried deliberately to confuse me?" She nodded laboriously, her face hunted. "Did you wish me to get lost?"

Judy gave a muffled cry. "Please! Haven't I told you, Rand? It was only to keep you here. I figured you wouldn't try once you found out the trail was blind. That was just why. You believe me, don't you?"

(Continued on Page 134)

She Choked Down Another Sob. "I Guess I Know What You Think of Me. I Couldn't Help It, Though"

Above is shown the fascinating "Wiltshire" Design—a Persian motif over a background of rich watered blue. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 574.

The Congoleum Gift Idea Is Spreading—

More and more are thoughtful people including Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs among their gifts to wives and mothers. It's the Christmas remembrance that brightens the home and lessens household cares throughout the years.

Many Beautiful Patterns

Never before have such lovely patterns—and so many of them—been available for Christmas giving. Designs sunny and colorful as a summer garden. Designs rich and harmonious. Designs for every room in the house. Each one the creation of a master artist.

To appreciate these rugs fully, visit your dealer's and see the many beautiful patterns. There are sizes for every room—from small mats to large room-sized rugs. And the prices are more moderate than ever.

Look for the Gold Seal

It is the genuine Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs that for 15 years have been the choice of millions of American women. It is the genuine Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs that your wife or mother knows and will appreciate most.

Though other floor-coverings are made that resemble them, the one and only Congoleum is identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the face of the pattern. Be sure to look for this Gold Seal when you buy.

The Congoleum Christmas gift idea is spreading. Give a *genuine* Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug this Christmas time.

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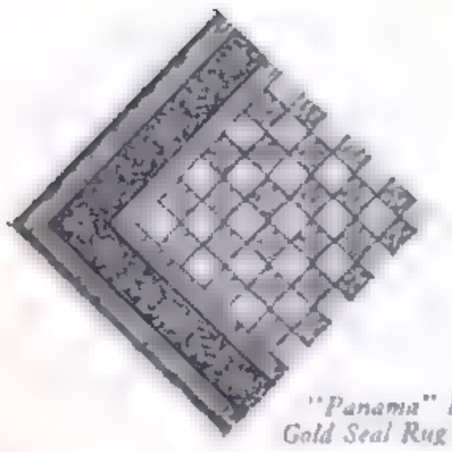

"Panama" Design
Gold Seal Rug No. 568

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

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Gold Seal Rug No. 566

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

Eager Fords on Coldest Days

Easier starting . . . better lubrication . . . *How assured:*

YOUR Ford is lubricated by the splash feed system and requires a lively, free flowing oil that will *quickly* reach all working parts of the engine.

When the weather is cold, inferior oil may congeal and become gummy. Starting becomes a nuisance. The oil circulation is slow and incomplete which results in excessive exposure to wear.

Mobiloil "E" is lively and ready-flowing even in freezing weather. It reaches all parts of your motor instantly and lubricates them thoroughly. But for all its liveliness it has body enough to provide ample protection under even the highest Ford operating heats.

In quality Mobiloil "E" sets a world's standard. It is refined by the foremost authorities on lubrication and generally acknowledged to be the best and most economical all-year oil for Fords.

It was produced for Fords only after an exhaustive study of the Ford engine embracing every factor in its design and every phase of its operation.

Cold Weather Hints for FORDS:

① When starting in cold weather pull out the choke only while cranking. Push it in part way the instant the engine "takes hold." Push it in all the way as soon as possible. When the choke is out, raw gasoline may get into the crankcase and seriously dilute the oil.

② Let your engine warm up thoroughly before driving fast.

③ Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freeze mixture in radiator and keep at proper strength during the cold weather.

④ Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during the cold weather.

⑤ In winter, due to the greater use of the choke, your crankcase should be drained and refilled with fresh oil every 500 miles.

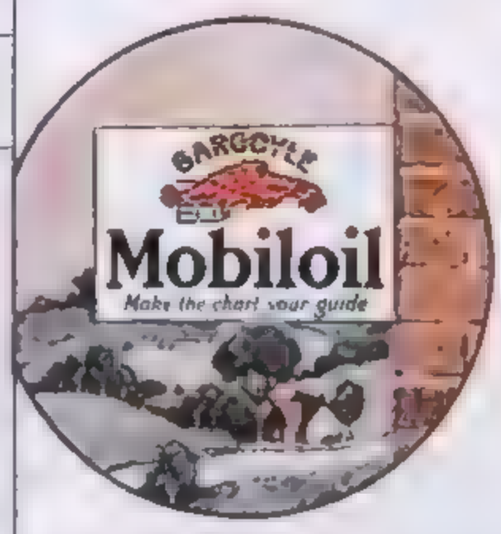
⑥ **Play safe—never use any engine lubricant but Mobiloil "E."**

THE dealer has Mobiloil "E" in 1-gallon and 5-gallon sealed cans and in 15-, 30-, and 55-gallon steel drums for your home garage.

If you should ever run short of Mobiloil on the road, you can buy it for the fair retail price of 30c a quart, wherever you see the Mobiloil sign. (Prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

This sign points the way to new cold weather protection for your Ford.



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

KEEPING TIME—By John Philip Sousa

WE SAILED for Europe on the twenty-fourth of December, on the St. Louis, and opened in London on January second. A graceful compliment paid me by King Edward is worth recording. A few days after we gave a concert in honor of Her Majesty's birthday I received four beautifully marked pheasants, accompanied by a card on which was the legend, "To John Philip Sousa, from His Majesty, Sandringham." I had them mounted and hung in my dining room.

On January thirtieth we played a second command performance for the King. It is perhaps well to mention here that there is a popular error about alleged commands by the English courts. A letter to me came first which read: "I am commanded by His Majesty to ascertain if it is convenient for you to give a concert at Windsor."

So we were at Windsor for our second command performance. There were about forty persons present. Before the performance, Lord Farquhar came to me and said: "Mr. Sousa, we are to have the unusual thing of two Sousa concerts at Windsor tonight. When the children heard you were coming they had the gramophone rolled into the nursery and have selected a program of your compositions, and while you are giving your concert in the Waterloo Chambers they are going to give theirs in the nursery, following your program as far as the records will allow them."

I imagine the present Prince of Wales was the master of ceremonies at that affair.

The King's equerry came again and said that the King was very anxious to hear, at the end of the performance, the American national anthem. At the end of the program I passed the word to my bandsmen to play The Star Spangled Banner and then go into God Save the King, playing just as softly as possible and gradually growing louder.

I brought my band to its feet, the assembly rising with us, the King, wearing the sash of a Knight of the Garter, standing most erect during the rendition of The Star-Spangled Banner. And then softly, almost inaudibly, came the sound of the British anthem. His Majesty's face was a study—I was facing him. As the music swelled and swelled, I thought I could read his thoughts: "These aliens are asking God to save me," and he, in the solemnity of the thought, seemed to grow taller and to become glorified.

At the end of the concert, he came over and shook hands cordially, told me how much he enjoyed the concert, and then said that he had invited the band of the Scots Guards to sit in the gallery to hear American music played as it should be played, and the King and Queen, Mrs. Sousa and myself chatted for some moments about America and Americans.

Lieutenant Sousa Conducting the Band Battalion of the Great Lakes Naval Station, 1917

Caught in a Shower of Hats

AFTER touring the cities of Great Britain, we sailed for America again. On August thirtieth we started for the season at Willow Grove, then went to the Cincinnati Fall Festival and from there to the Indianapolis Fair. My novel of The Fifth String, published not long before by an Indianapolis firm, attracted so much attention that when I reached Indianapolis a dinner was given me by the firm, where I met for the first time the great Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. On my return to New York I sent Mr. Riley some medicine and a box of my Havana cigars, which elicited the following letter:

"James Whitcomb Riley,
"Indianapolis.
"Aug. 4, 1904.

"JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,
"Master of Melody.

"*Dear Mr. Sousa:* The promised box of medicine is received most gratefully—likewise the box of exquisite Havannahs; and now, in consequence, like the lordly old Jew Longfellow draws—

"My presence 'breathes a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner who sails
Through the Malaccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes.'

"In return, all inadequate, I send you two favorite books of mine, together with last photograph, that I may beg the latest of your own.

"The Child book you may hand on to your children, but I charge you, do most seriously ransack the other. Still we talk you over delightedly at our publishers, ever agreeing that you're our kind of man. God bless you!

"Most gratefully and truly yours,
"JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY."

We opened at the St. Louis World's Fair in May, 1904, for a several weeks' engagement. During our stay there the French Ambassador, Monsieur Jules Jusserand, presented me, on behalf of his government, with the rosette of Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France, which gave me the golden palms and rosette of the French Academy, which I added to my various decorations.

We volunteered to play at a reception and dinner given to Miss Alice Roosevelt, and I was the recipient of a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the young lady.

After our engagement in St. Louis I went to Mitchell, South Dakota, to play at the Corn Palace Exposition. A company of vaudeville artists were there and entertained the public a couple of times a day in the same hall where we gave our concerts, but not at the same time. Among the actors taking part was one who had a comedy scene in which, among his properties, were about 200 hats that were kept in a net and at a certain cue were freed and came tumbling on the stage. These hats were carefully picked up afterward and put back in the net for the next performance.

We were on the stage, and in response to an insistent demand the band struck up the Manhattan Beach March. Just how it happened I don't know; but in the middle of the number someone cut the rope that held the hats in the net, and we were the most surprised lot of men you ever saw when no less than 200 hats came tumbling through the air; and in the bells of the Sousaphones of the band they were piled up at least three deep. The laughter was so great that you couldn't hear the band.

Perhaps it would not be amiss here to say a few words in praise of the splendid galaxy of American girls who have assisted in our concerts as vocalists and violin soloists. I recall Amy Leslie, famous critic of the Chicago News, in a review of one of our concerts, said she wondered how we could find so much talent and beauty at the same time; that every girl that sang or played with us was a good singer and very delightful to look at; that all seemed to combine beauty, grace and talent.

There were a host of them with us, and almost without exception they are all married and doing well. The band got the reputation of being a matrimonial bureau. It didn't make any difference how little inclination a girl might have to marry, she would be directed to the matrimonial highway the very moment she sang with the band. Among the first of our prima donnas was Marcelle Lindh, who married and became a famous artist of the German stage. Beautiful Lenora von Stosche, who played violin solos with us, married Lord Speyer and is now Lady Speyer. We had two Kentucky beauties, both very talented young women—Miss Currie Duke and Miss Florence Hardman.

Beauty and the Band

MYRTA FRENCH, a talented soprano, married a Philadelphia man, and Elizabeth Northrup is resting on her laurels in Washington. Martina Johnston and Blanche Duffield have been married some years. Sweet Bertha Bucklin married a gentleman from Syracuse, but died some years since. The Hoyt sisters are still very much before the public, with their attractive duets. Elizabeth Schiller became a well-known German grand-opera singer, and sweet and lovable Jeanette Powers left us to marry the Wanamaker of Peoria, Carl Block. Lucy Ann Allen, a statuesque beauty, became Mrs. Haviland; and the Misses Rickard, Rocco, Grace Jenkins and Margel Gluck never miss a concert when I am in their towns. One of the ladies who has the reputation of singing in more than 1000 concerts with the band is Miss Estelle Liebling, who toured Europe twice with us, and as her soloist companion she had the remarkable violinist, Maud Powell.

Our artists on our first European tour were Misses Maude Reese Davies and Dorothy Hall. On our trip around the world, our vocal artist was Miss Virginia Root, and our violinist Miss Nicoline Zedeler, both now married and mothers. Beautiful characters and splendid artists.

Miss Mary Baker, Miss Nora Fauchald and Miss Margery Moody have contributed many happy hours in concertizing with the band. And last but not least the charming harpist Miss Winifred Bambrick. I will say for all of them, they were a noble band of women. God bless them all!

We returned to Europe in 1903 for a tour comprising the leading countries of the Continent. We opened in St. Petersburg, Russia, on May sixteenth. The audiences at the Cisnicelli where we played were, with the exception of the boys from the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, Russian officers, their wives and civilian officials. The poorer class either hadn't the means or the inclination to come. The royal box was so draped that the occupants could not be seen. How often the Czar was present I do not know, but I imagine several times. We gave nine performances.

Before I reached Russia, I received a telegram from my advance man saying, "The police authorities demand copies of the words to be sung by your vocalist—must be sent immediately."

As Miss Estelle Liebling, our vocal artist, sang coloratura songs in which "Ah" was apt to occur at any moment, I did not know the lines, aside from the "Ah's" of the numbers she sang. Of course I couldn't send a telegram stating that the words consisted of a series of "Ah's," and it looked as if it wasn't so easy to give concerts in Russia as it is in America. Having all programs and advertisements submitted for approval to the official censor makes it rather hard, especially as songs are apt to be sung in half a dozen different languages. But something had to be done, so I

telegraphed the words of Annie Rooney and Marguerite as the words of the songs our vocalist was to use; so our vocalist got through the difficulty by singing the words of Annie Rooney to the tune of The Pearl of Brazil

I was also annoyed in St. Petersburg at finding the town plastered with the name of some supposed rival who seemed to have come at the same time and who called himself Cyza. I wondered who this Cyza was and remonstrated with my advertising agent for not billing me as largely. However, I found out afterward that "Cyza" is the Russian way of spelling "Sousa."

There have been instances when I have played the national anthem in which the intensity of public feeling and patriotism of the audiences evoked great enthusiasm, but I can remember no instance where the song was received with greater acclaim than in Russia. During my tour of Europe in 1903 we were in St. Petersburg on the Czar's birthday. When I came to my dressing room in the Cirque Cisnicelli, which corresponds to our New York Hippodrome, I was waited upon by the secretary of the prefect of the city, who requested that I open my performance with the Russian national anthem.

"And," said he, "if it meets with a demonstration, will you kindly repeat it?"

I said I would. "And," he continued, "if it meets with a further demonstration, will you repeat it again?" I said I would repeat it just so long as a majority of the audience applauded.

The audience consisted almost entirely of members of the nobility and the military, with their wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters. At the playing of the first note the entire audience rose and every man, almost all in uniform, came to a salute. At the end of the anthem there was great applause, and I was compelled to play the air four times before the audience was satisfied.

The Analogy Between Man and Music

ON RETIRING to my dressing room at the end of the first part, I was again visited by the secretary, who told me it was the wish of the prefect that I begin the second part of my program with the national anthem of America, and that he would have an official announce to the public beforehand the name and sentiment of the song.

Before we began our second part, a tall Russian announced to the public the name and character of the words of The Star-Spangled Banner, and I have never heard more sincere or lasting applause for any musical number than that which greeted our national anthem. We were compelled to repeat it no less than four times, with everyone in the vast hall standing and the military men holding hands to their caps in the attitude of salute; and I am sure that no body of musicians ever played a piece with more fervor, dignity and spirit than our boys did The Star-Spangled Banner in the capital of the Russian Empire.

At the end of our St. Petersburg season we went to Warsaw, Poland, and opened there on May twenty-second. I stopped at the hotel built by Mr. Paderewski, and I want to congratulate the gentleman, for he evidently had admired many things in American hotels which he had placed in his Warsaw house to the advantage of his guests.

At the intermission Monsieur Jean de Reszke came back with Godfrey Turner, treasurer of the organization. Mr. Turner had with him a statement of the receipts which, if I remember rightly, were about 5000 rubles, or $2600 American money, and showed me, with anger, the various items charged against it. There were so many hundred rubles for police tax, so many for orphans' tax, so many for school tax, and so on. I turned to Monsieur de Reszke and said, "Just read this," handing him the statement.

De Reszke handed it back to me, saying, "Forget it, Sousa; you're not in America."

From Warsaw we went to Vienna, where we gave eight concerts. After the first matinées I had a caller at my dressing room, Mr. Emil Lindau, a dramatist, and brother of Paul Lindau. We began talking about Viennese composers and compositions, and I said, "Is the Blue Danube still popular in Vienna?"

He said, "The Blue Danube will endure as long as Vienna endures."

"Thank you very much," I said "I'm going to play it tonight as an encore."

I did, and it was received with tremendous applause; and as an encore to that I played The Stars and Stripes Forever, which met with uproarious delight. One of the papers was kind enough to say that the performance of the waltz as played by my band was the first time it had really been heard since Johann Strauss had died. It was flattering, if true.

When I left St. Petersburg I bought a hat such as was used by some of the officers in the Civil War, a black slouch hat. When we reached Vienna, newspapermen at the station who came for an interview spoke in their reports of my arrival and described my uniform, and dwelt on the American hat I was wearing, one that was unknown in any country save America. When I looked for the name of the maker of the hat I found it was manufactured in Vienna.

The analogy between man and music has not escaped the close observer. We say an instrument is in tune when the several strings or chords are of such tension that each gives the proper sound and the sounds are at due intervals. So it is with man. When his heart is filled with courage, happiness, love, ambition and general goodness, adjustment is so perfect that he is in tune with all Nature and the infinite. But should weariness, disappointment, envy or illness crawl in, the balance is lost and the chords of life jangle. Tune as applied to a pleasing melodic invention is the soul of music. No tuneless composition has ever lived. Though harmonic cleverness and orchestric painting may attract for a time, tune alone survives, and man loves tune to the extent that many of the simplest airs are embedded in his mind from infancy to the grave. My memory recalls two delightful bits that have been with me many, many years; one a child's song:

Ev'ry little wavelet has its nightcap on,
Nightcap, white cap, nightcap on;
Ev'ry little wavelet has its nightcap on,
So early in the morning!

And the other:

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him

The fondness of humankind for simple tunes, some having only the merit of jingles, is as instinctive as admiration for the nut-brown maid of the country lane or the gallant soldier off to fight for his country's cause.

The Queen of the Musical Family

THE peculiarities of instruments are duplicated by the characteristics of humankind, the wide range affording interesting study. The queen of the musical family is the violin, sensitive under all conditions, capable of the most minute gradations of sound and pitch; now sentimental, now brilliant, now coquettish, now breathing notes of passionate love. Look about you and you will find the violin's double among some you know; high-strung, diffident, capable of all the emotions, beautiful in the stirring harmonies of affection and sympathy. Another affinity is the heavy-going, stolid, slow-thinking, one-idea man whose life is little more than punctuating time with breakfast, luncheon, dinner, sleep; breakfast, luncheon, dinner, sleep, *ad infinitum*, with the bass drum, with its "Thump, thump, thump, thump," and again "Thump, thump, thump, thump"; the thump, like the meals and sleep of the man, may be great or little, but it is always "Thump, thump, thump, thump!"

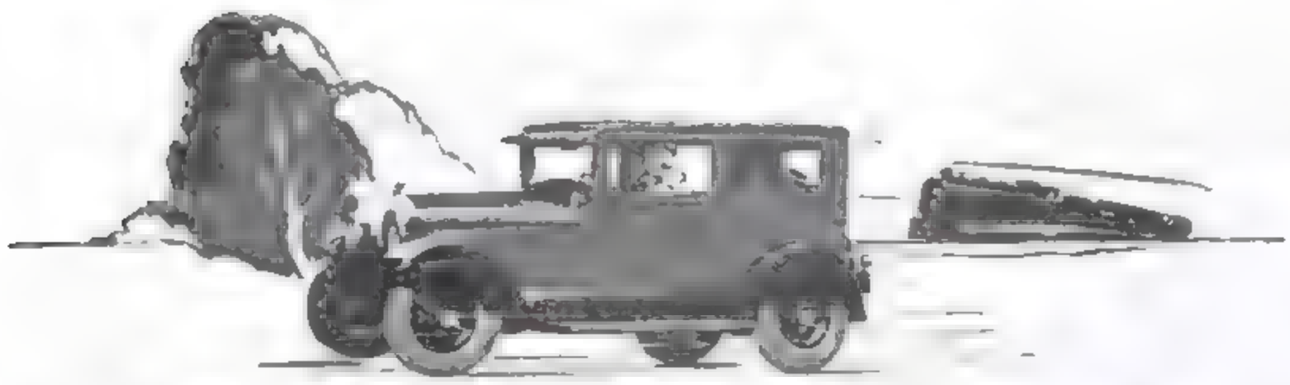
Then again, we have the man in life, like the instrument in the orchestra, destined never to rise above second position. A third-alto-horn man may envy a solo-alto man, but he remains a third-alto man. A second trombone may cast jealous eyes at his brother in the first chair, but it availeth him not. Fourth cornets and second fiddles, eighth clarinets and sixth trumpets may deride the masters of the instrumental group, but they remain in obscurity If instruments were born equal, all would be sovereigns; and if men were born equal, all would be soloists.

Dispositions in instruments and people go hand in hand. The shrieking fife and hysterical woman are twins, and both can become nuisances; the golden thread of the oboe's tone and the beautiful voice of shy sixteen walk arm in arm. The pomp and circumstance of the emperor are exemplified in the nobleness of the trombone; the languorous lisp of the summer girl is echoed in the rhythm of the Andalusian guitar. The love proposal is pictured in the impassioned melody enunciated in the tenor clef of the cello, while the flirty giggling of the shallow coquette finds its mate in the fickle flights of the piccolo. The man who never deviates, a sort of animated ordinance, meets his rival in the positive "Umph" of the bass horn, while the undecided never-can-make-up-his-mind individual may be classed with the hesitating "Pah" of the second alto.

Here the analogy ends, for, when out of tune, man and instruments

(Continued on Page 66)

John Philip Sousa Heading the "Jackie Band" in a Parade for the Red Cross Drive, Down Fifth Avenue



58 miles per Hour

25 miles to the Gallon

5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds

Measure Chrysler Four's performance and economy against investment and you will find no other car to match it.

Into Chrysler Four is built the ability for sustained speeds as great as 58 miles an hour—you flash from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 8 seconds—with an ease and smoothness you never thought possible for any car near the Chrysler Four price.

And with these startling performance results you enjoy a fuel economy as high as 25 miles to the gallon.

Ride in the Chrysler Four and sense for yourself the satisfying thrill of its brilliant performance.

Never before have such outstanding qualities been blended with so much comfort and such beauty of appearance.

Over the roughest spots you will enjoy a roadability that you would go a long way to duplicate. When you drive you will steer and handle the car with a new and delightful ease and security.

Our nearest dealer is eager to give you the Chrysler Four demonstration that will revise all your previous ideas of performance in a car at this price.

CHRYSLER FOUR

The Land of Never-Grow-Up

By JACK O'DONNELL

THE president of one of the largest toy-manufacturing plants in America was sitting on the front porch of his summer home in Vermont, gazing idly at several youngsters at play in the shady street. Gradually his attention became centered on a boy of the group who was whizzing up and down the sidewalk on what appeared to be a two-by-four plank on tiny wheels, guided by a fence picket stuck upright at the front.

"Toot, toot!" the young engineer of the contrivance shouted to warn fellow playmates out of his path. "Toot, toot! One side or a leg off!"

The boys and girls who were not running alongside the flying lad on the two-wheeled plank, begging "Me next," looked on with eager eyes.

All this the toy manufacturer saw and heard in a hazy sort of way. He was seeing and hearing subconsciously. Then, quite suddenly, as if he had received an unexpected shock, he leaped to his feet. There was the light of discovery in his eyes. No longer was he the ease-seeking summer visitor, but the manufacturer of toys, a business man.

It took him but a moment to reach the street and get the attention of the boy on the scooting plank.

"What do you call that thing?" he asked, pointing to the lad's queer vehicle.

"It's my scooter!"

"Scooter! Good name!" said the toy magnate musingly. Then, to the boy, "How did you make it?"

"Easy!" admitted the juvenile inventor. "Just took this plank and mounted it on the wheels of a roller skate—two wheels in front, two in the back. Then I stuck this picket up in front to steer it. That's all."

"Want to sell it?"

"No, sir!" This emphatically; and as if he feared the man would attempt to take it from him, the boy moved off. The man followed, laughing ingratiatingly.

"I'll give you two dollars for it."

The temptation was not great enough. The boy shook his head.

"Five!" said the manufacturer.

The inventor of the contrivance looked to his friends for advice. Several shook their heads negatively. But five dollars is five dollars, and the boy reluctantly closed the deal by saying, "All right, for five dollars."

How the Scooter Came to Town

THAT night the toy manufacturer, cutting short his vacation, took a train for New York, the crudely constructed invention in his trunk. The next afternoon he called the foreman of his toy plant and half a dozen of his best salesmen into his office. Triumphantly he brought forth the plank on wheels, replaced the picket which he had removed for the purpose of packing, and smiling proudly, asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"What is it?" someone asked.

"That's a scooter!" declared the boss as proudly as if he were exhibiting a rare gem.

"How's it work?" asked the foreman.

"The operator puts one foot on this plank and with the other propels the machine. They can go like the dickens too."

He then explained how he came to buy it. He told of the inventor's reluctance to sell it, of the great eagerness of the boy's playmates to ride on it, and the way it was made.

"Great!" said the chief salesman. "Make a few improvements on that thing and you'll have one of the greatest selling toys in the world. It's got everything! A boy made it; other boys and even girls wanted to ride on it; it satisfies a kid's desire for speed and action, and it is simple to operate. It's got everything, boss, everything!"

Then and there the foreman who knew a lot about wheel toys pointed out the necessary improvements—higher, rubber-tired wheels, one in front and one in rear, with roller bearings, rubber tread on bottom board, ball-bearing steering gear attached to front wheel, a little red paint and, lo, a real scooter for the boy or girl who loves speed and tricky stuff.

In this manner the most popular wheel toy of all time came into being eight years ago. In less than six months it was known the world over. Today it is among the six best sellers and well up toward the top of the list. It has undergone several improvements, what with brakes, disk wheels, curved front forks and other minor additions; but basically it is the same scooter that was born in the fertile brain of a Vermont schoolboy.

The scooter came to toyland by a quick and easy route. The boy who invented it probably got the idea from the simple act of rolling himself along on one skate. But not all toys that win tremendous popularity are conceived so painlessly.

Boys and girls, as well as their parents, have decided likes and dislikes in toys. Babes one to three years old like toys they can handle, such as blocks, dolls, woolly animals and balls of soft material. When boys reach the make-believe age, which toy dealers say is three years, their imaginations begin to work overtime. From then until they are six they like colors, transparent slates on which they can draw flowers, animals and cartoons, building blocks, mechanical trains and engines. Girls, during this period, like to play house and crave plenty of miniature household implements.

From six to ten is the constructive age, when the wise father buys his boy tool chests, structural toys or anything out of which the boy can make something. While the boy is going through this stage of development, however, the household furniture is in grave danger. That tool chest is liable to work havoc, especially if it contains a saw. Girls from six to ten, unless they are of the tomboy type, want only dolls and doll houses, baby carriages and facilities for washing and ironing doll clothes.

Boys begin to tire of indoor sports when they reach the age of ten, and from then until they are fifteen or sixteen they show a decided leaning toward sleds, skates, hockey, bicycles, fishing and hunting outfits, boats and boxing gloves. Girls are apt to put aside their dolls and doll houses and go in for tennis, hockey, croquet and other lawn games.

Warlike toys, which have been favored playthings of children since 1000 years before Abraham, hit the heights and depths of popularity in America in 1917 and 1918. Before we entered the war, tin soldiers, toy cannons, forts, sabers and guns enjoyed enormous popularity. Every boy wanted to be a captain, every girl a Red Cross nurse. They were in tune with the spirit of the time. But when we got into the big conflict and fathers and brothers joined the colors, when homes were disrupted and the casualty lists began appearing in the newspapers, the glamour of war sickened and died in the hearts of American mothers. Warlike toys scattered about the nursery or over the kitchen floor reminded them too vividly of the carnage "over there." And when they saw their boys playing with miniature implements of war, and wishing they were big and old enough to don uniforms, they decided to do nothing to encourage the militaristic spirit in their offspring. Then the sale of tin soldiers and other reminders of war took a decided slump. Today they are back in favor, however, and are numbered among the best sellers.

It was an actress with a temperamental Pomeranian pup that launched the floating toy on its permanently popular way. This pup simply would not behave while being bathed. He barked, squirmed, kicked and bit every second he was in the tub. One day his mistress accidentally dropped the red rubber sponge with which she was bathing the Pomeranian. It floated gently to one side of the tub and immediately the eyes of the pup were on it. The dog stopped barking, biting and kicking and tried to retrieve the sponge with his paw. When the sponge sank and then bobbed up again, the canine seemed greatly amused. He continued to submerge it with his paw and then release it. The actress had an easy time of it that day, and the next time she bathed her pet she tossed two extra sponges into the tub. The pup was still more pleased, still more docile.

Naturally, the actress told her friends of her triumph. One of those she told was a mother with a baby that was not temperamental, but disliked the bathtub probably because sometime or another she had been placed in it when the water was too hot for her tender skin. This mother went home and experimented with her baby by placing a soft rubber ball in the tub. The child ceased its crying at once and became interested in the ball. Thereafter the mother had no trouble bathing her infant, and in a grateful moment sat down and wrote a letter to a women's magazine telling of her experience. A toy manufacturer, seeing the letter, immediately began manufacturing floating toys which won high favor with mothers.

Tragic Figures in Toyland

IT WAS no less a personage than King Henry III, of France, called the greatest fop of all ages, who in 1585 started the craze for the cup-and-ball game. In those days it was quite the thing to ape royalty. So when His Majesty's fondness for this innocent pastime became so deep rooted that he played it on the streets of Paris, the game immediately became the rage all over the Continent, and it wasn't long until it was being played all over the civilized world.

Some of the most popular toys on the market today were made famous by the comic-strip artists in the daily and Sunday newspapers long before manufacturers realized that children would like to have toy models of their favorite funnies.

The people of the United States spent more than $200,000,000 for the 7000 or 8000 varieties of toys or playthings manufactured here or imported to this country in 1924. This year, toy experts prophesy, they will spend close to $225,000,000.

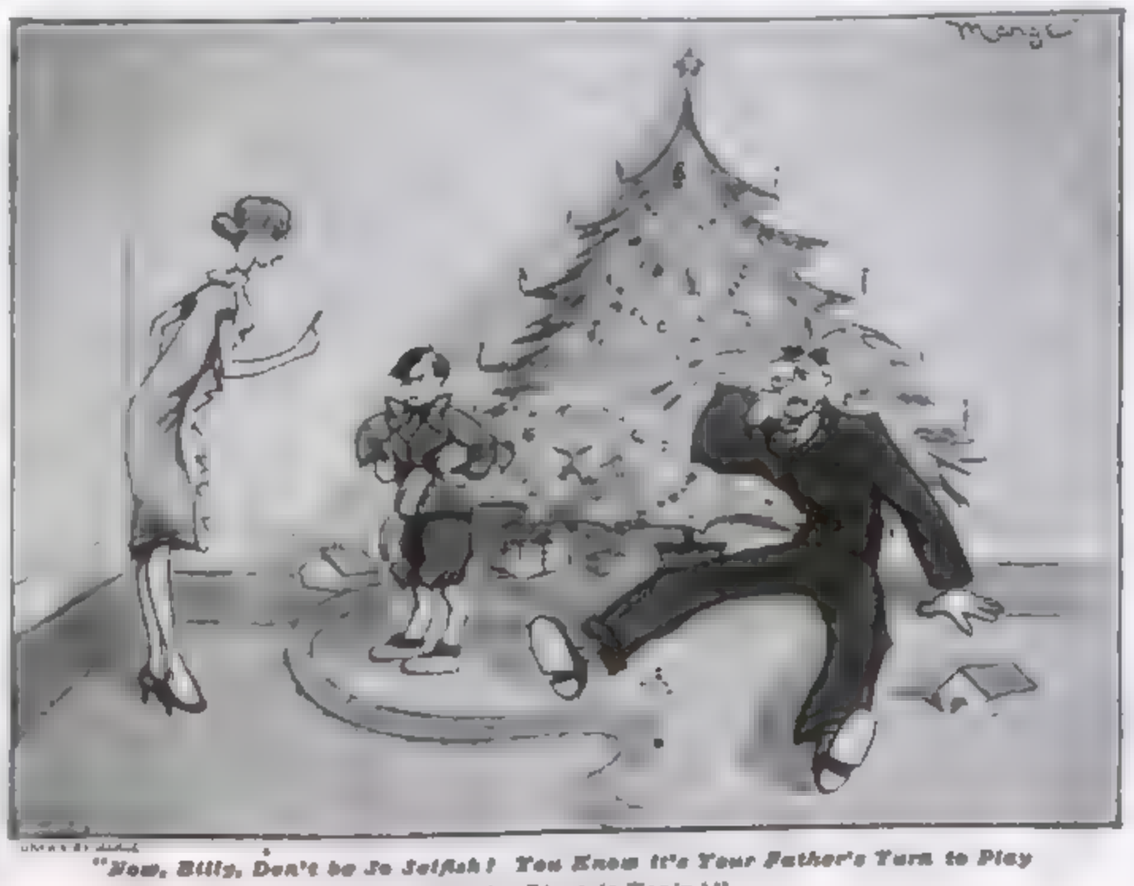
Many of these playthings are expensive and not all of them by any means are bought solely for the pleasure of children. One Fifth Avenue toy shop, patronized chiefly by men and women of means, has any number of toys which are priced, and sell readily enough, at $200 and $300. Here a poor little rich girl can and often does buy a doll house for $300, while her poor little rich brother steps over to the other side of the room and selects a toy yacht which sets his father back $350.

Here almost any day of the year one can see bankers, brokers, moving-picture kings and queens, and sometimes even royalty from over the seas, purchasing dolls, elaborately constructed railroad systems, with switches, tunnels and block-signal systems, yachts, speed boats and other toys, paying enough for a single item to keep an ordinary family in comparative luxury for a month.

Here, too, one sees the toy-starved—men and women wrinkled with age, infirm of step, with sight or hearing impaired—buying toys with the prodigality of a Robin Hood. These men and women are the most tragic figures in toyland. If one could look into their past, one probably would see that their childhood was spent in a toyless world, a sordid, cheerless world of poverty and hunger and tears. Denied childhood's rightful heritage of amusement and play, they now indulge their natural craving for toys to the fullest.

One of this army of toy-starved is an old man on the shady side of seventy. He was born and reared in an industrial center not far from a large city. His mother was an invalid, his father had many good intentions which he never fulfilled. Their home was a squalid shack on the outskirts of town. But even in that poor section of the city other boys had sleds and kites and wagons. Because the boy had none of these, other boys were loath to take him into all their

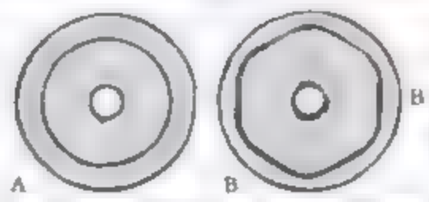
(Continued on Page 229)



"Now, Billy, Don't be So Selfish! You Know it's Your Father's Turn to Play With the Electric Train!"

The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

This remarkable new feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life



A *New Oakland Six engine with Lovell Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speeds.*

B *Six cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not smooth—causing vibration periods*

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator a device for measuring torsional vibration

Picture the joy of your family Christmas Day on seeing this new Oakland Six waiting at the door. And think of the benefits of health, comfort and satisfaction they will derive from its possession for years to come. You can select no wiser nor more wonderful gift than the car that is winning and holding the good will of all who buy it.

Roadster	*Touring*	*Coach*	*Landau Coupe*	*Sedan*	*Landau Sedan*
$975	$1025	$1095	$1125	$1195	$1295
(Old Price $1095)	*(Old Price $1095)*	*(Old Price $1215)*	*(Old Price $1295)*	*(Old Price $1545)*	*(Old Price $1645)*

All prices at factory — — General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest in the industry, have been made still lower. You can now save as much as $40 to $60 in your time payment costs.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"all cars look alike through me!"

—says Traffic Film

TRAFFIC FILM is a coating formed of sticky particles of oil, blown back onto your car by the exhaust of the car ahead.

The instant it touches your car it sticks tight, gathers dust, and gradually hides the color and lustre of the finish. You, yourself, know how hard it is to wash away this film.

Owners of Duco-finished cars can wipe off Traffic Film, revealing the full beauty of the Duco finish, by using a little Duco Polish No. 7 on a cloth.

It is produced by the same chemical engineers who created Duco, the enduring finish, and *is the polish which is specifically recommended by them for use on Duco-finished cars.*

If your dealer cannot supply it, mail the coupon below.

Polish Duco with Duco Polish

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
3500 Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find [check] [money order for $1. Please send me a pint can of Duco Polish No. 7.

Name

Address

CAME DAWN AT HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 14)

Then on July 20, 1915, Ince, Sennett, Griffith and Aitken met by prearrangement in the Fred Harvey House at La Junta, Colorado, a halfway point between the two coasts, and Triangle was the result. The company was incorporated for $5,000,000 with Aitken as President, Baumann as vice president and Adam and Charles Kessel as secretary and auditor, respectively.

Before Aitken could get back to 60 Wall Street, Mutual's directors had met, deposed him as president and elected Freuler in his place. Aitken's reply was to begin signing up for Triangle all the available stars of Broadway at Klondike salaries, to lease the Knickerbocker as a Broadway first-run house with Rothafel in charge, to announce a chain of picture theaters nation-wide and of unprecedented pretentiousness, and to predict a two-dollar top scale. Not even he seriously believed that anyone would pay two dollars to see his pictures in a day when five and ten cents was the prevailing scale, but it was valuable ballyhoo.

I was playing in Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire at the Forty-eighth Street Theater in the late spring of 1915 when Aitken offered me a picture contract for one year at $83,000. I had not taken the movies very seriously, but I took the $83,000 and an early train for Hollywood. All my life I have had the merriest of dispositions, but I was unequal to laughing $83,000 off.

I was not, as I recall it, met at the Los Angeles station by an admiring and grateful crowd of fellow film actors and actresses who pelted me with roses. The men and women of the California film colony who had been laboring at $25 to $150 a week viewed this descent in force of the $1000-a-week high hats of Broadway with a jaundiced eye. They had toiled and sweated long in the vineyards and now that the grapes were ripe we fair-haired boys and girls of the legitimate were to eat the fruit; eat it patronizingly with slightly curled lips.

Screen Mortality

They had their revenge shortly, but not many of them remained to enjoy it, for the mortality rate of the screen always has been appalling. Of the great names of the film world in 1915, actors, actresses, directors, those who survive undiminished may be counted upon the fingers of a careless sawmill hand. In the short interval others have shot up from the obscurity of extras and bits to blaze briefly and fade swiftly, gone with the cross-word puzzle, mah-jongg and last year's favorite fox-trot tune. The lords and ladies of Hollywood of 1925, with an exception here and there, then were hangers-on on the fringes of the studios, school children or mere units in the census statistics.

Gloria Swanson was a Keystone bathing girl, recently from behind the counter of a Pittsburgh department store. Harold Lloyd was a new and nameless shadow in Hal Roach's one-reel comedies. Ramon Navarro was a Wall Street messenger, and Mr. Rodolfo A. F. R. P. F. G. di Valentini d'Antonguolla, now more tersely known as Rudolph Valentino, had just arrived from Italy to teach wealthy and leisured New York matrons how to tango. When the tango lapsed he journeyed to California to earn ten dollars a day some days as an extra. Appalonia Chalupez was dancing in a Warsaw cabaret. She is known to you as Pola Negri.

There is nothing in this to any one's discredit. I cite it only to evidence the giddy romance of the institution, infinitely more glamorous, more comic, more tragic, more thrilling than the gaudy stuff that it photographs.

Producers and exhibitors were, many of them, emerging from pants factories and penny arcades. It was about this time that Marcus Loew and Joseph Schenck, both now imposing figures in the show business, were opening the Royal Theater in Brooklyn. Loew had accumulated $115,000 running store shows and he put all of it into the Royal, rented a picture program costing him eighty dollars a week and opened the house at ten cents. He confined his advertising, as he always had done, to posters in front of the theater. The first day the Royal played to one paid spectator. When the lone customer was leaving the theater Loew stopped him, told him that the performance

The Pre-Hollywood Douglas Fairbanks in Frenzied Finance, 1905

was a dress rehearsal, that the box office had taken his money by mistake, and offered to refund the dime. The second day the gross jumped to twelve dollars, the third it went to seventeen dollars where it might have stayed had the business agent of the stage hands' union not called with an ultimation. He demanded that Loew put a crew of five union men on the stage instanter, although the house was playing pictures only. Loew, who had no more experience with unions than he had with advertising, opened his books to the business agent, even offered to sell the union a half interest and let it run the stage, but the agent was not interested in hard-luck stories and left with a warning.

Two days later a regiment of sandwich men appeared on the streets of the Borough Hall district of Brooklyn each carrying the placard:

LOEW'S ROYAL THEATER
IS UNFAIR TO UNION LABOR
DO NOT PATRONIZE IT

Business at the box office leaped suddenly. Downtown Brooklyn, which never had heard of Loew's Royal, came around to see what all the shooting was about and Mr. Loew learned something about advertising that he never has forgotten. The Royal made a net profit of $63,000 that first year and carried Mr. Loew on to ownership of the most powerful string of picture and vaudeville houses in the country; to the presidency of Metro-Goldwyn, which with Famous Players-Lasky and First National forms the Big Three of pictures, all closely allied; and to a commanding position in the industry second only to that of Adolph Zukor, to whom he is closely related by ties of marriage and friendship. His son, Arthur, now titular head of the father's producing and distributing corporations, married Mr. Zukor's only daughter, and the Zukor-Loew alliance virtually dominates the business. Loew and his Metro-Goldwyn and the First National together now control nearly 30 per cent of the total seating of the country and are expanding rapidly.

Puppet Players

Sam Goldwyn, né Goldfish, was making gloves in Gloversville, New York, and denouncing the Democrats and the Insurgents who had just taken the tariff off the imported product. In New York one day in 1912 or 1913 on business, the disgruntled Goldfish encountered his brother-in-law, Jesse Lasky, Cecil de Mille and Arthur Friend at lunch in Rector's. Lasky was a producer of vaudeville acts, De Mille an actor. Before the luncheon checks were paid Goldfish, Lasky and Friend each had put up $5,000. De Mille took the $15,000 to Hollywood, rented a stable in Vine Street, and ground out the first of the Lasky pictures, The Squaw Man.

My first picture was Don Quixote. As I studied Cervantes' story, which I had not read until then, I fell captive to that mad, lean knight, as have all who ever read him, and forgot all my actor's disdain for the films. No boy or girl newly raised to stardom ever began his first picture with greater zest than I. I thought I saw before me an opportunity to recreate an immortal character of fiction in a fashion impossible to my own stage. But my new enthusiasm wilted progressively, once the camera began to grind.

The actor in the films is the creature of the director. The director is an important factor in the speaking stage, more so than the spectator often realizes, but in the pictures he dwarfs the players. They are puppets dancing at the ends of strings to his piping, seldom knowing anything of the sequence of the story they are enacting and little of its sense; theirs not to reason why, theirs but to clown or cry when and as a megaphoned voice instructs them to. No more initiative is expected or desired of them than of a squad of soldiers being drilled by a top sergeant in the manual of arms.

Perhaps if Don Quixote had fallen under the direction of D. W. Griffith it might have been a mark to date from in pictures, but Griffith's heart and most of his time, as far as I could observe, were going into his spectacle Intolerance, which he was producing on his own. He did write and direct The Lamb, Douglas Fairbanks' first picture, and I have been told that when the

(Continued on Page 52)

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

What is the Price of the Packard Six?

ASK five men the lowest price at which a Packard Six closed car may be bought and all but one will say four or five thousand dollars.

And quite naturally, for it is hard to associate the beauty and distinction of a Packard with any price other than the highest.

Yet the great majority are wrong!

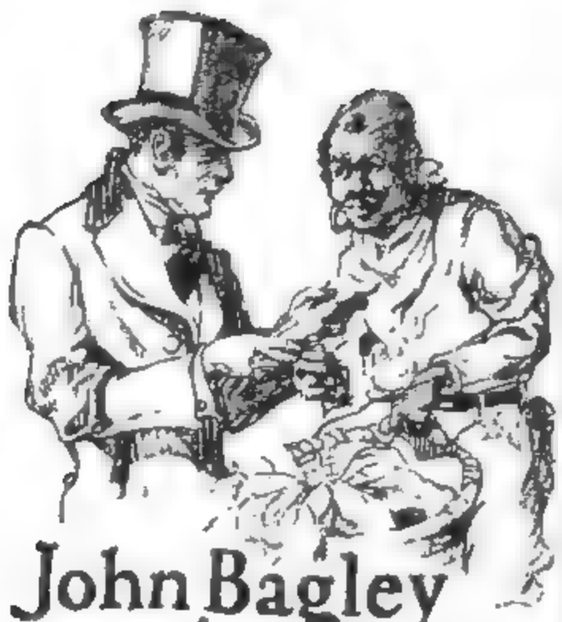
To them Packard offers what is in effect a $1500 reduction.

The price of the Packard Six five-passenger sedan is but $2585 at Detroit, including all necessary accessories.

Furthermore, Packard cars may be bought on a payment plan—with both down and monthly payments relatively small.

The illustration above shows the Packard Six Seven Passenger Sedan Limousine—$2585 at Detroit. Both the Packard Six and the Packard Eight are available in nine body types—four open and five enclosed.

PACKARD



John Bagley sought *sweeter* pipe-filled hours

JOHN BAGLEY was a master Virginia tobacco blender in a pipe-smoking age. But he secretly treasured one ambition . . . to perfect the most fragrant tobacco in the world! With an aroma sweet as a June breath from sunny Dixie! One that would win the approval of the ladies of the household as well as the applause of the master. And in a sun-cured Virginia tobacco leaf he found this irresistible aroma.

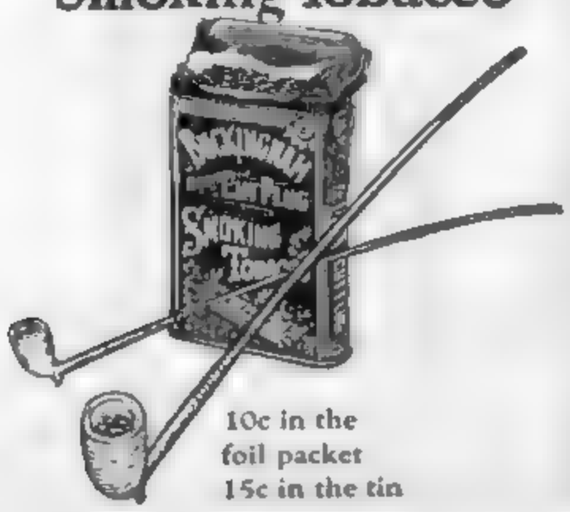
Buckingham he called it, Sir . . . and Buckingham it is that your dealer now offers you today. Sun-cured, blended and aged in John Bagley's inimitable way. The most fragrant pipe smoke in the world.

Married? Smoke a pipeful tonight . . . in your Wife's presence!

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

(Continued from Page 50)

film was finished he said to the actor, "You'd better take your monkey shines to Sennett; they're more in his line."

No film is shot in the sequence in which it is shown on the screen. All the scenes falling on one location are taken in any order that the director sees fit until that set, or location, is disposed of. The final fifty feet of a photoplay may have been among the first to be shot.

Our first set was a stable built in the studio. For five hours of a hot California day I rolled in the straw of the stable, which I shared with every sand flea and ant in California, clowning low comedy, much of it written, not by Cervantes but by a scenarist; stopping only to swab the perspiration that drenched me and doing that only because beads of sweat on the face photographed as pockmarks, when the director announced, "Now, Mr. Hopper, we will have the death scene."

It appeared that the stable set had to be removed to make way for another and that my death throes were down in the continuity for the stable.

I protested. "I want this death to signify something more than decomposition," I said bitterly. "It is symbolical. At least let me know why I die."

Not even the director, it developed, knew that at this stage of the proceedings.

"My dear sir!" I balked. "You might just as well ask me to be nauseated now and give me the emetic three weeks later."

But die I did, then and there. Cervantes saw fit to kill his hero of brain fever, but Hollywood's he-men all die with their boots on, and it was down in the scenario that I was to be shot. So I fell mortally wounded, why or by whom I had not then the remotest idea, and contorted my face and limbs this way and that way as the megaphone told me to do, for all the world like a fat woman on her bedroom floor taking her daily dozen to the voice of a phonograph record. I did sneak in a little dying of my own, and—may I say it?—it was pretty good; also as realistic as my cinema collapse, which was to come.

We were twelve weeks on Don Quixote. The film ran seven reels in its final form. Its only success was in Latin America, where the story was more familiar to picture audiences than in English-speaking lands. Present-day audiences would recognize the names of only three members of that company, Monte Blue, George Walsh and Fay Tincher. Blue and Walsh have risen to stardom and Miss Tincher to a considerable fame as a comedienne and character woman.

Somersaulting Into Fame

Blue, ten years ago a newcomer and an unknown, doubled for me in the extra-hazardous scenes. Having in mind Sir Loring in Conan Doyle's The White Company, who had vowed that he would wear a blinder on one eye until he had accomplished some noble purpose, I had suggested to the director that we have Quixote pledge himself to ride backward on Rosinante as one of his fantastic vows. That, in turn, suggested having the don brushed off the back of his faithful steed by a low-hanging limb.

Blue took my place, the old hack set off at a decrepit trot for the tree, the branch performed its part perfectly and Blue turned a complete somersault and landed with an appalling thud on his back on the sun-baked California earth. A sympathetic shudder scurried up my spine.

Blue lifted his head from the ground far enough to catch the eye of the director and asked artlessly, "Was that all right, Mr. Dillon, or do you want me to do it over?"

There's no keeping down a lad of this spirit. I marked him then as a young man going somewhere. The script called for George Walsh to throw himself into a mountain torrent, whence Don Quixote was to endeavor to rescue him. I am not exactly a leaping rainbow trout and shuddered at the prospect, until I learned that the invaluable Monte would double for me again. But when the available mountain torrents came to be canvassed all were found to be dry. Mr. Walsh might incur a fractured skull, but he must give up all hope of a watery grave. With traditional resourcefulness I summoned up from my exhaustless store of classic lore the demise *à la* Cleopatra.

"Don't fake it with the harmless and invaluable gopher snake, which happens to be protected by law," I counseled, with an artistic integrity born of the knowledge that it was Walsh who was to be the serpent's playmate, "but get a snake with a punch. California won't miss one rattler more or less."

Dillon sent off to a Los Angeles dealer for eight dollars' worth of snake and got for his money a kindly old gentleman reptile with eight rattles and a button, whose altruism had been enhanced by the lancing of his poison ducts. Emmett Rice, an extraordinary character in charge of the zoo on the lot, whose easy and utter dominance over

Mary Pickford When She Was the "Biograph Blonde" at $5 a Day

all his charges was uncanny, appeared with the reptile wrapped around his arm, laid it on the sand, coiled it with a finger, chucked it under the chin and lifted the head in the manner of a photographer arranging a sitter.

The close ups of the snake taken, Walsh gingerly picked it up some six inches back of its rearing head and bared his bosom. This was followed in the completed film by a flash-back showing me galloping madly on Rosinante to the rescue. In his intense distaste of the snake, Walsh unconsciously squeezed it too tightly for its comfort and it turned and struck him on the forefinger. The actor screamed and hurled the rattler at least thirty feet into the air. Rice shot out an arm and caught his pet as it descended. It coiled around his arm, he stroked its head soothingly and the snake was restored to placidity in an instant. The scene had to be retaken and Walsh was careful the second time to seize the reptile just behind the head.

After we had used up five hundred feet on the scene, some pedant from the intelligence corps sent out a memorandum to the effect that the rattlesnake was not indigenous to Spain. Walsh balked at any further association with the family Ophidia, so the rattler's castanets were painted out in the developing room and it appeared ultimately on the screen as a Spanish adder minus the alarm-clock tail.

Titles are as common as cafeterias and their linen sometimes as soiled in Hollywood these days, but not so in '15. Beerbohm Tree, I imagine, was the first knight to grace those shores. I had known him in London and the deference paid him as actor-manager of His Majesty's Theater. The British stage-door keeper tips his hat to the actor and the sceneshifter steps aside to permit one to pass. Once when I was playing in London an English actor asked me if I did not find this respect agreeable, and miss it when bowled over by the stage hands at home and greeted by the door man with an "Evenin', Cap," if at all.

"I do," I agreed. "But remember there are compensations. In America, where the door man does not tip his hat to me, I likewise do not have to tip my hat to the producer, as do you. It is a fair exchange."

When Tree Came to Hollywood

Sir Herbert was anything but a snob, but I feared for his Old World sensibilities in the, at that time, rampant democracy of the movie lot. Accordingly I tried to prepare him for the reception he might expect, more particularly from the cow-punchers.

"They will have no thought of insulting you, but they will be startlingly matter of fact," I told him. "It is a fundamental doctrine of the Western American that you are no better than he is. It is understood, of course, that he is no better than you."

"Oh, I quite understand," Tree reassured me, and he did, for the riders were offering him their makin's the third day. The Los Angeles reporters met him at the station and addressed him variously as "Sir," "Your Lordship" and "Sir Tree." One of them, sensible of the confusion, said, "May I ask just how you should be addressed?"

"My dear boy, call me Oscar," Tree told him in a stage whisper.

Another young man, who had been called in hurriedly from police headquarters to catch the distinguished visitor asked him what he did when in London, and the actor replied that he played at His Majesty's Theater.

"I never knew the King had a theater," the police reporter exclaimed

Tree passed triumphantly through the reception, but once in the motor car which whisked him to Hollywood he turned to his daughter, and said, "If I only could capture that type for the stage, our fortune would be made." He had the police reporter in mind.

The worst ordeal of the pictures, I found, was the getting up with the working world and being on the lot in make-up by nine o'clock. Photography is all but independent of sunshine now, but it was not then. It was the high percentage of sunshine in Southern California, of course, that located the industry there to begin with. Actorlike, I had been accustomed all my adult life to going to bed with the arrival of the milkman and getting up about one o'clock in the afternoon. The workaday world returns home at five o'clock and gives the evening to recreation. The actor does not finish work until his audience is ready for bed. He then eats, and enjoys his leisure. He might, you may suggest, be in bed himself by midnight and up by eight, with the forenoon free, but leisure comes after work, not before, as all night workers know.

A lesser nuisance of picture routine is the necessity, when on location away from the studio, of appearing in public in costume and make-up. It is such a commonplace that the native does not bat an eye; would not, in fact, turn a head to see Lady Godiva ride by *au naturel* on her milk-white palfrey, but it gives the tourist something to write home about. I never ceased to feel like a cage of monkeys. My make-up for Quixote was a ghastly thing suggesting a death mask. It registered naturally in the camera but I was an apparition to the eye. We were on location in Santa Barbara on one occasion and I had, as usual, made up in my room after an early breakfast. My room was on the fourth floor of the Hotel Potter.

(Continued on Page 54)

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LONDON WINDSOR, ONT. PARIS

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Watch This Column

"Sporting Life" is Here

Do you folks remember the old Drury Lane Theatre melodrama, *"Sporting Life,"* which came from England years ago and created such a sensation in this country? I remember sitting through it with bulging eyes and tangled emotions, and I got so much out of it that I went to see it again and again.

BERT LYTELL

Those old English melodramas were splendidly written and perfectly constructed and this one, by Seymour Hicks and Cecil Raleigh, was one of the most famous of all those fathered by Drury Lane. In picture, as produced by UNIVERSAL, it becomes even more vivid because of the magnificent open-air action and scenery which were impossible on the stage.

"Sporting Life" is a big, exciting, kaleidoscopic drama, full of life, and featuring among other things the great derby at Epsom Downs, a thrilling fight for the championship between an English lord and the British champion—intimate back-stage scenes in a great musical comedy—a thrilling auto race and a rescue scene from the haunts of kidnappers. It involves high English society, is beautifully dressed and full of romance.

UNIVERSAL selected Maurice Tourneur to direct the picture, and he chose BERT LYTELL and MARION NIXON to play the leading rôles, assisted by such favorites as GEORGE SEIGMAN, PAULETTE DUVAL, CYRIL CHADWICK, CHAS. DELANEY, TED "KID" LEWIS, OLIVER ECKHARD, FRANK FINCH SMILES and CATHLEN CLIFFORD. Watch for *"Sporting Life"* and ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it.

MARION NIXON

It may interest you to know that *"The Phantom of the Opera"* is drawing greater crowds than even we dreamed of, and some of our dreams were very optimistic. You must not miss it. I wish you would let me know in which theatre you'd like to see it in your town.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

If you want a copy of our new "White List" booklet—just say the word—it's free—you can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

As I descended in the elevator the car stopped at the third floor to admit two elderly women, voyageurs from Prides Crossing, Massachusetts. The interior of the elevator was dim and they did not see me until they were crossing the threshold. When they did they screamed as if they had encountered the devil himself, and fled down the corridor.

Tree would have none of the Hollywood working day, and he was of a dimension in the theatrical world to enforce his own preferences. Not appearing on the lot until well after noon, he necessarily had to work far into the night. It became my habit, when homeward bound in the late evening, to drop into the studio and say good night to the company. I usually found those not working before the camera at the moment perched about on various props, munching sandwiches and sipping hot coffee.

Tree was doing Macbeth, and I would have defied Esau himself to match hair for hair with any of the company. The Seven Sutherland Sisters in the aggregate were a human billiard ball alongside the baldest and least whiskered member of his support. One day on the lot I noticed a horse Dorothy Gish was riding. The animal boasted a walrus mustache that was a close copy of the one that distinguished Mack Swayne in the Keystone Comedies. I borrowed the horse, led it around to Tree's studio and presented it to him, saying, "Here is a steed destined by Nature to play Macbeth." Tree accepted the recruit with crocodile tears in his eyes and was astride the animal on his first appearance.

As the end of Macbeth approached and Tree was about to return to New York to appear at the New Amsterdam Theater in Shaksperean repertoire, he was host to his many professional friends in the colony at a dinner, Douglas Fairbanks presiding. There were the usual postprandial speeches, beginning with Sir Herbert, who was in rare form. When everyone had had his say, Fairbanks, in his zeal to keep the ball rolling, called on Miss Iris.

Miss Tree is a charming lady, not in the least lacking in poise, but she was not in the habit of speaking extemporaneously over her demi-tasse, and she had had no thought of being called upon. Her embarrassment was so acute and so overwhelming that it communicated itself to all present, and as she pushed her water glass about and shuffled the salt and pepper cellars in mute confusion all of us fidgeted sympathetically in our chairs and grew red in the face from vicarious discomfiture. Any banquet goer knows the sensation.

Just as she was about to sink back into her chair inarticulately, she stammered out, "I wonder why Mr. Fairbanks called upon me. In all my life I never have made a speech, but I mustn't sit down without saying something to express how truly sorry we are to have to leave and how happy you have made our visit. But now that we must go it is not alone your kindness we shall remember, nor the golden orange groves nor the sun-kissed Pacific. No, I think we shall dwell with fondest memories upon the hour of 2:30 A.M. in the studio, with ham sandwiches trickling through our whiskers."

It was the best speech of the evening.

Screening Shakspere

The film Macbeth was not a success. Possibly neither the pictures nor their audiences ever will be equal to Shakspere unless the technic of the art should advance far beyond anything now foreseeable; certainly up to now every attempt to put him upon the screen has been a failure. Shakspere's sorcery dwells chiefly in the magic of his words and their proper reading, both utterly lost upon the screen. Tree was like a drowning man clutching at a straw and no straw there. Reduced to pantomime, interspersed with occasional emasculated quotations as captions, the latter read haltingly and without feeling or emphasis, and with little understanding, by the spectators, Macbeth became a sticky tea-party salad set before a hungry harvest hand.

The camera had an inning here and there. When Macbeth looks forth from his battlements to see Birnam Wood apparently moving upon Dunsinane in fulfillment of the prophecy, and he cries out,

"Ring the alarum bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back,"

photography is able to show Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff and their men advancing from Birnam upon the castle of Dunsinane, each man bearing aloft the branch of a tree to prey upon the superstitious credulity of Macbeth, where the stage can only suggest it.

Ordinarily it is a safe theatrical generalization that the inflamed imagination of the spectator, set off by the author's provocative words, is far more potent than the bald and literal photograph. In Shakspere's own time stage scenery often consisted of nothing more than a placard reading "This is the castle of Dunsinane." The spectators painted their own sets in their minds, each to his own taste, under the inspiration of the author's words. Richard Mansfield's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was overpowering in what it suggested, where the film's trick photography was merely grotesque. In the stage version of Oliver Twist the spectator does not see Bill Sykes beat Nancy to death. He sees nothing and hears only an offstage thud and cry, but his aroused apprehension conjures up a scene that leaves him trembling. The movies insist upon showing their patrons Bill in the act of raining blows and kicks upon the cringing Nancy, and the spectator either is revolted by the brutality or is reminded that it is only make-believe.

Macbeth in the Movies

The plot of Macbeth and of many of Shakspere's plays is good enough movie stuff, but it has not been their plots that have carried them undiminished through three centuries during which our common speech has changed so greatly that Elizabethan English is intelligible only with an effort to the man in the street and the girl who reads a picture newspaper. Once familiarized with the bare bones of Shakspere via the movies, however, the illiterate and the semi-literate may, I surmise, be prepared to enjoy the plays as their author wrote them. If that is so, Tree's Macbeth and other losing ventures in pictures have served a purpose.

There is this to be said in justice for the films: Their defects are, by and large, the defects of their audiences, and they are improving as rapidly as their audiences will permit them. No entertainment rises higher than its source, and its source is the money paid into the box office. Youth, from sixteen to twenty-five, forms the bulk of the chronic picturegoers and dictates the programs. It is said that a feature picture today must please nine million persons to turn a profit. There is explanation enough.

Tom Ince, who died a year ago, probably was the best continuous box-office director-producer in the business. He knew the public's likes and dislikes so well that he left a great fortune, five millions I have been told. Two years before his death he put his tried and proven formulas aside for a moment and made Eugene O'Neill's play, Anna Christie, into a photoplay that won high praise from the reviewers for its sincerity.

Five months after the film's release the New York office wired Ince in pleased surprise, "Figures show we have turned the corner on Christie and are going to make some money."

Ince wired back, "I don't care a hoot whether it makes a dime or not. I didn't make that one to sell, but to show the critics that Tom Ince could do this art stuff if he wanted to."

The theater has had the same obstacle to contend with, but the theater happily is specialized. It is divided into drama, melodrama, farce, operetta, musical comedy, vaudeville, burlesque, minstrelsy, and the like, for as many varying tastes. You pay your money and take your choice. The dramatic producer does not have to concern himself with the tastes of burlesque audiences. They attract different sets of playgoers.

The picture exhibitors, on the contrary, whether in Nebraska or in Vermont, downtown or suburban, city or small town, all are shooting at the same public, because they have found by experience that it is the only large group that can be depended upon to attend day in and out. This audience may want Mae Murray in Purple Passion one day, Tom Mix in a Western the next and custard-pie comedy on a third, but it demands all of them in the same intellectual key and artistic pitch.

I have no more fear of the motion picture eventually displacing the stage than I have of the Japanese beetle destroying the Washington Monument or of jazz wiping out the American home. The theater is on the eve of a revival, and the movie will continue to flourish. For one cause or another it has captured a certain audience that the stage may never recover, but its bulwark is the vast new audience it has created. The throngs in the picture houses tonight are, most of them, persons who did not attend a theater once a year, if ever, and a certain proportion of these will graduate into the public of the speaking stage if the stage presents them with the opportunity.

Rooted on Broadway

And there's the rub. The theater really doesn't care much today how Memphis, Dallas, Wichita and Lexington spend their evenings. They can go to the movies or stay home and play charades, as far as the show business is concerned.

When the producer is reproached for this indifference he laments that most good actors no longer will leave Broadway and that railroad rates are prohibitive. It is true that a great many actors and actresses no longer can be pried loose from Broadway. Their homes, their clubs, their friends are there, and train whistles are just a noise to their ears. But the producer's tears are glycerin. Railroad rates are up, but so are theater tickets, and as for the actor, the producer is doing exactly what he blames the actor for.

He used to burst into the office at ten in the morning, yelling a demand to know how much the show played to last night in Little Rock, and whether Monroe, Louisiana, would not answer for that open date between Texarkana and Shreveport.

Today he is shooting for a long run on Broadway, big profits or no profits. If the show fails on Broadway, scrap it and try another. When he gets a winner for a Broadway run of a year or more, he makes around a quarter of a million dollars, sends the show to Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, then sells the movie rights, turns the play over to a broker to peddle to stock companies, and sets himself for another gamble for a quarter of a million or nothing. Little Rock, Monroe, Texarkana and Shreveport can come to New York if they want to see his shows.

The one-night-stand theater managers deserted to the movies almost in a body before the war. It looked to them like a better business, what with no stage hands and a larger share of the box-office receipts; and it was for a time. But once the picture industry was well organized, the theater manager was at the mercy of the producer and he now pays a bonus to get a program, ties himself up to a long-time contract and pays all the traffic will bear. And to prevent any united uprising among the exhibitors, these contracts no longer expire in a body on January 1 or June 30, but are scattered over the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. One of these days some harassed exhibitor is going to lead a procession back to the legitimate stage if Broadway gives him the slightest encouragement. Most of the fine new picture

(Continued on Page 56)

An Intimate Responsibility

WHEN your kids play with my kids, I feel an intimate responsibility in our business dealings.

However true it may be that our responsibility to strangers is as great as our responsibility to friends and neighbors, we feel the latter more keenly.

We are often asked why so many Garagemen are so emphatic in their recommendation of Mansfield Tires.

Except for an occasional sale to a passing tourist, the local Garageman's dealings are all with friends and neighbors and nearby farmers who trade in his town.

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And that final real cost—the cost per mile—is the whole underlying principle in the making and marketing of Mansfield Tires.

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But it is those last, extra, cost-reducing miles that the Garageman has in mind when he sells a Mansfield Tire to the father of the kid that plays with his kid.

It is the intimate responsibility of the seller to his friend, the buyer, that brings out the emphatic recommendation that Mansfields get from Garagemen and others who sell them.

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(Continued from Page 54)

houses may be converted easily to the drama, and with their enormous seating capacity, running 1200 and up on the first floor, the best shows with first-rate casts can be played in them at less than the prevailing prices.

As for radio, my generation of the stage can remember when roller skating had the theater on its back for three successive years in the late eighties. The billboards were plastered with colored lithographs of bemedaled fancy skaters, and everyone was dashing from the supper table to the livery stable hastily converted into a rink. I do not expect to see radio vanish as roller skates did, but I do know that the American housewife sees too much of the four walls of her home during the day long to care to spend all her evenings in the living room turning dials. She wants a change of scene, she wants to see and be seen in something more than a bungalow apron. That is a constant of human nature.

One rainy afternoon in Toronto some ten years back I took refuge in a picture house. Between films a gentleman with a pronounced English accent appeared before the curtain to proclaim the bill to follow, which was to be Carmen, an early picture of Jesse Lasky's in which Miss Geraldine Farrar starred, supported by Wally Reid as Don José and Pedro de Cordoba as Escamillo, if I recall aright; and a right good film it was too.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer began, "I wish to invite your attention to a consummate work of art to be produced in this the-ah-tur the lawst hawf of the week—Carmen! Need I say more? The titular rôle will be enacted by that superb artist, Miss—Miss ——"

Unable to recall the name of the star, he cleared his throat and detoured. "This super picture, marking an epoch in the history of the cinema, is, as I scarcely need tell you, based upon the famous story of Prosper Mérimée and the even more celebrated opera by Bizet, without question the most dramatic libretto in all the vast range of the operatic stage, and when I add that the heroine is played by that exquisite and fabulously paid artist, herself a prima donna of the renowned Metropolitan Opera House of New York City, Miss—Miss ——"

Applause vs. Fan Mail

And again he missed. "Ah—ah, the locale of this lavish production is Spain, that land of song and story, of vivid light, of warmth, of color. In its course is shown an actual bull fight in that most famous of arenas, the Plaza de Toros of Seville, a very epitome of realism. And creating the rôle for the silver screen is the most celebrated Carmen of the operatic stage, a lady whose name is on the tip of every tongue, a household word—ah, I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, the lawst hawf of the week, Carmen, played by—played by ——"

Stymied again, the speaker dropped his eyes in one frantic glance at a sheet of painstakingly memorized publicity clutched in his left hand, then finished triumphantly:

"Miss Jessie Lasky!"

The story proves nothing, but it seems to me to characterize the industry, its public blurb and its private perpetual uncertainty and distrust of itself. There is plenty to be said of the movies as an institution, an art and an influence on modern life, and plenty are saying it. I confine myself to personal grievances. First, the art does not appeal to me as an actor. The appeal of acting to those who practice it lies in the enkindling of the emotions of an audience and the reward of applause, laughter and tears then and there. This is the actor's daily bread, and the movies offer him a stone. One cheer in the hand, as far as I am concerned, is worth ten thousand in the bush. I would not swap the audible applause of the couple in the last row upstairs for all the fan mail in the post office. So both the movies and I are satisfied.

There is another point upon which our satisfaction is not mutual. I detest the prevalent bombast, bad taste and swollen pride of the mincing, simpering, swaggering, bleating barbarians who pretty well efface the normal men and women of the business. In Oklahoma you may see chickens roosting on rosewood grand pianos in the farmyards of Osage Indians drunk on oil royalties. Not all the Osage Indians are in Oklahoma. I am not speaking of morals, but of manners.

There is a man in one West Coast studio whose sole job is to follow a director about the lot carrying a chair to thrust under him should the director choose to sit. In five years this fine gentleman has sat wherever the spirit moved him and never looked behind him nor hesitated, secure in the knowledge that the menial was there with a chair in position. I have lived those five years in the impious hope that this shadow might some day be visited with a momentary lapse and the famous director sit unexpectedly and violently upon the floor, but at the hour of going to press this consummation so devoutly to be wished still is a wish. When this august personage wishes to communicate his royal command to any member of his court so forgetful of their station as not to be immediately under his eye, he does but whisper. At once the cry is taken up by his subjects and passed from voice to voice until it reaches the hapless churl or churless. I have seen a woman whose income is reputed to be well above $100,000 a year arrive breathless, blushing and stammering in his presence because of half a minute's tardiness.

Heads Swelled With Success

When he lunches in his Sybaritic private dining room on the lot his obsequious staff of servitors are required to anticipate his every wish without putting him to the distressing necessity of voicing it. There is a subtle nuance to his frowns. One may signify more salt, another too much salt. To the coarse and casual observer both contractions of the eyebrows may seem identical, but to the apprehensive eye of the submissive figure behind the master's chair each is eloquent and ominous. The master moves from his mansion to the studio in a foreign motor. The time fixed for the journey is seventeen minutes. Either the chauffeur makes it in that or there is a new chauffeur at the wheel tomorrow. From the moment he rises from between silken sheets until he dons his scented pajamas again, this gentleman enforces the servility and gratifies the caprices of a decadent Byzantine emperor.

More often it is the star who kings or queens it in the studio. There used to be on Broadway an actor of little fame, but a good actor and the most simple and unassuming of men, best known for his beautiful devotion to his mother and sister. Entering pictures in small parts, he soon created a niche of his own, made a phenomenal success and amassed a fortune which he could not have dreamed of. So far, so good; but this sudden and princely wealth, the adulation, the slavish deference to his least whim, his individual and unchallenged supremacy on his own lot have utterly distorted his viewpoint. He now has the air of a Russian grand duke. I cannot picture Walter Hampden sauntering down Broadway in the make-up and habiliments of Cyrano de Bergerac, yet this actor parades the streets of the cities he visits in the bizarre garb of his screen character, and glories in it.

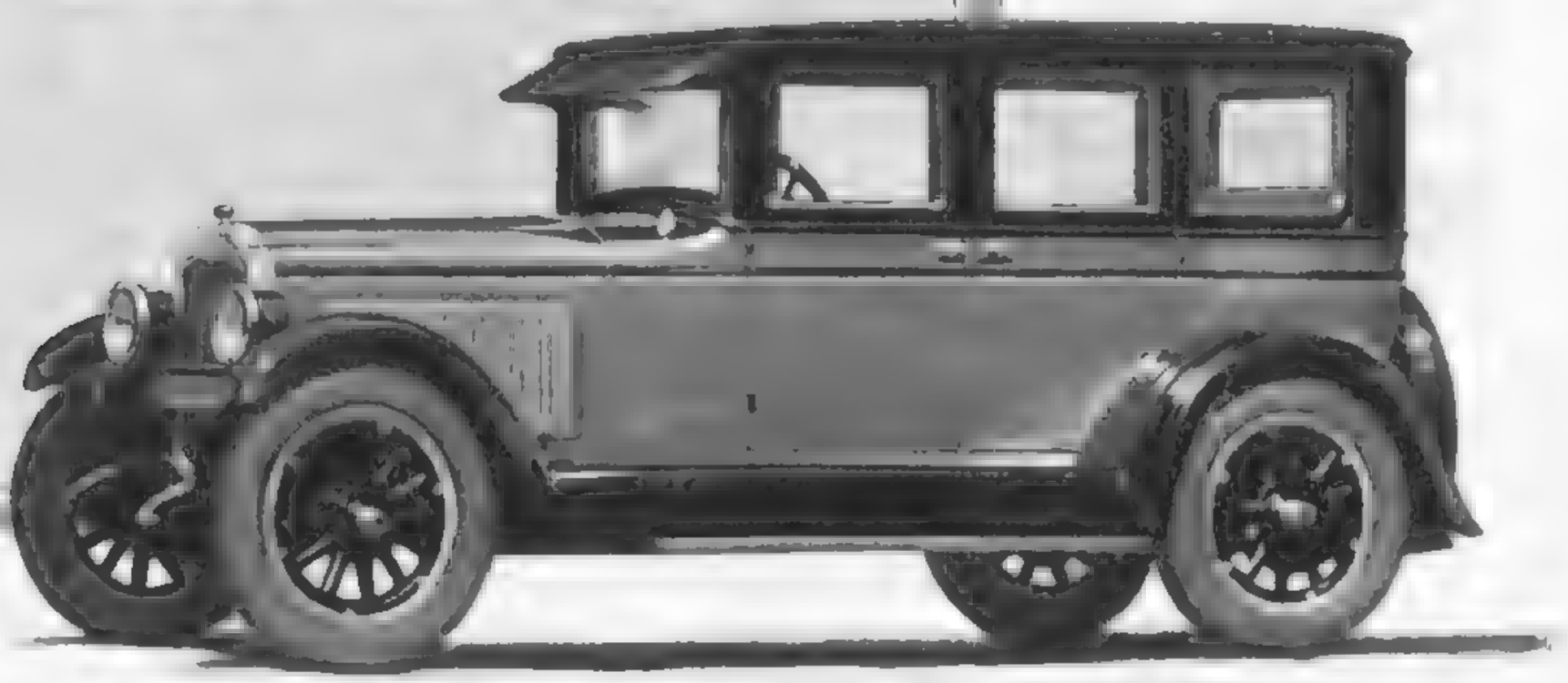
There are exceptions—many of them—for whom my respect is enormous, for the man or woman set down in that false and incense-laden air who can retain a level head and a sense of proportion possesses a character sturdier than many of us are blessed with. I am just as well satisfied that I was not put to the test.

As it is, I am able to say self-righteously with John Wesley:

"There, but for the grace of God, goes DeWolf Hopper."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of detached articles by Mr. Hopper and Mr. Stout. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

"and that one word is VALUE"



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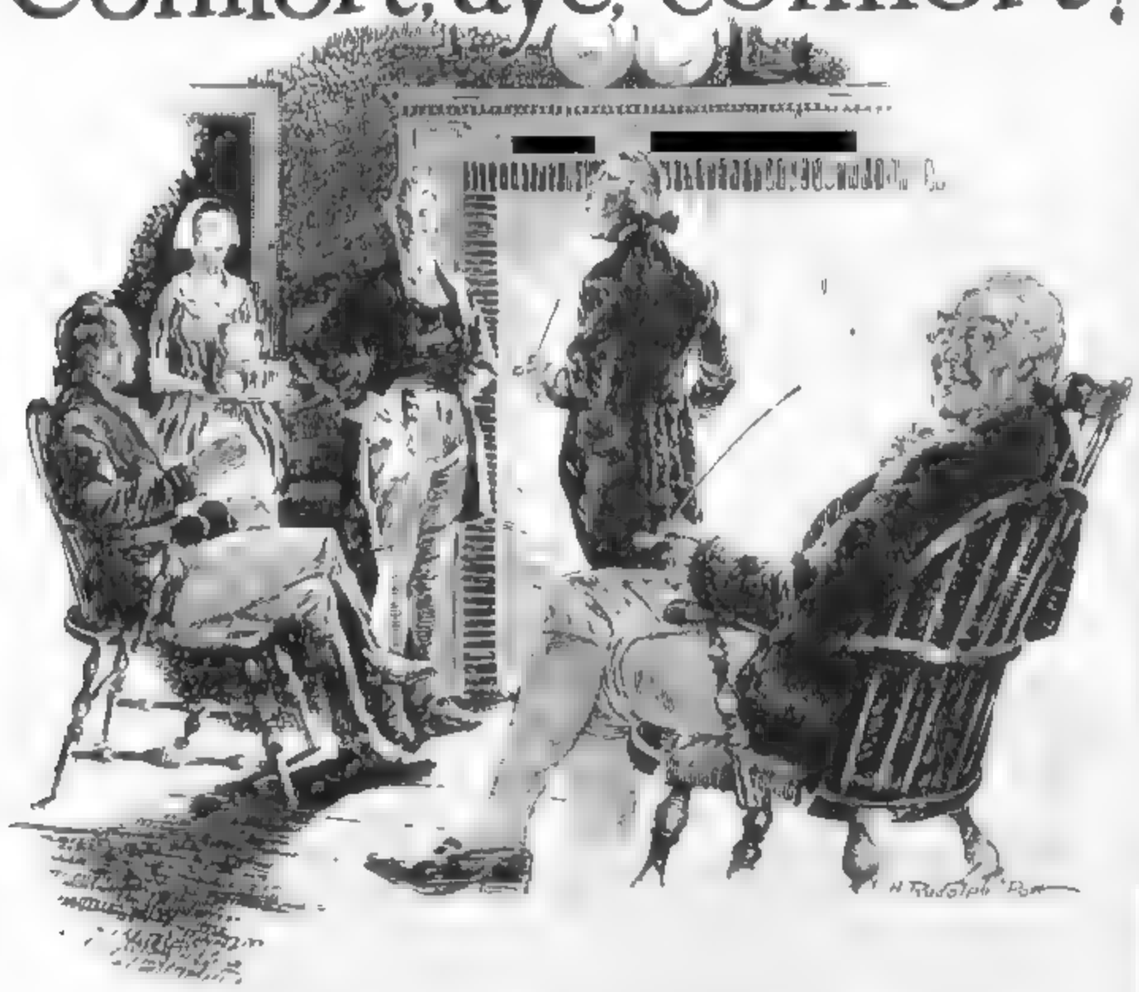

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Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director

WHY IS A BANK?

(Continued from Page 27)

"I was going to ask you," said Adam.

"I like that," she said, and beamed. "Oh, Adam, I wonder if you'd let me be your buyer in that department. Would you? I can run down to the city tomorrow. May I?"

"I calculated you might want to," said Adam.

This rather took Damaris aback. So he was looking into her mind, was he? Well, she had been doing that very thing to him. She let it pass.

"Tell me how much to spend and how many of each thing," she said, and that matter was settled.

To say the town was curious would be a highly conservative statement. The town boiled. It boiled over after the appearance of the first advertisements of the new enterprise; full-page advertisements in the local paper, circulars mailed to every inhabitant of the township in the form of invitations promising refreshments and music. An orchestra was to be there from the city! Eli Ware chuckled.

"Gone to his head," he said to the Streeter twins. "Squanderin' money like a drunken sailor."

"Mebby," said Floyd uneasily, "he'll kind of upset business till he fails."

Nor was Floyd the only merchant to become uneasy. All watched uncomfortably to see what would happen, their only comfort being that their misfortunes would be temporary. Such methods as Adam's might do for a city but were bound to come to grief in a village.

"Why, he's hirin' three clerks!" said Pliny Butterfield. "What does he figger they're goin' to do?"

"And a bookkeeper and cashier," said Eli. "Jest a-ruinin' himself."

"Cash and carry—huh! Folks here won't pay cash, and they been delivered to for a hundred years. They won't change."

Rumors of the changes within the building had gone abroad, but not until the formal opening did Westminster realize what actually had been done. When the doors swung back on that Monday, the town walked in to see a store which would have been a credit to Fifth Avenue. Not so large, possibly, but as well arranged, with as intelligent display, and with merchandise such as Westminster had never seen for sale within its limits. Nor was it all one floor. Broad stairways led to the second story, where were dress goods and dresses and cloaks and all a woman could desire.

Even millinery was there, for, very secretly, Adam had bought out and hired Miss Stamp, local milliner. There were little curtained cubicles for trying on, and Miss Plumb, formerly dressmaker, was in charge to measure and to alter. Another stairway led to the third floor, where were rugs and furniture. But the great surprise was the basement the bargain basement for dishes and tinware and kitchen utensils and what not.

"Who does he figger'll support sich an institution?" Adam heard an old farmer ask.

"I'll tell you who'll support it, John," Adam said. "You will, and your neighbors will. Folks in a dozen little towns around will help. They'll drive over. The last census says the population inside a circle stretching twenty miles from this store is near sixty thousand. That's who'll support it, John."

"Expect folks to drive in that fur?"

"I'll make 'em drive in," said Adam. "County seat, isn't it? Well, we'll make Westminster a real county seat."

"But lots of folks is used to payin' in truck or eggs. Your advertisements say cash."

"Eggs are cash," said Adam. "This store will pay cash for anything marketable, or give you a credit on our books."

"It's easier to write a letter," said the old man.

"It's easier to write a letter here than to New York or Chicago. Quicker deliveries by parcel post," said Adam. "John, if you want a Hereford cow or a steam tractor or a paper of pins, just you write this store and inclose the cash, and what you order, guaranteed by us, will be delivered to you quicker than you can get it anywhere else. Try it. We'll show you."

At first people came in to see. They bought in small quantities, but when they got home they compared the prices of the new store with those in the catalogues. They gave thought to the fact that they could pay in produce instead of cash. They considered how they could examine before purchasing. After this, for a month came dolorous days for other merchants in Westminster. There were scowling faces and worried hearts.

The first business man to come out in favor of the new venture was Xenophon Short, proprietor of the hotel.

"They kin say what they like," Xenophon said, "but I'm fur it. The dinin' room's served 25 per cent more meals since Adam took to advertisin' and runnin' that store. Lots of folks stay overnight." Adam looked him up.

"Zen," he said, "why don't you broaden out? Your boy's threatening to go West. Keep him here."

"His ma 'n' me has tried all we know. He's bound to go."

"Like to have more folks staying nights, eh?"

"You bet you!"

"Why don't you throw up a hall on that lot next the hotel? Put a stage in it and a floor for dancing. But the big thing would be motion pictures. Attract folks from the country. Say, three nights a week."

"Hain't got the cash."

"You could let your son Tom run it."

"No money."

"And I'd help out. Have pictures twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, and I'll announce special days at the store. We'll draw 'em in."

"I jest hain't able."

"The bank'll lend you the money," said Adam, "if you got backbone to push it through."

The Streeter twins hunted out Eli Ware in their distress.

"Suthin's got to be done," they said. "New store's gittin' all the trade, what with cuttin' prices and all."

"Bound to fail," said Eli.

"I hain't so sure," said Floyd, shaking his head. "Me 'n' Lloyd has been figgerin'. We don't b'lieve he is goin' to fail. But he'll put us out of business, seems as though."

"Huh!" snorted Eli.

"We're thinkin'," said Lloyd, "of doin' likewise."

"Eh?"

"Uh-huh. Puttin' a new front on the store and all."

"Dum fools," said Eli.

Nevertheless, at the next meeting of the bank committee the Streeter twins made application for a loan, figuring Adam would oppose it as a competitor. But he did not. He backed it with all his influence and congratulated the old fellows on their enterprise.

"There's trade enough for all of us," he said. "Let's work together instead of against each other."

"Can't do nothin' 'thout the bank finances us."

"Security's good," said Adam. "The bank'll back you."

This was Adam's first substantial victory in the committee. He had beaten the committee, but had won none of them over to him. From now on the Streeter twins were his allies. He had made them see. And, in a smaller way, according to their abilities, these old men gave Westminster a second up-to-date place to shop.

(Continued on Page 60)

Old STEINWAY HALL

For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall, both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family

To fit your home, your income

JOSEF HOFMANN
uses the Steinway exclusively

TO GRACE a home, yours or another's, with music is an unforgettable gesture of regard. No act is so considerate, so expressive of the sincerest wish for happiness. Yet it is so easily and quickly accomplished that an hour with a Steinway dealer will insure a lifetime of delight for yourself, your family or your friends.

You may live in a country house, a skylight studio or a small apartment. Yet the Steinway series of models and sizes is so complete that every acoustic condition can be met and every limitation of space can be overcome.

You may have a limited income that requires careful planning. Yet the terms upon which the Steinway is sold are so convenient that it is well within the reach of every true lover of music.

The chief concern of the Steinway family is the Steinway piano. Four generations have maintained and strengthened the unbreakable rule of excellence formulated by Henry Steinway. And following the Steinway piano in their regard comes the Steinway public. To this public the Steinway has always been sold, as a matter of principle, at the lowest possible price. And with a realization that those who can best appreciate the Steinway are often those who need time to meet this price.

For the Steinway was not intended primarily for the concert pianist. It is true that the most notable pianists since Liszt have chosen the Steinway for use and ownership. But the great majority have been chosen by people of moderate means who have realized the true economy that lies in buying the best. Always the most satisfactory. Always an assurance of the greatest advantage and return. Always the cheapest in the end.

As a gift the Steinway renews itself each season. Year after year sees its tone unchanged, its beauty unimpaired, its response ever quick and sure. And no matter where it goes or to whom it is given, the Steinway carries the undying fire of the great and subtle art of music. Through its miraculous singing tone the most exquisite passages and the most profound measures of the composers attain their fullest meaning and significance. And throughout your lifetime, you need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up* *Plus transportation*

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 W. 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

New STEINWAY HALL
109 W. 57th St., New York

New Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest buildings on a street noted for finely designed business structures. As a center of music, it will extend the Steinway tradition to the new generations of music lovers.

FREE 10-Day Tube—Mail the Coupon

If teeth are "off color"

clean whiteness can be quickly regained this way

They are simply film coated. Remove the film and wonders are worked. Teeth grow clear, gums firm and of healthy color. Send coupon for test tube

JUST because your teeth seem dull, don't believe they are naturally "off color."

You can restore them to clear whiteness very quickly.

Dental science has made some important discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth—a *new* method in tooth and gum treatment.

It acts on new principles. In a few days you can work a transformation on your teeth. Can change your whole appearance.

Now a 10-day test is being offered. Just send the coupon.

It's just a film
Mere brushing won't do

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film . . . a slippery, viscous coating that dulls and clouds their beauty.

Ineffective methods won't successfully combat it. That's why, no matter how hard you try now, your teeth remain "off color."

Remove that film and what you see will amaze you. You are simply hiding their beauty now . . . just like grime on ivory.

New methods remove it
Whiten teeth, Firm the Gums

Film is charged, too, with most tooth and gum troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the million multiply in it and lay your teeth open to decay, your gums open to bacterial attack. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Many old methods failed in combating it successfully. Then new ones were found and embodied in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film and remove it. Then to firm the gums.

Send coupon

Results are quick and convincing. Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this new method.

A few days' use will amaze you. The difference will be noticeable. You will note it. Those with whom you come in contact will note it. You owe clear teeth to yourself. Send the coupon before you forget.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 92, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities
Only one tube to a family.

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada 189

(Continued from Page 58)

"I'm gittin' 50 per cent more travelin' men than I used to," Xenophon said delightedly.

"Keep the boys in Westminster," said Adam, not in reply, but referring to Tom, who had abandoned his migration to the West. The new hall was growing.

Orion Lowell, editor of the Westminster Observer, stopped Adam on the street.

"Say," he said, "looks like things is pickin' up for me. Circulation's increased by two hundred, and mostly folks out of town. Come right in the office and plank down the cash too. Most of 'em tell me it's so as they can keep track of your advertisements."

"Fine!" said Adam.

"I'm figgerin' to run two extry pages jest for county news, and I'm hirin' young Bill Adams to solicit advertisin' and help get news. Why, I've seen more folks from the other end of the county these last few weeks than I've seen in town for years!"

"We keep track," said Adam. "Forty-eight families that always did their trading somewhere else are spending their money here regularly now. Mounts up too."

"Any news?"

"Expect some pretty soon, Orion. You know that novelty mill down at Ryder. Ran out of timber and got to move. They thought of going up to the north end of the state, but I got hold of Porter and brought him here. Showed him what we had—stores and hotel and picture house and bank. It kind of took him. It's more than likely they'll come here—and they employ forty men. That means forty families."

"Gosh! Where'll they get houses?"

"Westminster'll have to build them."

"Where'll the money come from?"

"The bank will take mortgages for 50 per cent," said Adam.

At the next meeting of the committee Adam called for the cashier and asked for a report on deposits.

"There's been a growth," said Wayne. "Thirty-one new savin's accounts started, and savin's accounts grow. Couple of them run more'n a thousand dollars. Jest this new business amounts to eighty-six hundred and eleven dollars."

Eli grunted. Pliny Butterfield cleared his throat and looked sheepish.

"My wife's been after me," he said.

"What for?"

"Claims I got the beat business corner in town, but I ain't keepin' it up right. Got a good business head, my woman."

"And what does she want?" asked Adam.

"Wants me to separate up the drugs and hardware and paints and wall paper, kind of make different stores; and she says there'd be good money if I was to put in a reg'lar up-to-date sody fountain and build winders all around the corner."

"Why not?" Adam asked.

"Wa-al, I hain't never been much on borrowin', and I hain't got the ready cash."

"Pliny," said Lloyd Streeter, "it pays. Floyd and me has found it out."

"I won't git no peace to home till I do," said Pliny, "and I'll have to hire me another clerk—reg'lar graduated druggist."

"Fine!" said Adam. "That will bring another family to Westminster. That's how population grows."

And so Westminster's Main Street was embellished by another broad-windowed store front, and by a drug store whose interior was as inviting as that of any city store one might encounter.

That night Adam called on Damaris, but his language was not the language of courtship. Perhaps it was his idea of winning the heart of a young woman, but his ideas were at variance with the more passionate novels.

"See how it's working out," he said. "We've been going five months. Our store is doing a fine business—more than all the stores here used to do, according to the deposits. But it's funny."

"What's funny?"

"Why, that nobody is a loser. The Streeters are doing more business, and so is Pliny Butterfield. Everybody's better off."

"Yes," said Damaris, "and the women of this town are about a thousand per cent better dressed."

Adam was not paying attention.

"What we need is more business—different kinds of business. We could add them to the store as departments, but I'd rather not. Better to see new folks start 'em up."

"You'll push it too far," Damaris cautioned. "Folks can't spend more than they have. There are only so many people. You're providing ways to spend money. Somebody's got to make it to spend. In the end, it all has to come from the folks who work and earn it."

Adam nodded. He had appreciated that. If he would increase business beyond a certain point, he must also increase the earning power of the customers. He did not wish to encourage extravagance.

"Farmers don't make enough," he said. "They can make more. One of their big troubles is selling what they raise. We're helping there."

"Our farmers can't drive to a city market."

"Um—so far we've put a lot of money in circulation. Wages to carpenters for building—things like that. We've got to find a way."

"We!" The word was surprise from Damaris.

"You and I, of course," said Adam. "We ——"

But Eli Ware chose that moment to stamp out upon the porch, his face rugged and forbidding.

"Young man," he said in that accent which only fathers of daughters learn to assume, "you hain't wanted here."

"Father!" exclaimed Damaris.

Adam lifted his thin New England face, but neither alarm nor anger was in his eyes.

"'Evening, Eli," he said. Everybody in Westminster called everybody else by his first name. "Got something I want to talk over with you."

"Don't calc'late to have no talkin'. I'm a plain-speakin' man, and I said ——"

"Father!"

"You be still," said Eli.

"Ferns," said Adam.

Eli was caught between wind and water. He had expected anything but that word. When one comes to throw a young man off his front porch, he does not expect to be met by an untroubled bearing and a word which has nothing to do with the matter in hand.

"Ferns! What d'ye mean by ferns?"

"What I want to talk up with you. . . . 'Night, Damaris. Your father and I have some business."

Damaris got up and walked to the door. She was angry, but she was more curious than angry. What was Adam up to? His manner was so calm and undisturbed! Eli's anger appeared not to have penetrated to his consciousness. She wondered if this young man could manage her difficult father.

"The woods are full of ferns," said Adam.

"Anybody but a dum fool knows that. Now you ——"

"Coal business is pretty good in the fall. Feed business doesn't amount to a lot in the rest of the year," said Adam.

"I'll contrive to live 'thout your advice," said Eli.

"You can contrive to live a lot better with it," said Adam. "Want to make six-seven thousand a year?"

"I don't want you comin' around ——"

"Six or seven thousand a year," Adam repeated, and Damaris' eyes twinkled. Adam's imperturbability amused her while she could not but admire and—a little—fear it.

"You hain't the man I want ——"

"You could turn that old barn into a cold storage," said Adam—"the one next the feed mill."

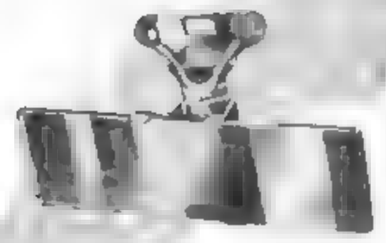
Eli opened his mouth and shut it again.

"What fer?" he asked.

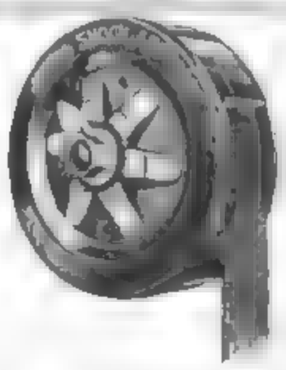
"Ferns," said Adam.

"Ferns, ferns! What's this fern talk?"

(Continued on Page 62)

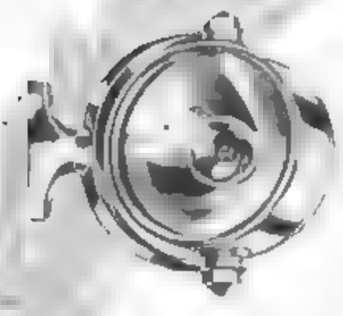


Stewart-Warner Rear Vision Mirror
For Open or Closed Cars
$2.00

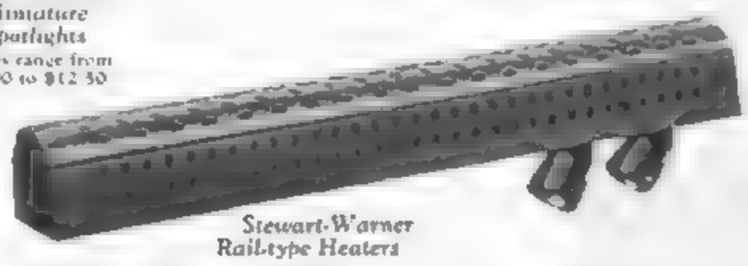


Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers
Per Pair $15.00
West of 100° Meridian $15.50
Pair for Fords $13.50
One front and one Rear
West of 100° Meridian $14.00

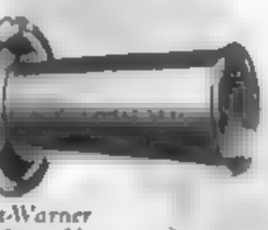
Stewart-Warner Electric Windshield Cleaner
Complete, $8.50
West of 100° Meridian 58.75



Stewart-Warner Miniature Spotlights
Prices range from $9.00 to $12.50

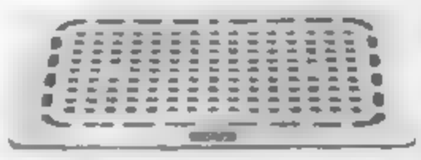


Stewart-Warner Rail-type Heaters
26 in. x 3½ in. $16.50
West of 100° Meridian $18.00
22 in. x 3⅛ in. $16.00
West of 100° Meridian $17.50
Ford Type 22 in. x 3½ in. $15.00
West of 100° Meridian $16.50



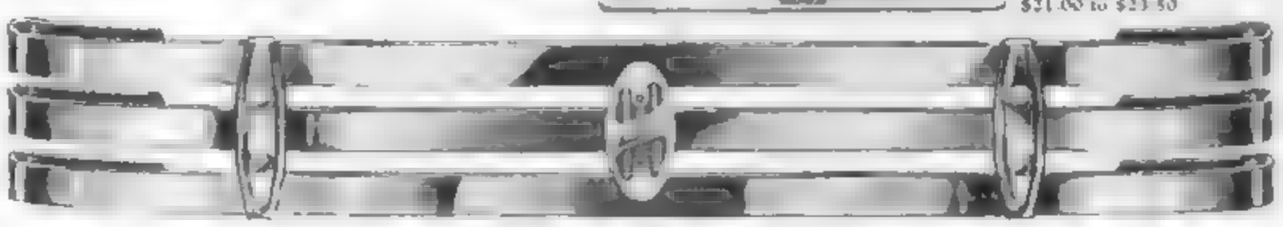
Stewart-Warner Electric Motor Horn
$5.00
West of 100° Meridian, $5.25

Stewart Fender Guards
Black Enameled bars, per pair, $23.00
West of 100° Meridian $26.00
Nickel Plated bars, per pair $25.00
West of 100° Meridian $28.00



Stewart-Warner Floor Heater
Two sizes
$20.00 to $22.00
West of 100° Meridian
$21.00 to $23.50

Stewart Warner Spotlight
For Open or Closed Cars
$4.25

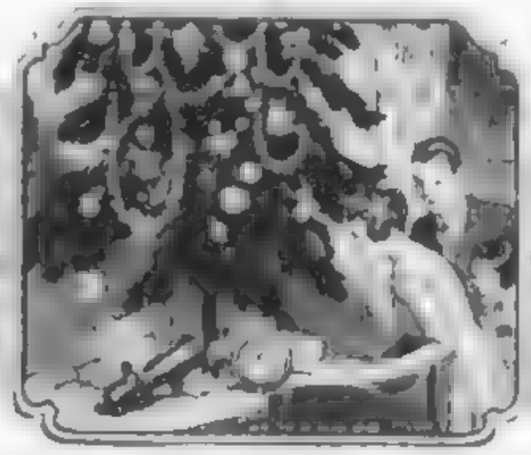


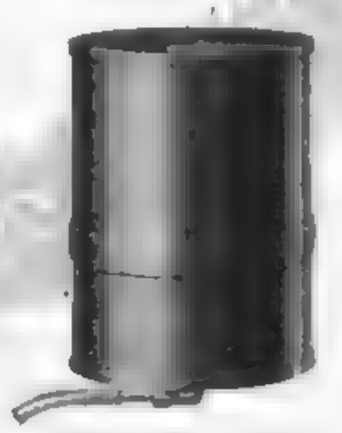
Stewart-Warner Triple Bar Bumpers
Nickel Plated or Black Enameled—Prices range from $22.50 to $37.50
West of 100° Meridian $25.50 to $40.50

Stewart-Warner Double Bar Bumpers
Nickel Plated and Black Enameled—Prices range from $16.00 to $25.00
West of 100° Meridian $18.50 to $28.00

Stewart-Warner Model 277—For Ford, Chevrolet and Overland
Double Bar, Nickel Plated and Black Enameled—Prices range from $10.50 to $14.50
West of 100° Meridian $13.00 to $17.00

Stewart-Warner Speedometer—Special Model for Fords
Colored dials tell when to lubricate
Complete $15.00
West of 100° Meridian $15.50





Stewart-Warner Radiator Condenser
Makes one alcohol solution last entire season, $6.50
West of 100° Meridian $6.75

Do Your Christmas Shopping at Your Automobile or Accessory Dealers

WHAT to give? It is not so mighty a problem if he has a car. Just check the items above with the equipment that he has and you will no doubt find the very article that he wants.

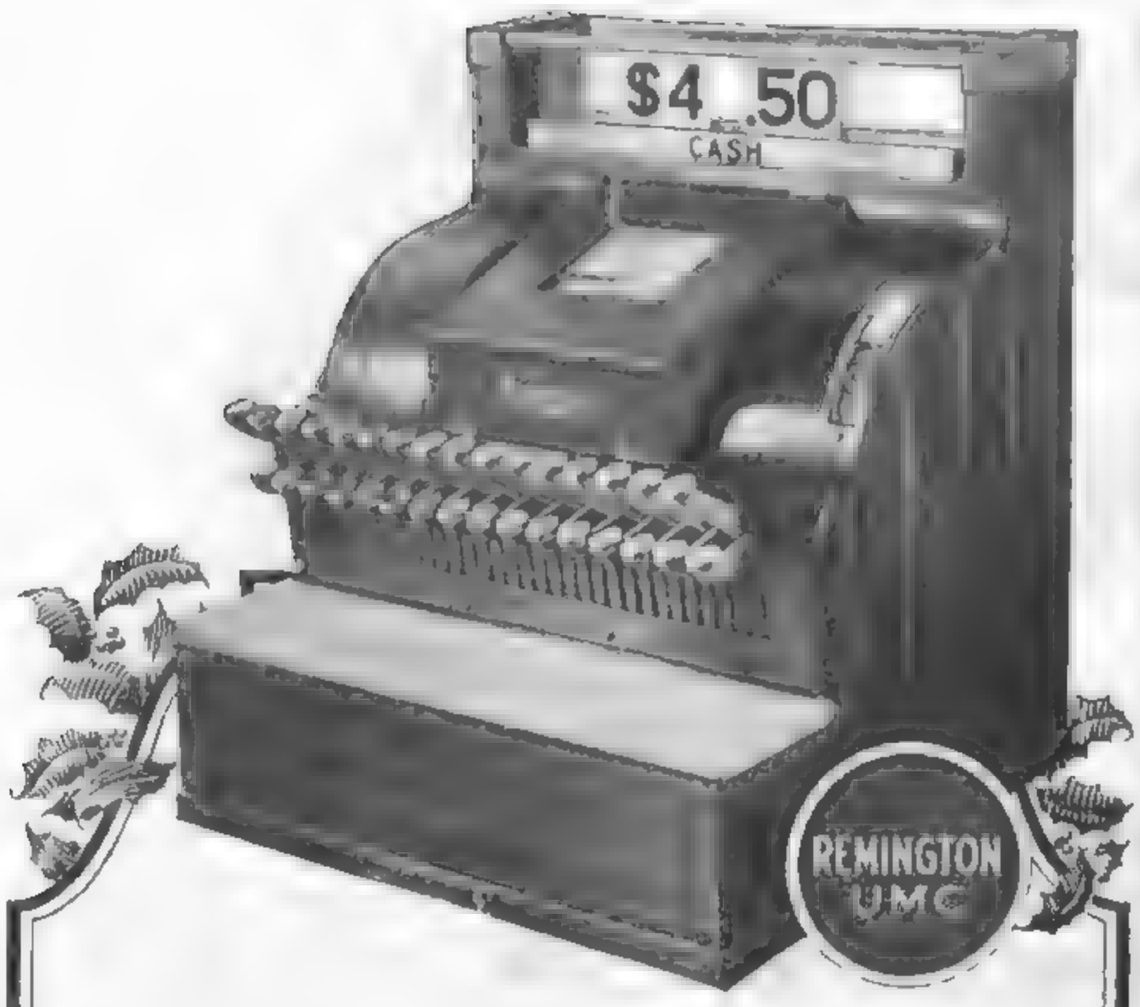
It may be a problem to figure out what personal article one would appreciate, but it is a simple matter to find out just which article is needed on the car. Whether it be your family car or the car of a friend, there is nothing that you can give that will be more highly appreciated—that will live and give more valuable service for years—than one or more of these Stewart-Warner Accessories.

You will find a price range that is suited to every gift requirement. Shopping is also easy, for there are automobile dealers and accessory dealers in all parts of your city. Knowing the high character of Stewart-Warner Accessories, we trust that you will not accept a substitute. Make this an accessory Christmas and it will live for a year rather than just a day.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N • CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart-Warner Accessories

IN USE ON OVER TEN MILLION CARS



Some Merchants Get All of Their Holiday Profits

RETAIL profits mount in the Christmas Season, but the little leaks and losses also mount.

Even the most careful and loyal sales people are bound to make errors when they are hurried and tired.

Merchants who have installed Remington Cash Registers see striking proofs of their good judgment during the holiday rush. Under this unusual press of business the improvements on Remington machines quickly demonstrate their value.

At last here is a machine that will guard an overage just as surely as it reveals a shortage. It prevents the small unconscious errors and the costly ones, too. Makes the store accounting easier and more accurate; gives the proprietor greater control over his business; adds to his profits.

Ask for a demonstration of one of these modern machines embodying Remington's exclusive features. You will learn of unsuspected possibilities in cash register service. Remington offices are located in 85 of the principal cities of the United States and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

Remington Cash Register Co., Inc.
Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, N. Y.
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery

In Canada Remington Cash Register Company of Canada, Ltd
Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. 904 Robson St., Vancouver, B. C

Remington
cash registers

© Int R C R Co

(Continued from Page 60)

"Money," said Adam.

"You make your money and I'll make mine."

"Nobody ever lost anything by listening," said Adam. "Sit down."

It was close to being a command, but Eli, nonplused, obeyed.

"I've been looking into the fern business. There's a big demand for them in the cities. Can market all you can pick. Good prices. Have to carry through the summer in cold storage. Nothing but overhead, though, and the pay of the pickers."

"Say, what you gittin' at?"

"I got the cost figured. Storage won't set you back much. A hundred pickers can make three-four dollars a day through the fern season. They pick and tie in bunches. All you do is store and sell. Make a profit of six-seven thousand by hardly turning a hand."

"Why don't you make it?"

"Will if you don't," said Adam. "I'm busy. You got time. There's a thousand acres of good ferns to be had for the picking."

Eli was lost. He asked a question, and Damaris, behind the door, so far forgot herself as to grin.

"How'm I to pay all them wages—with nothin' comin' in?"

"Legitimate business, isn't it? Bank would finance you."

"Huh!"

"A hundred pickers! Increase the earning capacity of the county. Put money to moving around. More work, more deposits for the bank. . . . Um—my store'll honor orders for wages."

"Um—how d'ye know I kin market——"

"Come in by the light. I'll show you," said Adam.

He left an hour later, but found Damaris waiting on the porch. She halted him.

"Adam!" His hand touched her arm.

"Now don't you worry a mite," he said. "He jest don't like me. . . . Um—do you like me, Damaris?" She nodded. "Considerable?" he asked. She admitted this quantity of liking.

Eli stormed to the door, not placated yet.

"You git to bed, Damaris. I don't aim to have that young feller a-callin' here."

"Don't mind him," she whispered to Adam. "He'll git over it."

"I aim to make him," said Adam placidly. "Good night."

Eli ignored Adam, but Adam expected that. Nevertheless, the old man embarked upon the fern enterprise. He converted the old barn into a cold storage for the fronds, advertised for pickers, and, week by week, increased his loans at the bank to pay wages. Adam made no further reference to the matter. Eli was shrewd. He sold his crop advantageously and commenced to lay plans for another year—plans which would double the business. Adam was content; another local industry had been created.

Foreign money in large sums had come into Westminster from the transaction, a hundred people had earned wages and the town was that much better off.

It was at a meeting just ten months after the new store opened its doors that the loans for the preceding month were read. Eli listened always to these with suspicious ears. He missed from the reading the note of Cosimo's store—the store owned in thirds by Cosimo and his nephew and Adam.

"Why didn't you read the Fox note?" he demanded sourly.

"Hain't no Fox note," said Pliny, "not on this book."

"Eh? How come it to be left off?"

Adam looked up.

"Not left off, Eli. Paid off."

"What's that?"

"Paid off and a good profit laid up besides. Money in doing business like it ought to be done. . . . Um—Eli, how'd you come out in the fern business?"

"Full better'n I hoped." Adam scratched his cheek.

"Made six-seven thousand, didn't you?" He coughed. "Whose advice?"

Eli swallowed, but he was an honest man. "Yourn," he said sullenly.

"You made money, Streeter?" Adam asked.

"More'n any year before."

"How about you, Pliny?"

"We done satisfactory."

"Yes," said Adam, "the hotel's done 25 per cent more. Young Tom's made money with the pictures. All business here's improved, seems as though. Bank did it." There was a silence. "Bank can make a community. We're just starting on this one. Have we lost money by it? Any bad notes?"

"No."

"Deposits increased?"

"We passed the million and a half."

"Um—next year we pass two millions. If we finance makin' money for other folks, we're bound to profit by it. Changed your minds about the purpose of a bank?"

"Calc'late you had it right," said Pliny Butterfield.

Eli grunted. Adam turned to the old man.

"I figure on droppin' in at your house tonight," he said.

Eli swallowed hard. It was not easy for him to admit error or to make amends, but there was something basically right about the old man which compelled him to do justice. He tried to speak twice before he managed to bring out the words.

"Er—better come in time for supper," he said. "Kind of sample Damaris' cookin'."

"Glad to," said Adam.

Manager: "Just One of Our Salesmen Demonstrating the Closed Car"

When Quality Talks Price the News Travels Fast

The New Twentieth Century 4-Door Sedan $1490 Formerly $1995 f. o. b. Cleveland

IT is real news when a motor car of Chandler's prestige announces a $505 reduction in price. It is doubly welcome news when the lower price is coupled with increased quality.

The story of the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan is traveling as on wings. It is an ideal development in better body-building—a richer, smarter, roomier 4-door Sedan *priced less than a 2-door coach.*

You know, and everybody knows, that a *real* Sedan with four doors and unabbreviated length is the most convenient, most comfortable, most logical type of modern closed car.

This one has character, poise, distinction—a body of consummate beauty. It has balance, buoyance, real backbone—a chassis refined to perfection. It has, besides, the life, the liveliness, the stamina of Chandler's famed Pikes Peak Motor—which recently broke all records in the annual race up the dizzy slope of Pikes Peak, 14,109 feet high.

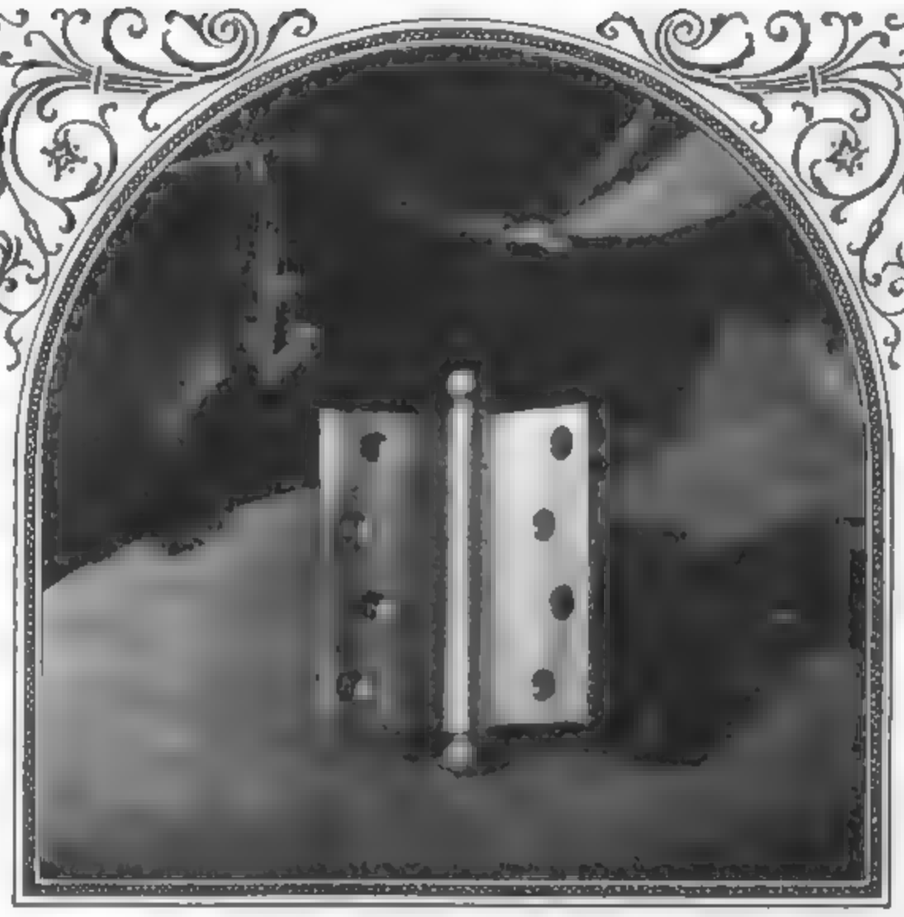
Quality is *complete*—from broadcloth upholstery to Duco finish and balloon tires. Conveniences range from a clear-vision wind shield with automatic cleaner to a gasoline gauge right before your eyes on the instrument board. Four-wheel brakes are optional at a slight extra cost.

Side by side in the limelight with the new Twentieth Century Sedan are the other new Chandler models: The Metropolitan Sedan De Luxe, now $1795, and the Seven-Passenger Sedan, now $1895, are both reduced $400. The Brougham, now $1695, is reduced $350. Open models are reduced $100 to $140. Prices f. o. b. Cleveland.

If you know big value when you see it, look at Chandler. Compare!

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND. Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER



OLD IRON

—a new McKinney finish, echoing the dull, mellow richness of aging metal

THE FASCINATING PLAY of subdued blue-black lights on old armor; the burnished age-old glint flashing from the blade of a Damascus sword; the baffling depth of light and shade on gleaming hand-wrought metal—your memory turns to these at first sight of this new and exclusive "Old Iron" finish.

With Old Iron, Dull Rubbed Bronze, Satin Silver and more than forty other exclusive finishes, McKinney has, without increasing cost, lifted the hinge from the class of hardware to an artistic ornament taking important place in the decorative scheme of every tastefully finished home.

At once the pleasing results of an early and careful choice of the proper McKinney style and finish become apparent. If your wood trim is to be of Flemish, Weathered or Mission Oak, Old Iron finish provides a final touch of harmony. For White Enamel, Satin Silver or Dull Nickel suggest themselves—and so on, for all possible decorative plans. The professional skill of your architect or builder will prove helpful in selection.

Make your decision carefully. Practically all merchants carrying Builders' Hardware have McKinney Hinges, and will be glad to aid in your choice.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid you in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

McKINNEY HINGES

A CHILD'S PRAYERS

By Mary Dixon Thayer

Drawn By S. Pallen Gilman

Wisdom

I KNOW wherever I may be
That God is looking down at me.
I know He made the earth and sky,
And that the stars come spinning by
Just like big tops—He makes them go
Like that—oh, yes! And then I know
That really nothing is too small
For God to love—I know that all
The flowers on the hills are dear
To Him as stars, and that down here
Upon the world if I am bad -
Why, even I can make God sad!

Learning

WHEN You were little, God, I know
You never, never did
What wasn't nice, or anything
Your Mother might forbid.

When You were little, God, I know
You didn't hide, or cry
When bedtime came—and oh, I know
You never told a lie!

When You were little, God, I know
If other little boys
Arrived to play, and took away
Or broke Your finest toys—

You didn't call them names and wish
They hadn't came at all.
Oh, won't You show me how to be
Like You when You were small?

Afterwards

WHEN the "Our Father" I have said,
And Mother tucks me into bed,
And kisses me, and calls "Good night!
God bless you!" and turns out the light,

Why, then I lie awake and say
Another prayer a different way.
I talk to God, and angels keep
Their wings around me till I sleep.

I talk to God, and tell Him things
All in between the angels' wings,
And God leans down, and says "I know!
I understand! I love you so!"

Gratitude

HOW nice it is, dear God, to know
That You make all the flowers grow!

How nice it is to stop and think
You made the spring from which I drink!

How nice it is to know that You
Painted the sky that lovely blue!

How nice it is to know You fill
The night with stars and always will!

But oh, how nice to know You made
Me too! Sometimes I am afraid
I do not thank You as I should—
You are so wise, dear God, and good!

Thanksgiving

I WANT to thank You first of all,
Dear God, for making me,
Because if I had not been made—
Goodness! Where would I be?

And then I want to thank You, God,
For my dearest Mother—
Oh, I'm glad I have her, God,
Instead of another!

And then I want to thank You for
My father and the boys,
And for my sisters, too, and for
Our house and all our toys!

And, God, I want to thank You for
The lovely, lovely sky,
And for the clouds that way, way up
Above the world go by!

And, God, I want to thank You for
The woods where we can play,
And for the moon and stars by night,
And for the sun by day!

And, God, I want to thank You for
The daisy fields, and hills
Made to coast down in wintertime
And have the finest spills!

And, God, I want to thank You for
All sorts of little things—
Like curly stems of dandelions,
And pebbles, and the wings

Of butterflies, and icicles,
And leaves, and bugs that pass—
Oh, and for diamonds that I find
Each morning in the grass!

But, God, there are a million things
To thank You for, I know,
I haven't thought of half of them
For instance, there is snow. . . .

But, God, I don't believe I can
Remember all that I
Have got to thank You for, and so
I don't believe I'll try.

But, God -You know the way I feel—
I mean, I love You, and -
Oh, thank You just for everything!
There! Now You understand!

The Answer

WHY do You hide from us, dear God?
I often wish that I
Could see You now, and did not have
To wait until I die.

But oh, I know the reason that
You hide from us is clear-
You are too beautiful, dear God,
For us to see You here.

The Most Talked-About Fine Car in America Today

The best-looking, the easiest-riding, the fastest over the road—these are the Franklin features causing the widespread comment and the increasing sales. People have found that no one else builds a car with so much comfort, economy and freedom from trouble as Franklin. One ride never fails to show the difference. Back of it all is the greatest step ever taken to simplify the motor car and multiply its usefulness—Franklin's copper-radiation air-cooling. This does away with plumbing, rigidity and excess weight. And gives, instead, Franklin care-free cooling, flexibility and light weight—a car you can use all the time with safety, regardless of road or weather conditions. Powerful, fully equipped, stylish in every detail. There is nothing quite like the Franklin.

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FRANKLIN

SHAVING CREAM TALC FOR MEN SKIN BALM LATHER BRUSH

A wonderful gift-box at a wonderful price

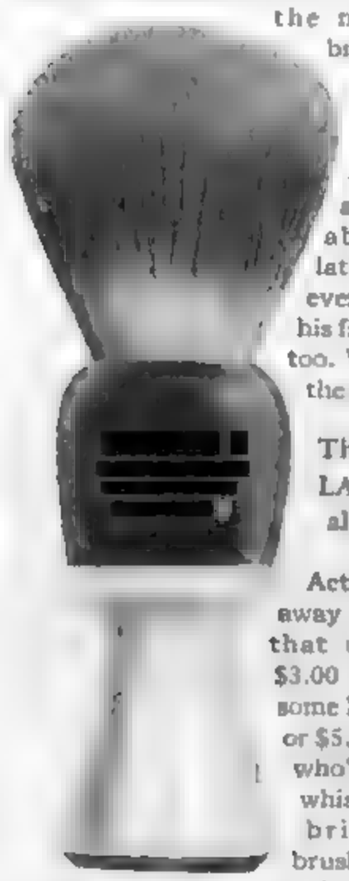
FEATURING

The new Mennen Lather Brush

You know what they always say: "I *never* know what to give a man for Christmas!"

Well, here's an attractive-looking Gift-Box that will thrill *any* man—and go easy on your pocket-book at the same time. The last word in shaving comfort and satisfaction!

Let me tell you first about the new Mennen Lather Brush, because that's the great kick in the package. It's a real beauty. Ultra-quality. Made specially for us with some new kinks of manufacture hitherto found in only the most expensive brushes.



Soft and silky feeling, yet stands up and does its work like a grenadier. Just about the finest lather builder a man ever rotated against his face. Guaranteed, too. We make good if the brush doesn't.

This Mennen LATHER BRUSH alone is worth $3

Actually, it's far and away better than those that usually sell for $3.00 and as good as some I've tried at $4.00 or $5.00. For any man who's using an old whisp of discouraged bristles or some brush of a cheaper variety, it's going to make his Christmas morning shave—and all succeeding—feel like a million dollars.

Then, besides the brush, in the box, there's a fine tube of everybody's favorite—Mennen Shaving Cream; a tube of Mennen Skin Balm—a refreshing after-shave treat; and a can of Mennen Talcum-for-Men—protects the skin, doesn't show. All old friends that every user will appreciate. And to first-timers, they'll come as a revelation.

The Company lets me make this special $2.25 offer in order to win new friends. And between you and me, it's going big. So if I were you, I'd stock up for all my Christmas gift needs *now*, before the druggist says, "All sold out."

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

KEEPING TIME

(Continued from Page 46)

require different treatment. The tuner, the adjuster, the bridge-and-sound-post expert, the reed maker, the mandrel maker—are the ones called in when the piano, organ, violin, wood wind or brass requires tuning. When the balance of life is lost and its chords jangle out of tune, adjuster, expert and tuner do little good. Like a tired child, man must turn back to mother—Mother Nature—living much in her companionship until he becomes a part of her eternal symphony. There is strength in the hills; there is solace in the plain; there is companionship in the forest; while infinite skies and the majesty of ocean are ever suggestive of spiritual immortality. Sweet music murmurs ceaselessly in the faint breath of calm, and rich in harmony is the weird roar of storm. From spring's overture to winter's dirge the motif ever varies, and always the wide range of Nature is rich in melody.

My father died on April 27, 1892, at the age of sixty-eight. I was giving a concert in Duluth. At the end of the concert my manager came back holding aloft a telegram while I was still on the stage bowing. When I finally left, the curtain was lowered and the telegram handed me. It was from my brother. It read: "Father died this morning. Mother insists you continue your concerts and not disappoint the public. Will have funeral postponed until your return." He was a grand man.

My mother died August 23, 1908, when she was eighty-three years old. She was brave and fearless, and her simple faith in goodness was beautiful. During wartimes when father was off with the Marines and we little ones would be preparing our lessons for the next day at school, some soldier, either drunk or capricious, would walk into the house. Mother would go up, promptly take him by the arm and lead him to the door with a warning to keep out. Then she would gather all of us about her and say a prayer for our safety. She was a wonderful woman. She gave birth to ten children and lived her life for them and her husband. I sadly fear I was her favorite.

Classics for the Masses

In an account of her death, the Philadelphia Press said, in an interview with me:

"I am glad my mother was spared to me for so long, and up to three weeks before her death she never had a day's sickness. It is to her I owe my faith in mankind. She always had a good word for everybody and could not see the wrong things in this world. She came to hear my band only once, and that made her so nervous that she never went again, declaring at that time she knew what I could do and that letting her hear about my music always satisfied her. When I was but a small boy I used to write little tunes and stand her in a corner and play them to her on my violin. She was not musical, but she always encouraged me by saying that they were beautiful."

We played our usual season at the Pittsburgh Exposition, going from there to the Food Fair in Boston, where I produced The Fairest of the Fair march.

On November fifteenth there appeared a symposium by Madame Chaminade and myself on music. The Sunday editor of the New York Herald had conceived the idea of bringing together a European and American point of view to bear on matters of more or less interest. Mr. Frank A. Munsey and Lord Northcliffe gave their opinions of the periodic magazine from the standpoint of their respective countries; Messrs. Guggenheim and Zangwill elaborated on the Jewish question, and other subjects were discussed by prominent people.

Madame Chaminade, a French composer, and myself were brought together to talk music. Mr. Cleveland Moffett, editor of the Sunday Herald, was the questioner; Mr. Rupert Hughes, the well-known writer, was the recorder. Then there was the inevitable photographer.

Notwithstanding the credo of certain people, "popular" does not necessarily mean "vulgar" or "ephemeral" music. In London once a friend told me that a certain conductor had sneered at my efforts and said, "He gets the mob because he plays nothing but marches." Now marches are a very small part of my program. There is never more than one on the program. If the audience get others, it is because they demand them as encores. Madame Chaminade asked me how I met this conductor's criticism.

"By sending word to him that I would give a concert in London that would consist only of compositions of the so-called classic writers, and I felt confident it would be the largest in point of receipts given in my season," I replied.

"What was the program?" asked the lady.

"Miss Maud Powell played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the most popular of all violin literature; Miss Estelle Liebling sang Mozart's fascinating Batti-Batti from Don Giovanni; the band played Handel's Largo, Bach's Loure, Haydn's Surprise Symphony, Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, Schumann's Träumerei, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Those, I maintain, are among the most popular compositions ever written, and every one is from the pen of a great composer, whom the sneering critic would call a classic writer. I didn't even include an opera composer like Wagner."

What Is Popular Music

Madame Chaminade was asked, "Would you agree that these eight names stand for the greatest in music?"

The answer was, "Yes, yes."

What I desire to impress and try to prove is that popular music is not a question of writing down to the masses. The noblest compositions have been popular at their best, in spite of themselves.

Probably there is no term more abused and so often mistaken in its real meaning than "popular music." To the average mind, especially the average professional mind, popular music is banal and vulgar in conception and commonplace in treatment. That is an absolutely incorrect contention. If we take the music that has been performed the oftenest, we find in every instance that the most meritorious and inspired works, whether based on complex or simple lines, have survived the longest. There certainly is no composition in the world today that has enjoyed greater vogue and popularity among the widest range of listeners of the past twenty-five years, from the technical musician to the uneducated and merely sympathetic auditor, than the Tannhäuser Overture. It is a debatable question among musicians whether the William Tell Overture is not the best thing Rossini wrote, yet none can deny that this work enjoys the greatest popularity of any of the Italian composer's writings. For spontaneity, brilliancy and melodic charm most people will agree that the Poet and Peasant Overture is the master work of Von Suppe, and that composition has been thrummed and hammered, scraped, twanged and blown lo, these many years. Some melody, happening to catch the fancy of the public, becomes momentarily popular, but unless it bears the absolute signs of genius it soon palls on the ear and sinks into oblivion.

I was asked, "What makes a composition popular?"

"Inspiration. The power that forces the inspiration out of you and me also prepares the world for it. Anybody can write music of a sort. But touching the great public heart is another thing. My religion is my composition. Nobody can rob me of what I have done.

"My success is not due to any personal superiority to other people. But sometimes some power helps me and sends me a musical idea, and that power helps the public to lay hold of my meaning. It doesn't happen all the time by any means, and I know when a composition lacks inspiration. I can almost always write music. At any hour of the twenty-four, if I put pencil to paper, something comes. But twenty-four hours later I usually destroy it. For years I have been able to wear the same-sized hat."

Of all sports, there is none that appeals to me like clay-bird shooting. I have been for a great number of years opposed to live-pigeon shooting, for I feel it's a wanton destruction of a domestic bird parading under the head of sport. I have not indulged in it since early childhood. Some of my scores in the clay-pigeon contests are very good. In Augusta, Georgia, one season, I led the field, both professionals and amateurs, breaking 98 out of 100. That is my best score, although one year I shot so consistently that my average for at least 15,000 clay birds was 90 per cent. I have always been fond of the trap shooters and am proud to name many of them friends of mine. They are clean sportsmen and always ready to applaud the winner in a contest.

Clay pigeon or trap shooting is comparatively a new sport in America. Like golf, it appeals to all ages and all strata of society. On the golf course at Hot Springs, Virginia, I have seen the multimillionaire Rockefeller wait while John Jones drove off the tee, and John Jones is a ribbon clerk at twenty a week. John Jones and his bride are honeymooning at the Springs, spending three days and six months' savings at the same time. For the time being, millionaire, savant, ribbon clerk and wage earner are members of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Golfers. So with trap shooting. In a state shoot one year a squad of five consisted of one famous baseball pitcher, one equally famous divine, one well-known financier, one hard-working carpenter and yours truly. True democracy that, and much to be commended! None of us had ever met before; but all—clergyman and athlete, carpenter, banker and musician—worked like Trojans to give the squad a distinction as a topnotcher. Like love, trap shooting levels all ranks. We had been squadded by the handicap committee, and our status as marksmen was at stake.

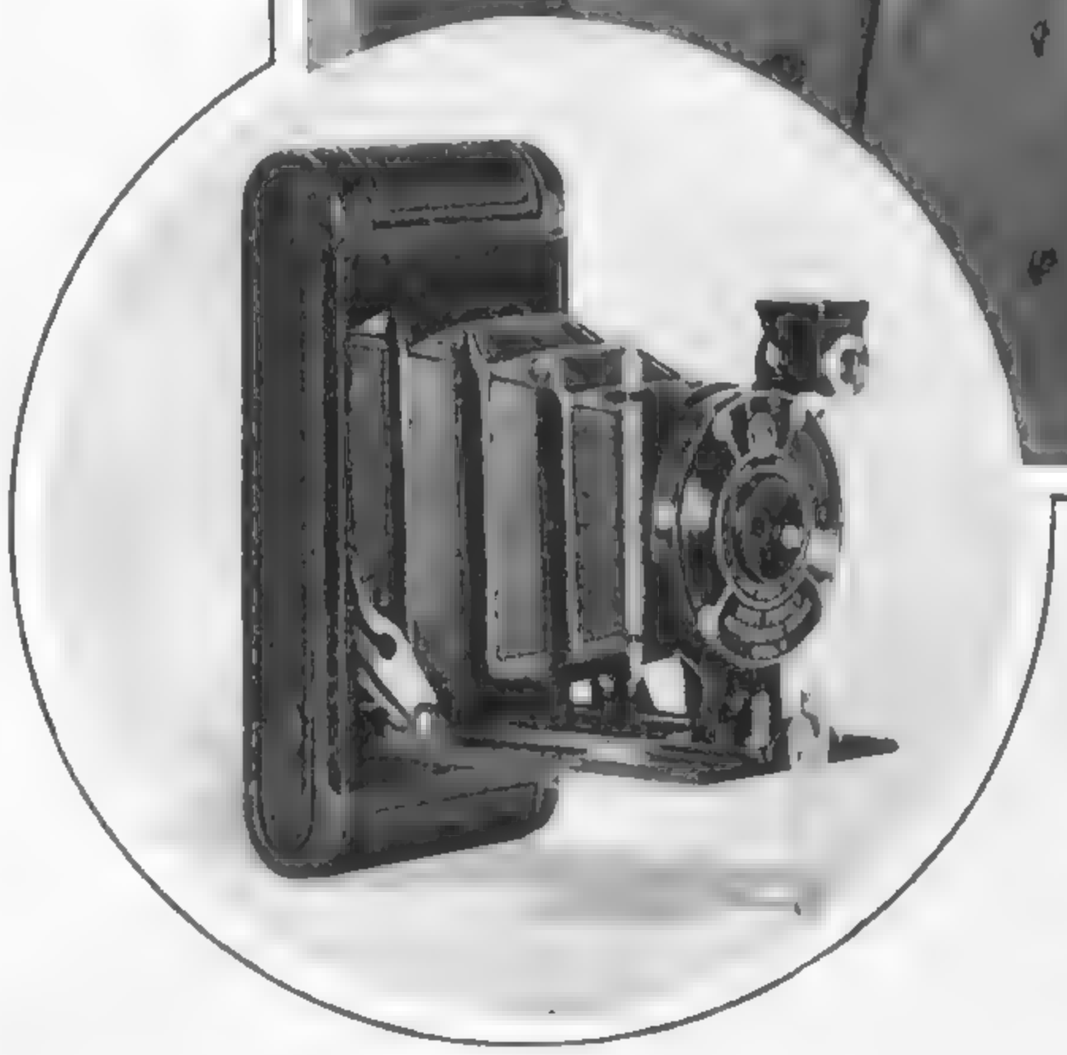
The Joys of Trap Shooting

With the public arrayed against the killing of live birds at the traps, with many of the states enacting laws prohibiting the trapping and shooting of pigeons, the interest in the clay birds has increased enormously. At the present time every town has its trap-shooting club; every university, college and athletic association its gun team. Each shotgun factory, powder mill, shell-loading or kindred interest has its corps of professional shooters, whose duty it is to appear at various tournaments, giving exhibitions of their skill as marksmen and incidentally proving the worth of the goods manufactured by the firms they represent.

The great charm of trap shooting is that you can't bribe, buy, cajole or implore anyone to do it for you. It is your game first, last and all the time. In field shooting, water-fowl shooting, in fact in every form of live-bird shooting, there is an element of chance in which luck plays an important part. The conditions of the sport are so evenly distributed in trap shooting that, everything else being equal, it is up to you and you alone to make good. In a well-conducted tournament the variations of light, wind and temperature very rarely work to the injury of the individual shooter.

One November we were in Atlanta giving concerts. The warden and the clergyman attached to the Federal prison wrote asking if it wouldn't be possible for me to

(Continued on Page 68)



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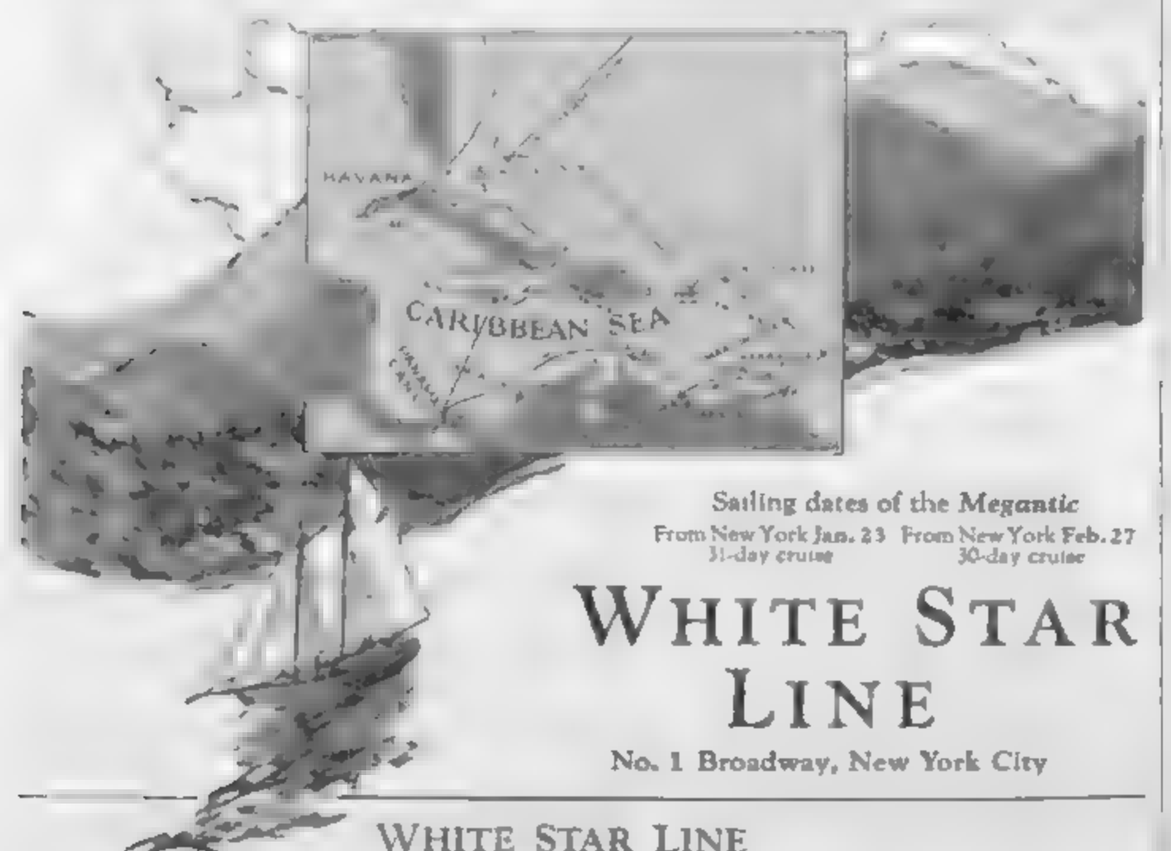

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(Continued from Page 66)

bring my band to the penitentiary and give a concert for the prisoners. The band to a man volunteered and we gave the concert in a very large hall, the white prisoners marching in and taking the rows of seats on the left, the colored ones on the right.

One of the attachés stood by me as they marched in, and finally pointed out a young man, not more than thirty, handsome, with a devil-may-care expression.

The attaché said: "Notice that man. He's a bad one. He was sent here from one of the territories after his sentence had been commuted from hanging to life imprisonment. In little more than a year he was pardoned; within a few months he nearly killed another man, was tried and sentenced to twenty years, and came here. In a year he was pardoned again and went back. In six months he had killed another man, was tried and sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and here he is, and, I trust, will remain."

The man interested me. When we played the first number the applause was deafening; but he sat with folded arms, absolutely impassive, and remained so. When Miss Root, the vocalist, sang he never wavered an eyelash. I thought a pretty girl, singing beautifully, would arouse some interest in him; but there wasn't a sign. As we reached the close of our program I played The Stars and Stripes Forever. At the first measures he began to straighten up, and as the last notes died away he began to applaud as loudly as anyone in the place. He was a study, and I made up my mind that the one redeeming trait in his character was that he had a deep feeling of patriotic fervor. Notwithstanding his evil life, he probably would have died for his country.

Having made a contract to appear ten weeks at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, we left New York early in April, 1915, for the Pacific Coast, giving concerts as we crossed the continent.

Short-Lived Official Marches

We gave a number of concerts with the bands at the exposition combined—Conway's, Cassassa's and mine—and the combination attracted huge audiences. Monsieur Charles Camille Saint-Saëns, the great French composer, wrote the official musical composition for the exposition. On June twentieth it was given its initial performance. It was written for orchestra, band and organ.

It's a strange thing about official music for expositions and world's fairs. Wagner wrote the official march for the Centennial. Although he was helped by no less a conductor than Theodore Thomas, the Wagner march died before the exposition closed. I have had the honor to play a number of official marches, including Monsieur Saint-Saëns', but with the single exception of King Cotton, the official march of the Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta, all of them fell into innocuous desuetude. King Cotton is still a great favorite.

Saint-Saëns and myself became good friends. We would wander about the grounds. He was a little fellow and seemed to have an extra eye for woman and her beauty. Slender or slim beauty did not seem to make much impression on him, but when one with territorial expansion hove in view, he would nudge me, calling my attention to the "beaming beauty"; and the greater the beam the greater his delight.

While we were on the Pacific Coast the Music Teachers' Association of California adopted a resolution petitioning Congress to make The Stars and Stripes Forever and Dixie the official airs of the United States. The idea does not appeal to me. Congress can do many things, but it can't make people sing what they don't want to sing. If The Stars and Stripes Forever ever becomes a national air it will be because the people want it and not because Congress wills it.

We left San Francisco late in July, toured east to Willow Grove, and from there to the Pittsburgh Exposition, and from there to the Hippodrome, where we opened late in September. I wrote the New York Hippodrome March for these performances, and it is now in the repertoire of every band in the country. During the season we gave Sunday-night concerts in which we had, in conjunction with the band, most of the leading artists before the public at that time.

As these artists appeared at the concerts some of them met with great success. The night that Miss Emmy Destinn walked briskly on the stage at the end of her second encore, very suddenly she clasped me about the shoulder and gave me a most hearty but surprising kiss. As the unexpected always makes a hit, the audience yelled and applauded. After that every good-natured prima donna would bestow a chaste salutation on the blushing conductor; even the doll-like little Japanese prima donna, Miss Tamaka Miura, reached up for me and managed just about to reach my collar. It bore the gentle brunt of her osculatory exhibition.

Music at the Naval Station

On May 20, 1917, I received a telegram from Mr. John Alden Carpenter, a friend of mine and a famous composer. It said:

"The naval station has an undeveloped band which needs the inspiration of a master hand to start it on the right track. Could you come here, if only for a few days, to start the work and bring with you a bandmaster of the right personality to continue the instructions? I realize how much I ask and know your enthusiasm for the cause."

I left as soon as I could arrange my affairs, met Mr. Carpenter in Chicago, and we went to the naval station at Great Lakes. I was introduced to the commandant, now admiral, then Captain Moffett. He had the band appear on the parade ground. They probably numbered seventy-five men, mostly young fellows. They played a march or two and went back to their quarters. The admiral invited me to lunch. Before lunch was over he spoke of his plan and the necessity of good music for the Navy, and said, "You, Sousa, know the game better than any man in the country, with all your years with the Marines, your knowledge of discipline and how to handle men. I don't know where to look if you fail me."

"I won't fail you," I answered. "I'll join. I'm past sixty-two, but I'm a healthy lot."

"When will you join?"

"Right away," I answered.

I returned to Chicago, telegraphed home my intention and was sworn in as a lieutenant to take charge of the music. I had explained to the commandant that I had some dates contracted for that would have to be filled. He agreed, and I remained at the station several days getting things in shape for the time when I returned. I told the commandant, until I came to stay, I desired to be placed on the one-dollar-a-month basis. So I did not go on the active list until a few months later. He agreed, and I celebrated my new position with a verse that met with many printings throughout the land:

I joined the reserves on the last day of May,
I gave up my band and a thousand a day.
A dollar a month is my government pay.
My God, how the money rolls in!

During the entire time I was in the Navy, from May, 1917, to March, 1919, I learned to love and admire Admiral Moffett. Every man who had the honor to serve with him loved him. His hours of work were all hours. He asked no man to do more than he did himself. His executive ability was second to that of no man I have ever met. Though he was a great disciplinarian, there was nothing that ever suggested the martinet. We who served with him believed him one of the greatest men in the service of our country, and my opinion has never changed.

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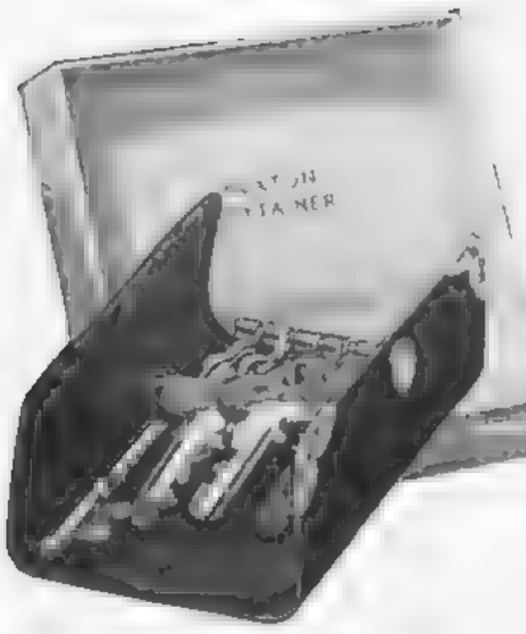


No. 039-6F. Fine pin seal, calf-lined. 14K solid green-gold-filled book construction. 14K solid green-gold button and corners. 6 books—room for 12 keys. Satin-lined gift box $10.50. Other pin seal models from $2.50 to $12.25.

Attractive, useful, compact—the De Luxe Keytainer makes just the right gift

Nat. 029-2F and 029-6F. Most car owners need 2 Keytainers—the little one for car keys. This pair—rich, pin seal, 14K solid green-gold buttons, gold-filled book construction. In satin-lined gift box. The pair $13.00. Other sets from $2.00 up.

Both gave the same gift . . .

Just what both wanted

FASHIONED by hand from rich leather—the Buxton Keytainer is an exquisite gift for man or woman.

In this luxurious setting, all your keys are folded together in a case as trim as your wallet.

Soft leather covers their jagged edges, steel swivel hooks hold them secure and safe. Worn pockets—ruined handbags—become a thing of the past.

Instead of a tangled mass of sharp metal, burdensome and uncomfortable in your pocket, your keys lie flat, with each important key arranged in order on its swivel hook. They are together—at your finger-tips—ready when you want them.

With a Buxton you remove all danger to your clothing and handbags. And you gain perfect organization of your keys.

Every particular man, every fastidious woman will appreciate the convenience, the security of this gift.

And now—keys are hard to lose. To safeguard you doubly there is the famous Buxton Key Return Service.

Only Buxton knows to whom a lost Keytainer belongs. To him the finder mails it. He rewards the finder and sends you your missing keys—all without charge to you.

* *

Leading jewelers, department, leather goods, stationery stores, etc., carry Buxton Keytainers. A wide assortment from $1.00 up. A gift variety at around $5.00.

Drop in and examine them or write for the "Book of Buxton Keytainers"—to BUXTON, INC., 893 Main St., Springfield, Mass., or 844 Marbridge Building, New York City, or the Canadian Distributors, The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

KEY RETURN SERVICE

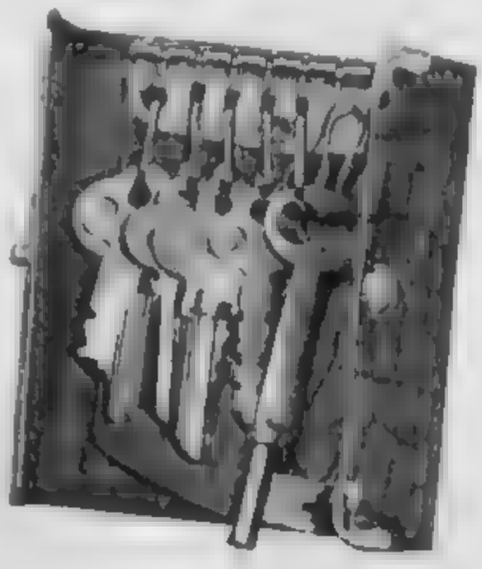
These two cards carry the same number. One you fill out with your name and mail to Buxton. The other, *without your name* but bearing your number, stays in the Keytainer and offers a reward to finder for return

No. 05-4P. A smart Purse Keytainer of rich pin morocco. Carries your pocket-money together with your keys. 4 books—room for 8 keys. Beautifully lined. $3.00. Other Keytainer models and sizes $1.50 to $3.50.

No. 0210-4F. Velvet calf—full calf-lined with 14K gold-filled book construction. 14K solid gold button, satin-lined gift box. $5.75. Other velvet calf models $2.00 to $11.25.

No. 02-6. Sturdy, beautifully finished cowhide. Black or brown. 6 swivel books—room enough for 12 keys. A great value at $1.00. Other cowhide models from 40c to $1.50.

No. 037-8. Fine alligator calf, grey or brown. 14K solid gold mountings, gold-plated books. 8 books—room for 16 keys. $8.00. Other alligator calf models from $1.50 to $11.25.



BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 68)

In a month we had more than 600 enlistments for the band. They were getting cumbersome to handle. The commandant and I were invited to a banquet at the Chicago Club. Coming back in the trolley placed at our disposal, I said: "Commandant, the musical forces have become an unruly mob and I have a plan to propose if it meets your approval. I propose to form a band battalion of 350, with military commander, musical director, surgeon, master-at-arms and petty officers. After that I propose to organize, as enlistments warrant, bands to consist of double-battleship units of the Delaware type and assign one to each regiment at the station. Will you kindly issue an order for me to do it?"

"Order be hanged!" he said. "You're the musical director. Do it. If it doesn't work you'll know it."

Next day I sent for the senior bandmaster, had him bring a list of all the musicians at the station, their rating, ability and age, and formed a battalion which became my special work while the war continued. We had from first to last about 3500 musicians. My system had an advantage in this way: If we received a telegram from the department, or a letter or dispatch, to send a band to a ship or to a station, I could send an organized whole; men who knew one another and had a repertoire and had played together.

Playing for Roosevelt

I remember we got a request from Admiral Mayo, commander of the Atlantic Fleet, for a band for his flagship, the Pennsylvania. The commandant sent for me, read the telegram and said, "Let's send Admiral Mayo the best band we can." There was a bright young bandmaster at the station named V. D. Grabel. I suggested Grabel and his band be sent to Admiral Mayo. They were, and later when I was ordered to the Pennsylvania, dining with the admiral, he said, "Sousa, you gave me a great surprise when you sent me a band. They reported at six o'clock and gave a concert at seven, which was never heard of before in either the Army or the Navy."

The first engagement of the battalion was an order to proceed to Kansas City and take part in Old Glory Week, the week of September twenty-second. We gave a concert in Electric Park. Among the thousands present was Colonel Roosevelt, who sat with his family near the band stand. I went to him and asked if there was anything special he would like to hear.

He immediately replied, "It would make me very happy if you would play Garry Owen."

We played it and he applauded most enthusiastically.

On our return to Great Lakes I received a letter from Mr. Henry P. Davison asking if the Red Cross could have the band for a drive in New York. I wrote advising that he take the matter up with Admiral Moffett. At the conclusion of the correspondence we were ordered to New York by the department to take part in the Red Cross drive and the Rosemary Pageant at Huntington, give a concert at Carnegie Hall, then proceed to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and return to New York for a concert at the Hippodrome.

The band battalion was composed of young men from eighteen to twenty-five in years, many of them belonging to college bands and small-town bands of the West and Southwest. They were a bright lot and filled with enthusiasm. I used great care in the selection of the music to be played—everything to be bright and within the comprehension and execution of the band; nothing of a somber character except a ballad or two. I selected the most effective street marches. Such stand-bys as The Thunderer, The National Emblem, Semper Fidelis, Washington Post, High School Cadets, and others were used. The drum major, a handsome sailor named Micheaux Tennant, was an excellent drillmaster, and the boys marched with an unusually fast step.

When we went to Philadelphia we were rendezvoused in front of the Union League Club, on Broad Street. An old Civil War general came out of the club and began to inspect each file of the band. We were at rigid attention.

He came up to me and said, "Sousa, you've got a remarkable lot of men."

"Yes, sir, I think so," was my reply.

He continued, "I have inspected every file of the 300 or more men you have and there isn't a belly in the band!"

I thanked him again.

After Philadelphia we went to Baltimore for the First Liberty Loan drive. Patriotic Baltimore responded beautifully. The banks had all named the amount of their subscriptions before we arrived, but when we gave our concerts in the Fifth Regiment Armory, with thousands of people present, I would have a man with a megaphone state to the public, "If somebody will subscribe $100,000, the band will play Dixie." We'd get that $100,000 in a few minutes. Then I'd have the megaphone man say, "If somebody will subscribe $200,000, the band will play Maryland, My Maryland," and the subscription would be forthcoming.

After Baltimore we went to Washington for a Liberty Loan drive there. My home town was good to me. It was a refutation of the old saying that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.

We returned to Great Lakes, then were ordered to Milwaukee, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and other cities. I believe we were the strongest card in the country to get subscribers for the various objects that required money. The millions that were subscribed for Liberty Loans; the money given for Red Cross drives and naval relief, and other things, must have amounted to billions. Even in little affairs, where we were after $50, $100 or $200 at a time, some sailor lad would hold up my twenty-cent baton and ask what he was offered for it. If somebody bid only $50, he would say, "This is a money affair. Can't do anything like that for $50," and he would work it up sometimes to $300 or $400.

The week of the seventh of November we were, at the request of the Canadian Government, ordered to report to a committee at Toronto, Canada, for duty in connection with a Victory Loan campaign. We proceeded to Toronto, paraded, gave concerts, did everything possible to help the cause, and in a few days the Armistice came. Such a night probably was never experienced in the history of civilization. I didn't sleep, and I don't think anyone else did, although I sadly needed it. I caught influenza, and my right ear was giving me a terrible lot of trouble. I had three operations on it, to have abscesses cut out, by a wonderful surgeon in Toronto. But what was a little thing like an abscess to the thought that the war was over?

Talent Lost Through Doubling

The men and women who usually buy season tickets for symphonic concerts no doubt prefer that form of musical pabulum to any other. It has one thing in its favor: The symphonic orchestra is the same everywhere, be it Budapest or London, Paris, Madrid or New York; the same instruments and the same literature are used. And, as a rule, the higher the guaranty or the subsidy, the oftener are played one-time compositions—the kind played only once—music that depends entirely upon color and having little or nothing at all of melodic beauty. One of the sad things to these men and women is the fact that every addition the symphony orchestra has made from the time of Haydn to today, with the single exception of the harp, has been a wind instrument. Sometimes excellent judgment is used by the symphonic authorities when their orchestras enlarge from 60 to 70 or 80 or 90 or 100 players, to increase almost entirely in the string department and to leave the wood wind and brass no more for 100 men than you would for 60 or 70. This idea of having four oboes for two parts gives the extra players more opportunity to think of home cooking than to create any particular desire to play. Two parts for two players seems to me to be correct. But a good deal of talent is lost in doubling the men for each part. It is apt to place it in that category where one lazy man and one diligent were called upon to lift a fat woman who had suddenly fainted. The lazy man said to the diligent man, "You lift while I groan."

The first of the classic orchestras dating from Haydn consisted of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, tympani and the strings. The additions today used by the moderns are piccolos, English horns, contrabassoons, hecklephones, saxophones, cornets, an array of French horns, trombones, tubas, euphoniums and Sousaphones. The publishers, in issuing new orchestral compositions, publish these parts and know that players will be found for them. That is where the symphonic orchestra has an advantage over the wood-wind band. No two nations have the same instrumentation for a wood-wind band. It seems as if some committee got together and decided what should be the instrumentation of an army band, and the civilian bands adopted the same instruments. In the case of the Garde Républicaine, they have a greater variety in wood wind than the German bands. The German bands have plenty of brass, which makes them desirable for outdoor playing.

Programs at Home and Abroad

Gilmore's Band went to Europe in 1878. Gilmore was a splendid organizer and had equipped his band the nearest to musical perfection and artistic possibilities of any known organization of that day. His band numbered about sixty-six people. As compared to my organization they were divided as follows:

Gilmore—1878	Sousa—1924
2 Piccolos	6 Flutes
2 Flutes	2 Oboes
2 Oboes	1 English horn
1 A-flat clarinet	14 First clarinets
3 E-flat clarinets	6 Second clarinets
8 First clarinets	6 Third clarinets
4 Second clarinets	1 Alto clarinet
4 Third clarinets	2 Bass clarinets
1 Alto clarinet	2 Bassoons
1 Bass clarinet	4 Alto saxophones
1 Soprano saxophone	2 Tenor saxophones
1 Alto saxophone	1 Barytone saxophone
1 Tenor saxophone	1 Bass saxophone
1 Barytone saxophone	4 First cornets
2 Bassoons	2 Second cornets
1 Contrabassoon	2 Trumpets
1 E-flat cornet	4 Horns
2 First cornets	4 Trombones
2 Second cornets	2 Euphoniums
2 Trumpets	6 Sousaphones in B-flat
2 Flügelhorns	3 Battery
4 French horns	
2 Altos	
2 Tenor horns	
2 Euphoniums	
3 Trombones	
3 E-flat tubas	
2 B-flat tubas	
3 Battery	

In the instrumentation of these two bands there are no fewer than sixteen of Mr. Gilmore's instruments that are obsolete in mine.

With the coming over to America at times of the better class of European bands, some of the comments made by their conductors after their return to Europe have been amusing, if they weren't deplorable. I read a few years ago of one who came over with a fairly good band, who went back and complained about the very cheap kind of music America demanded in performances. With a knowledge perhaps greater than any foreign bandmaster has of America and Europe, I want to say that appreciation of music played in an inspirational manner is just as great in America as it is in any part of the Old World. The same programs that I have played in America are the programs I have played in Europe, and I have been in some fourteen different countries on the other side of the water and around the world. But it is absolutely necessary, if you are to hold your public by any music that combines the intellectual with the inspirational, that it not be rendered in a prosaic manner. With no desire to criticize or find fault, I believe that many times music falls flat not on account of the music or on account of the players, but on account of the lack of inspiration of the conductor; and perhaps it is well to quote no less an authority than Berlioz in the theory of his art. Speaking of the conductor, he said:

"The performers should feel what he feels, comprehend his mood; then his emotion communicates itself to those whom he directs; his inward fire warms them; his electric glow animates them; his force of impulse excites them; he throws around him the vital undulation of musical art. If he be inert and frozen, on the contrary, he paralyzes all about him, like those floating masses of the polar seas, the approach of which is perceived through the sudden cooling of the atmosphere."

With a nation as young as America it could not be expected she should immediately become a power in the arts. Commerce, invention, utilities were of greater importance and more necessary than pictures, music and the drama. Therefore the best brains went into that which was most important for the progress of the country.

Up to fifty years ago there were only one or two serious operas by native composers produced. The growth of light musical pieces during the past twenty years has been enormous; and from being a suppliant at the door of the theatrical manager, the American composer is received with open arms if he has something worth telling to the public. Of course the basis of our progress musically is entirely due to commerce. As soon as your followers of commercial pursuits find themselves on Easy Street, they begin to look around and see what they can enjoy most. They are willing to pay for it. When one considers the number of first-class orchestras in America, and the number of prosperous musicians, we have every reason to be happy.

Ballads Versus Laws

Among the contributing educational factors in a musical way in the country that reach the greatest number and have an unquestionable effect, is the finest class of moving-picture house. Such houses as the Strand, Rivoli, Rialto, Capitol, in New York, and many others throughout the country, have great educational value. Their orchestras are well equipped and they are very valuable to the students of instrumentation. He can hear combination and he can learn the absolute tone and character of the rarer instruments; he knows how the oboe sounds, what the tones of the horns are, the difference between a trombone and a cornet. All this makes for better knowledge and makes it easier for the musical student to reach his point.

The development of players, I should say, is easily 200 to one composer. Though geographic lines have nothing to do with the development of the composer, still, where there are a great number of people they must, everything else being equal, develop many composers. In my own organization I have had some Americans who have stood at the very front of their particular branch of playing. I have never heard a better cornetist than Herbert L. Clarke, who for more than twenty years was the solo cornetist of my band and is now a director of his own. I never heard a finer trombone player than Arthur Pryor and I don't believe he had his equal on earth when he was with me. Among the present-day artists is John Dolan, and many more can be named who are an honor to any organization to which they are attached.

More than 200 years ago Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, a philosopher and a keen observer of men and their ways, said: "I knew a very wise man that believed

(Continued on Page 75)

Don't let your great-great-grandmother tell you what to eat!

READ the cook-books of great-great-grandmother's day—and marvel! Plenty of rich, heavy food for every meal was great-great-grandmother's idea of feeding a family.

Her family survived, it's true. They ate at her groaning board and "got away with it!" But life was different then.

Nowadays, diet must be carefully adapted to the strain, the sedentary work, the nervous intensity of modern living. Fortunately, the wives of this generation are learning more about food and food values than the wisest men of great-great-grandmother's time ever dreamed of.

* * * *

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

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Eat this delicious food for these good reasons

YOUR body, to be properly nourished, *must* have certain vital elements supplied to it daily in correct proportions. Since modern appetites are often small, it is important that you select *valuable* foods for your family's daily diet—foods abounding in these vital elements.

An expert in food values originated Grape-Nuts expressly to furnish five essential elements for the body's nutrition. These are, dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Combine Grape-Nuts with milk or cream, and you have an almost perfectly balanced ration—a food of the highest possible value.

You have a delicious food!

In the small, crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts, two healthful grains are combined—wheat and malted barley. Their flavors are brought out more richly, more fully, in Grape-Nuts than in any other food. You will find the taste delightful—nut-like, with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar.

Grape-Nuts is a food for the whole family, from the two-year-old up—baked by a special process which makes it easily digested. Moreover, it is a food which dentists highly praise, for its crispness encourages the thorough chewing which helps to keep teeth and gums healthy and beautiful. Buy a package of Grape-Nuts today from your grocer or take advantage of the following offer.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and you will soon find that better breakfasts mean better health.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Radiola Loudspeaker, Model 102, the Cone type, with a Uni-Rectron, for super-power, and for operation from a 60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit. Price, complete $140

Radiola 20, an entirely new five-[illegible] for [illegible] operation. At [illegible] with [illegible] new [illegible] power Radiotron. Without accessories $102 [illegible] With 5 Radiotrons $115

Radiola Loudspeaker, Model 100, [illegible] the panel [illegible] left RCA [illegible] and for [illegible] any [illegible] $55

Radiola 38, eight tube uni-control Super-Heterodyne, extremely selective. It gives great volume on dry batteries, or if used with the Model 101 Loudspeaker, all batteries can be replaced by 60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting current. With 8 Radiotrons $260

For years of Christmas joy

THIS year you can tune in with a single control, with a single finger's touch—on an RCA Radiola—and hear the Christmas music of the greatest Churches.

This Christmas—and next and next. The new RCA Radiolas are so satisfying to the critical musical ear that new discoveries will not replace them. So safely sealed-in against air and dust and moisture that time cannot alter their delicately adjusted accuracy. So carefully synchronized—tubes, receiving sets, loudspeakers, all made by RCA and all balanced to each other—that music and speech come through with clear, full-volumed *reality*.

Whether you buy an inexpensive five-tube set—or an eight-tube Super-Heterodyne that has its own power loudspeaker and uses no batteries—it is *the most that the money can buy in radio*, if it is an RCA Radiola.

Radiola 30, eight-tube Super-Heterodyne, with unit control. It contains the new cone type power Loudspeaker — needs no antenna or batteries, but operates on the 60 cycle, 110 volt A C lighting circuit. Entirely complete $575

Radiola Loudspeaker, Model 104, has volume, range and amazing acoustic fidelity. With Radiolas 25 or 26 it replaces *all* horn [illegible] $24

Radiola 25, a six-tube unit control Super-Heterodyne, that uses the new power tube. It has space in the cabinet for dry batteries, but can be used with Loudspeaker Model 104 without batteries. With 6 Radiotrons $165

Victor and Brunswick insisting upon highest quality and lasting worth, have chosen to combine with their [illegible] none but genuine RCA Radiolas

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
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RCA-Radiola

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The largest costs are the hidden ones—repairs and depreciation. 80% of repairs are now easily preventable

GASOLINE, oil, tires—these are not your biggest expenses. Far from it. Repairs and depreciation, according to fleet owners' records, are actually greater than all these combined. Stop these hidden leaks if you want to cut expenses. One single thing you can do will actually save you at least 1c to 1¾c per mile.

80% of your repairs are due to one cause. Lack of proper lubrication. Neglect! Car dealers say that over half the complaints they receive are due to this same cause. Careless lubrication. It's the vital, dust-exposed chassis bearings that suffer most. Repair bills of $50 to $150 after only 10,000 miles of driving are common—and utterly needless.

Most cars now come equipped with Alemite High Pressure Lubrication. (Now in use on over 7,000,000 cars.) This system makes proper lubrication of chassis bearings almost as easy as putting oil in your engine. There is an Alemite Service Station near you, where you can have your entire chassis lubricated—just as conveniently as motor oil is changed.

Do this every 500 miles. Lessen the strain on other parts of your car. Keep it easy riding and lengthen the life of tires. Taxicab operators have cut operating costs as much as 1¾c per mile this way. And car dealers will always allow $100 to $150 more on a $1500 car of standard make that has had this regular care.

If Alemite is not on your car, have it installed now. The cost is slight, $5 to $20. (Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk for Fords, $6.50. *Prices in Canada and west of Rockies slightly higher.*) It will save its cost many times over. THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO., 2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

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ALEMITE-ZERK

Service for cars with either system at any Alemite Station.

(Continued from Page 70)

that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

At the very beginning of man's authentic record there came a series of laws, now known as the Decalogue, that have remained through all the ages as a very Gibraltar of universal justice.

Biblical history tells how the people with fear and trembling heard these commandments; still, they have remained as a monument erected on a foundation of everlasting truth. Tome upon tome of statutes has been enacted since the days when the finger of God traced the Decalogue upon the tablets of stone, but very few man-made laws have lived. Macklin says: "The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it."

Music, on the contrary, reassures and comforts. It tends to soften the hardships of life and add joyousness to our days. Its appeal is to the most lovable traits in man's nature, therefore it is not difficult to understand why Fletcher's wise man preferred writing the songs of a nation to making its laws.

The first popular song ever written was the one sung by Moses and the children of Israel in exultation over the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts. Nothing but song and dance were adequate to celebrate that great event. In triumph and mighty unison, they sang, "I will sing unto the Lord . . . the Lord is a man of war ——" And Miriam and the women played upon timbrels and danced in graceful abandon to the accompaniment of the mighty choir.

The First Bandmaster

With the advent of the sweet singer of Israel came the first great writer of popular songs, for by his genius he swayed the multitude and became the idol of all his land—David, the beloved one, he who wrote the Book of Psalms. He was a musician, a poet and a first-class fighter.

Singing the Forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," Polycarp went toward his funeral pile, as did Savonarola. Centuries later, strengthened by this psalm, Martin Luther braved his enemies. Cromwell's soldiers marched forth to their victory at Marston Moor chanting the songs of David.

Time has kept for us a record of David as a poet, a record of David as a ruler, a record of David as a fighter, but not one vestige remains of David as a composer. More's the pity, for he must have written splendid music or he could not have moved the people as it is recorded.

David might well be called the first bandmaster mentioned in history. Of course we know in Genesis Jubal is spoken of as father of all such as handle the harp and pipe. But David was the first orchestral organizer. His band numbered 288, and he thus led the first body of players on record.

David without question had in his band all the component parts of the modern orchestra—strings, wood winds, brass and percussion. At the dedication of Solomon's temple, David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord with all manner of instruments made of fir wood and with harps, and with psalteries, with timbrels, castanets, cornets and cymbals, and the sound of the trumpet was heard in the land even as it is heard today. Popular as a composer and popular as a conductor, David was certainly to be envied. These ancient records are the lamps that led the way to our days, wherein music has taken its place among the recorded inspirational outbursts of man.

At the very dawn of history, vocal and instrumental combinations existed.

Again, is it not recorded in Daniel:

"Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?

"Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter."

Evidently Nebuchadnezzar and his band were not very popular. Poor old Nebuchadnezzar had as much trouble getting an audience as some of the moderns.

"Be sure you do not miss my concert tonight," says the Nebuchadnezzar of today.

"Sorry, but I can't," says the Shadrach of these times, edging away. "I have a previous engagement to take a nap in a boiler factory."

Hugo Riemann, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth, those indefatigable delvers into the mystical mines of musical antiquity, agree that everything in music up or down to 900 A.D. should be considered ancient. They record the use of voices and instruments giving melody only, or, at most, octaves in singing and playing. Of course, the rhythmic instruments of percussion were used to mark the time and accentuate the melodies.

If, as some claim, music is a man-created invention, its improvements in the innumerable years that preceded the makers of modern harmony were slight indeed.

It is self-evident that man, in the ancient days, had brain, eyes, voice and hands, even as he has today; but polyphonic music did not exist until the breath of God warmed into music a soul, and cold mathematics gave way to creative genius, inventive skill and inspiration.

The messiahs who brought the glad tidings—Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and a multitude of divinely endowed musicians—have led the world out of the wilderness of crudity into the dazzling realm of the present—a present rich in the treasures of the masters who have arrived, rich in the promise of those to come.

The precursor of the present in relation to the combination known as the symphony orchestra dates from the eighteenth century.

Joseph Haydn has long been known as the Father of Orchestral Music. Many of his symphonies remain in the repertoire of the famous orchestras of the world and are played with never-ending delight to the auditor, the performer and the conductor each succeeding year.

The Father of Orchestral Music

Although it is a far cry from the combination of strings, wood wind and brass of Papa Haydn's orchestra to the instrumental tools employed by Richard Strauss, to the composer of The Surprise, The Farewell, The Clock and other immortal works should be given the honor of establishing the classic orchestra.

The group of the Father of Orchestral Music—1766—consisted of six violins, two violas, one cello, one bass, one flute, two oboes, two bassoons and two horns. The earliest of the Haydn symphonies were give to the world by these instruments. The Alpine Symphony of Richard Strauss—1914—calls for two flutes, two piccolos, two oboes—doubled, one English horn, one hecklephone, one E-flat clarinet—doubled, two B-flat clarinets, one C clarinet—doubled, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one contrabassoon, sixteen horns, four tenor tubas in B and F, six trumpets, six trombones, two bass tubas, two harps, organ, celest, tympani, eighteen first violins, sixteen second violins, twelve violas, ten cellos, eight double basses, small drum, bass drum and a host of effect instruments which we, in America, call the traps. Besides the above instruments, Strauss in a previous composition employed saxophones.

It will be noticed that between 1766 and 1914 composers have added a multitude of wood wind, brass and percussion instruments to the primitive symphonic combination. With the single exception of the harp, there has been no effort made permanently to incorporate into the string band any other stringed instrument. Though the guitar, the lute, the mandolin, the banjo, the zither and the viola d'amour have been used in orchestral combinations, they have been employed only for some effect believed necessary by the composer. In fact, "The symphony orchestra," to quote W. S. Rockstro, "has become a large wind band plus strings, instead of a string band plus wind."

Why? The most esthetic of the pure families of instruments is beyond question the violin group. In sentiment, mystery, glamour, register, unanimity of tonal facility and perfection in dexterity it more than equals all other families. But aside from its delicate nuances and diffident dynamics, it reduces itself to the skeleton of the symphonic structure, because, like bread served with each course, it loses its novelty; and if violins are used alone, beyond a certain time limit, they suggest an Adamless Eden, which, however beautiful, does not appeal to Evo. Instruments can be likened to man. Man is a social animal; orchestral instruments crave company.

Family of Instruments

Of the separate instrumental groups, apart from the violin, the vocal, though it is not the equal of the violin family in compass, lightness or mobility, possesses a power for pathos, passion and soul-gripping quality not possible by any other group. The wood wind has a slightly greater register than the violin. In marbleized chastity, crystallized coquetry, humorous murmurs and voicing animated nature, it is in a class by itself. The last orchestral family, the brass, is less in gamut than any save the vocal, but it has the power to thunder forth the barbaric splendor of sound or intone the holiness of the cathedral.

Therefore composers have found a greater diversity of tone color in a multitude of wind instruments—cylinder or conical, single reed, double reed, direct vibration by blowing into an aperture, or cup-shaped mouthpiece, taking the vibrations from the trumpet muscles of the human lip and various sizes of tubes—than in the string family alone. All these wind instruments have added to the palette of the orchestrator and have permitted him to use his creative power in blending the various colors. In this connection, it is not amiss to point out that that giant of the music drama, Richard Wagner, in nearly every instance enunciates the leitmotifs of his operas through the agency of wood wind or brass.

The so-called Thürmer—Watchman—bands of the Middle Ages seem to be the progenitors of the present-day concert band. They were made up of fifes, oboes, *Zinken*, trombones and drums. Trumpets were not at first used, because they were for royal ears alone, not for the common herd. As time passed numerous wind instruments were added to this group, some of the originals became obsolete and others were improved upon, until today the wind band consists of four flutes, two piccolos, two oboes, one English horn, two bassoons, one contrabassoon or sarrusophone, two alto saxophones, two tenor saxophones, one barytone saxophone, one bass saxophone, twenty B-flat clarinets, one alto clarinet, two bass clarinets, four cornets, two trumpets, two Flügelhorns or added cornets, four horns, four trombones, two euphoniums, eight basses—double B, one harp, one tympani, one small drum and one bass drum.

The tendency of the modern composer to place on the shoulders of the wood wind corps and the brass choir of the orchestra the most dramatic effects of the symphonic body has much to do with the development of the wind band, although there is no question that the inventive genius of Böhm, Klosé, Wieprecht and Sax has been an important factor. With the improvements in mechanism, looking to purity of intonation and facility of execution, observant musicians and capable conductors saw the coming of a new constellation in the musical firmament—a constellation of star players on wood wind, brass and percussion instruments.

The pioneers were Wieprecht and Parlow in Germany, Paulus and Sellenik in France, the Godfreys and George Miller in England, Bender in Belgium, Dunkler in Holland, and, last but not least, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore in America. Gilmore organized a corps of musicians superior to any wind-band players of his day, many of them coming from the leading orchestras of the world and possessing a virtuoso's ability on their respective instruments. He engaged his musicians regardless of expense and paid them salaries commensurate with their talents. Conductors and players alike should tenderly cherish the memory of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore for what he did in the interest of instrumental performers.

The only distinction that can be made in the name of progressive art between the modern string band and the modern wind band is which one at the moment presents the most perfect massing of sounds and tonal colors. An incessant playing of all groups combined, or the serving of music pabulum in solid blocks of string, wood wind or brass becomes wearisome. Recitals by a single vocalist or instrumental performer are made attractive through the personality and pedagogy of the performer rather than through the entertainment itself. When personality is missing, auricular fatigue prevails sooner or later.

In placing the string band and the wind band on the same plane, I see, in my mind's eye, the lover of Haydn, of Mozart, of Beethoven and the violin family standing aghast at the thought and asking why wind instruments should attempt the immortal symphonies of these beloved masters; and well may they stand aghast and question. These compositions were created for one purpose only—to be played by the instruments the masters intended for them, and never by any other combination. The efforts on the part of some misguided conductors and orchestrators to improve on the original, and the equally self-elective task of some wind-band arranger to transcribe Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn to the wind-instrument combination are greatly to be deplored. The earlier symphonies are the musical flowers, plants and trees grown in the shadowy lane of the past, and it is not necessary to put up barbed-wire fences and telegraph poles to modernize these masterpieces. Either play them as they are or let them alone entirely.

Wind and String Combinations

There is much modern music that is better adapted to a wind combination than to a string, although for obvious reasons originally scored for an orchestra. If in such cases the interpretation is equal to the composition, the balance of a wind combination is more satisfying.

The all-pervading aim of the composer is to produce color, dynamics, nuances, the story-telling quality and the greatest number of mixed and unmixed quartets, and the combination and composition that vivify that result are the most desired ones. To presume that the clarinet, the cornet and the trombone should be used simply to blare forth marches and jazz tunes, or that the violin family should devote its days to scraping waltzes and fox trots is ludicrous.

The string band and the wind band are among the brightest constellations in the melodic heavens. The former may be likened to the feminine, the latter to the masculine, for like maid and man, they can breathe into life the soulful, the religious, the sentimental, the heroic and the sublime. The mission of each is to uplift humanity; the doctrine, God's sunshine is for all; the motto, Beauty, Love and Harmony Must Prevail.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Sousa.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Training for Executives

ANY young man who imagines that his opportunities for business success would have been greater ten or twenty years ago than now is blind to the main trend of modern business development. In particular his eyes are shut to that phase of economic progress which is its outstanding feature: The increase of production by mechanical means, the liberation of many thousands of men from hard and unwholesome tasks and their promotion to work which is less physical, less unwholesome.

Within the last five years we have witnessed a marvelous increase in the development of labor-saving machinery. Only the man who comes intimately into contact with this development can appreciate, even vaguely, either its volume or its remarkable character. Meantime there has been complaint that machines are taking jobs from men. This unintelligent protest began with the first labor-saving invention and has persisted ever since. But it has been powerless to stop or greatly to hinder the development of increasing production and the liberation of labor from servile toil to better and less animal tasks by means of labor-saving machinery.

For example, the company with which I have long been associated built a machine which did the work of seventy men. Here was the problem: A certain chemical product, subjected to intense heat, had to be cooled and aerated. It was being done by laborers who handled it with shovels, spreading it upon a floor and turning it over and over—the hardest kind of rough physical labor that a man could be asked to do. It was almost literally killing work because the product gave off gases which were highly irritating to certain membranes of the human body. The machine of which I speak performed the whole process; it liberated these shovelers from the crudest form of hard labor and from the necessity of working in an atmosphere of harmful gases.

But it did much more than that; it lowered the cost of manufacturing that product and increased its production. The result was not throwing these laborers out of employment, but promoting them to a different kind of labor more suitable to human beings and less harmful to bodily health.

This humanizing of labor by mechanical means is the outstanding thing in industry today. The whole machinery world is dominated by this purpose and will continue to be.

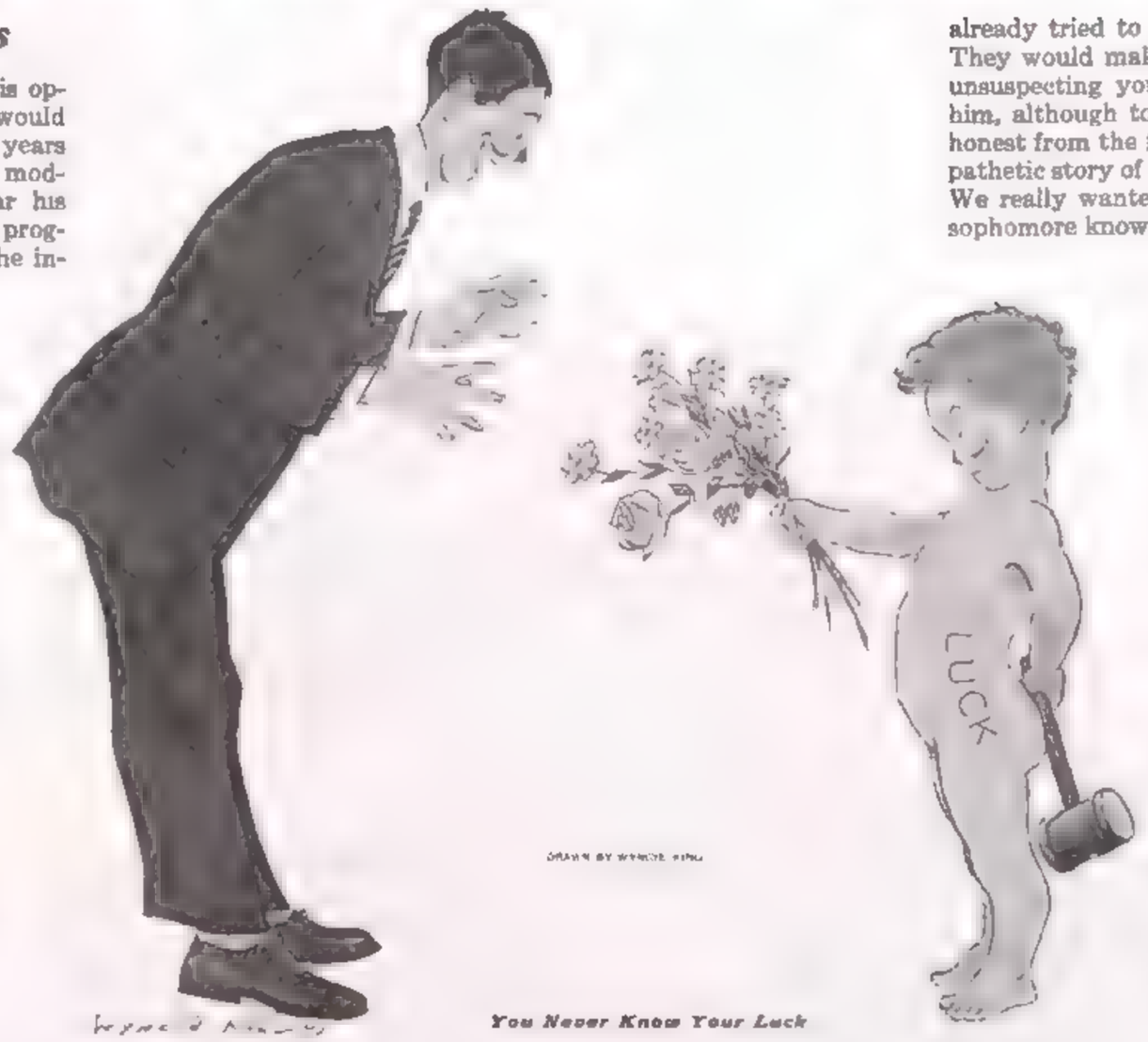
Industry employs more men today and at better wages than ever before—better actual wages and a larger command of the desirable things of life. All this implies larger consumption and larger production in almost every phase of industry and commerce. American business has grown not only bigger, but much more complicated.

The net of this situation is a vast multiplication of opportunities, particularly in the higher brackets of employment. Minor executives of big business enterprises today receive salaries which would have more than satisfied the presidents of those corporations a few years ago—and the number of these lower executives has increased immensely.

A few years ago the business organization which had more than one vice president was unusual; today the corporation which does not have several vice presidents is uncommon. And they are genuine vice presidents too. Learn what they are paid and the extent of their responsibilities and you will not question this. Many new executive positions are now common which, a few years ago, were unfamiliar. Assistant to the president is one of these and it is not an empty title either.

The vast expansion of business and its constantly increasing complexity has multiplied high-salaried opportunities in every direction. There are more big jobs to be filled today than were dreamed of when I worked my way through Columbia University and secured a draftsman's job at fifteen dollars a week.

But how about the supply of men capable of filling this greatly increased demand for executives? As I see it, the supply has not kept pace with the demand; it has lagged far behind. Sometimes I am inclined to the conclusion that the number of young men fitted to discharge heavy executive responsibilities is today actually smaller than twenty years ago. But this view of the situation has its consolation for those who are fully equipped; they can pick and choose between opportunities and name their own price.



You Never Know Your Luck

Most young men of today have not been trained from early childhood in application and responsibility. Expressed in its homeliest terms, the family wood box has been abolished! Most of the men of my generation had certain essential family tasks for which they were responsible, day in and day out. My job figuratively speaking was to fill the kitchen wood box twice a day—and to do certain other chores. No alibis were accepted. This drilled into me the idea that life was made up of responsibilities which could not be dodged or side stepped. Soon this attitude became a confirmed habit of thought. The result was, responsibilities lost their terror to me and daily application and work seemed the natural and inevitable thing.

I admit that modern living conditions, especially in cities, make this kind of boy training extremely difficult. There is little about an apartment which a boy can do which is of genuine service to the family. A fictitious responsibility is no responsibility at all. In the country conditions are different. This is why I prefer to hire country-raised boys and why, I think, most employers show the same preference. In my opinion, academic education does not take the place of this elemental training in responsibility and steady application as a preparation for solid business achievement.

I believe that, in the main, the state universities furnish a more useful type of education for the industries than do the endowed universities. There is no question that a thorough grounding in theory is a strong equipment for any young man headed for engineering or any kind of technical work. But it seems to me there is still a gap to be filled in this field—a need of more schools where boys who feel that they cannot become graduate engineers may acquire a very good foundation upon which to build, on the job, an expert knowledge of mechanics which will carry them a long way on the road to success.

There are many opportunities for business success today where there was one twenty years ago—but they will be grabbed by men who have formed the habits of taking responsibility and of persistent application. For example, if Charles M. Schwab were to start in today with the same equipment which he brought to the steel business when he began, he would, in the same number of years he has been in steel, make his present achievements look small by comparison. There is room in the industry of today and tomorrow for many Schwabs.

—CHARLES PIEZ.

Indorsing

IN MY sophomore year at college there was a man connected with the university in a sort of semiprofessional capacity who had done a great deal, we felt, for one of my best friends and for me. He was about to leave to take a much better position elsewhere that would pay very well, but temporarily lacked capital, or rather ready cash, to make the change. He needed about $300, which he had already tried to borrow on a personal note at the bank. They would make the loan if properly indorsed. Green, unsuspecting youngsters, we must have looked good to him, although to be fair I do believe his intentions were honest from the first. Anyway, he came to us with a very pathetic story of what this would mean to him, and we fell. We really wanted to help; besides, what does a college sophomore know about the ways of business and banking?

We went over to the bank with him and did the deed. It was very simple. We simply signed our names on the reverse upper end of a piece of paper about the size of an envelope, and someone asked us casually where we banked at home.

That was the catch, for they immediately got in touch with our home banks to see whether we were good for the indorsement. My home bank immediately called up dad, and, almost before I could get back to my room on the campus, it seemed, a telegram came for me:

"Do not indorse upon any condition. Important. Letter follows.

FATHER."

Something serious must be up to make father send a telegram. Brought up with thrifty Dutch training, he has never spent thirty-five cents to telephone or telegraph when he could write for two cents. No one could ever accuse him of being stingy or mean; he will spend large sums cheerfully for value received, but unnecessary extravagance, even in very small things, he has always held up to me as very bad business practice. What I could not understand was why father sent a nine-word telegram and didn't use the full ten words he was entitled to. He might, at least, have added "love," but his mind was certainly not on such things.

I strolled over to the bank and ingloriously retracted my indorsement, feeling badly abused by a parent who did not understand what friendships meant. The letter arrived. It was a long one. I mean instead of three typewritten paragraphs on one side of a single sheet there were five. It dealt very concisely and completely with the evils of all indorsing, and finally ended:

"Your grandfather refused to indorse and your father never indorsed anything in his life. If you want to loan your friend $150 do so, and I will sell some of your securities so that you can advance your money to him, but upon no condition indorse his note. He may be the finest person in the world. I feel this case very keenly, for it is a serious matter of principle with me and I hope you will act as I have suggested.

"Yours truly,

FATHER."

A telegram and a long letter within two days! Never had my grade reports or requests for more money received so much prompt or immediate attention. Dad has always been a diplomat. That word "suggested" saved me just $150. He knew he had a headstrong son, I suppose. If he had commanded me not to indorse, I shouldn't have been able to get my name on that paper fast enough.

My friend decided that he, at least, would not be so ungrateful and proceeded to indorse the note alone, so that the man got his money and the new job, unfortunately a long distance away. The note fell due after six months and received no attention. The bank demanded payment to the tune of $300 and interest from the indorser, and my good friend was stuck! A desultory letter drifted down to him sometime later full of hard-luck stories, but no check. Secondhand news reached us later that our elderly protégé had left his job, giving no whereabouts.

By strange chance, my friend ran into him about a year later in a cheap restaurant in New York City. They went to the mat. It ended in his giving my friend a diamond ring he was wearing, worth $500, he said, as temporary security, for there was another good job in the offing. They parted. My pal went to a reliable jewelry store afterward to have the ring evaluated. The stone was not real, but the setting was worth $75! Months later a letter came from an obscure little Southern town pleading for a loan of $25. Our mutual acquaintance was down and out. Furthermore, he had proved himself unworthy of any confidence or assistance.

Later, in business, I have seen good friends come to father asking him to indorse their notes. Usually he refuses in a nice way, giving as a reason his principle of never

(Continued on Page 228)

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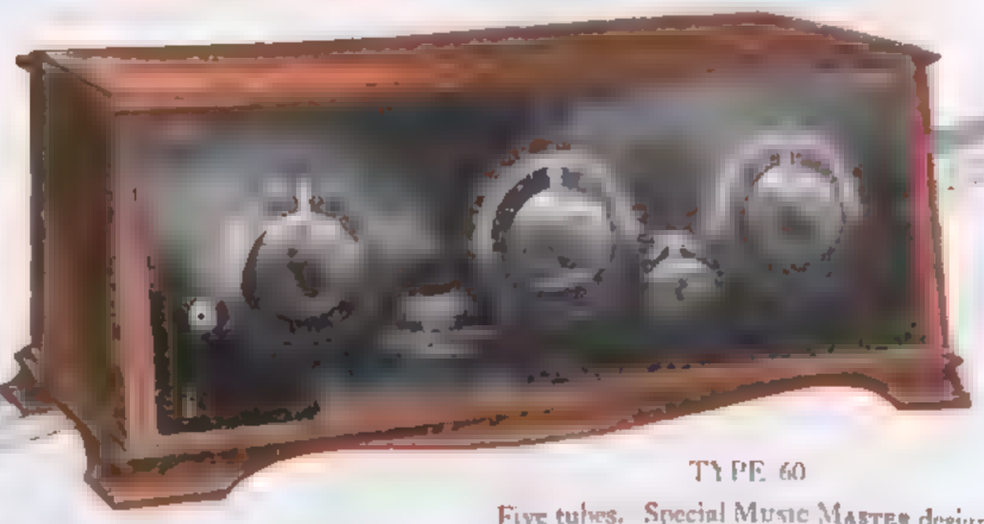

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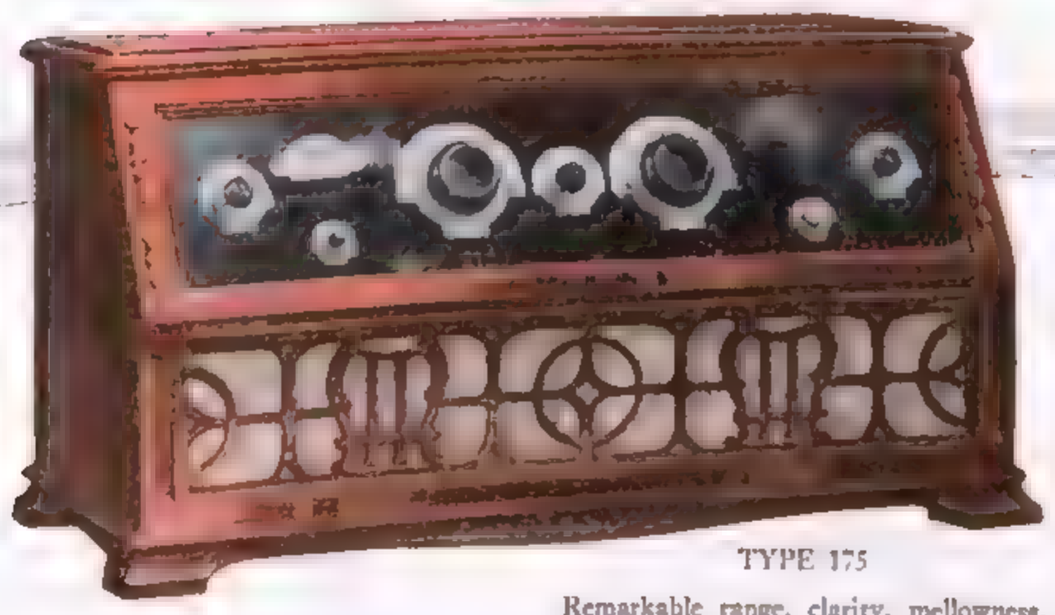

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WITH OR WITHOUT

(Continued from Page 31)

Sally looked at him curiously. She looked away again. She looked back and a slight smile twitched the corners of her mouth.

She said, "I've left Harris."

"What the hell!" said Reck dazedly.

Sally nodded in silence. She said to herself, "I will not cry," and didn't at the moment.

"Gosh!" said Reck.

"Yes," said Sally.

"When? After I talked to you? Why? What ——"

"After you talked to me, yes."

Reck inquired hurriedly, "Did that—I mean, had it anything to do with ——"

"With your telephoning? No, old dear," said Sally. "Calm yourself! Not directly."

"I wish," said Reck, "you'd begin at the beginning and tell me the whole story."

"How much time have you got?" asked Sally.

"I've got all the time there is—if you need me."

"Nice old thing!" said Sally. She slipped her hand into his. He closed on it comfortingly. His finger nails were not immaculate, but the fingers themselves were long and uncommonly well shaped—the artist hand below a slightly frayed cuff.

"You see," said Sally in a low voice, "for a long time things haven't been very satisfying with Harris and me."

She told him in full detail about the paragraph in the newspaper and the bomb which it had exploded in Apartment 37. While she talked, Reck held her hand tightly and when she had done he patted it.

"I'm sorry as the dickens," he murmured.

Sally said defiantly, "What about?"

VII

SHE explained to Reck, retrieving her hand for the purpose of more business-like discussion, that what she wanted of him was his influence. She had to find work immediately, and she preferred, if possible, to find it in a trade to which she was already accustomed.

"I know I could still do good stuff," she said, rather pathetically. "I've never lost interest in ads. I have heaps of ideas about them. And you know, Reck, my copy always got by."

"Yeah, your copy was darn good!" said Reck.

He took off his hat and dropped it on the grass, ran a hand through his hair; thick fair hair with an insurgent wave in it, vaguely dusted with silver behind the ears. He needed a haircut. Harris had his hair cut once in two weeks. But then Harris' hair was the dark sort it curled a woman's finger tips to look at. Sally returned with a jerk from an extraordinarily vivid recollection of the feel of Harris' hair.

Reck was saying slowly. "You don't want to stay in town, I suppose."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Sally, instantly alert. "But now that you mention it, I'd rather be somewhere else—for a while."

"How about Waterburg?" asked Reck.

Waterburg was a rapidly rising town, a town indubitably increasing in importance, about a hundred miles south of the square.

"I'd like it," said Sally.

"Then see here ——" began Reck. It appeared that the office, Reck and Sally's old office, was starting a branch in Waterburg. "And I might be able—I'm almost sure I could do it," said Reck.

"Oh, if you could!" said Sally.

"Probably have to start at less than you were getting when you left, although I don't know. Old Stickney still observes from time to time that you were the best copy writer he ever had."

"I'd be willing to start at anything that I could live on," said Sally.

"Then I'll see what I can do," said Reck.

They talked over various details.

"You're sure," said Reck, "you've left Harris for good?"

"My dear boy," said Sally impatiently, "haven't I told you I'm not married to him—never have been?" A hot flush rose to the roots of her hair.

"That wasn't his fault," Reck offered reasonably.

"It was my good luck," said Sally proudly.

"He wants to marry you again. You said so yourself."

Sally tore a dispirited-looking leaf she had been torturing into strips and tossed them away from her. She threw back her head and her eyes burned.

She said clearly, "I wouldn't marry Harris. I wouldn't marry any man alive. I've had enough of marriage, thank you! Marriage, for an intelligent woman today, is what swinging in trees and hurling coconuts would be for a man."

Reck looked startled.

"I mean," said Sally, "it's an institution that was arranged to fit one set of conditions and is now retained to misfit another. Don't let's talk about marriage. It isn't tactful to discuss jails with someone who's just been pardoned."

She smiled, rather tremulously, and Reck took her hand again.

"Gosh," he muttered, "I can't realize you're free!"

"Free, but not out of the woods," she reminded him, once more withdrawing her fingers, "until I'm sure of a job."

"I think I can fix it all right," said Reck. He looked at a battered old timepiece, fat pale gold, which his father had carried before him. "Let's go somewhere for lunch." As he and Sally crossed the dry yellowish grass of the square on their way to the nearest car, he added thoughtfully, "It's not a big office force of course. Just for a start, there'd be Wallace—you know young Wallace?" Sally knew young Wallace, a rangy youth with too Greek a face for entire probity. "And Flo Hatton," said Reck, "you, if we swing it, and me."

"Oh, you're going?" said Sally.

"Yeah, I'm going," said Reck. He walked bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand. Harris would rather have carried his head under his arm than not to have worn his hat on any street, in any town, in all the world. "You see," Reck explained, "I'm going to do all their drawing there. I'm sort of head of the works in the new shop. And if they won't take you on, I'll walk out on 'em."

"Reck, you wouldn't do that!"

"Sure, I would. Why wouldn't I?"

"You'd do that for me?"

"That's only half of it," said Reck.

He didn't look at her. He looked straight ahead of him, and Sally, watching rather shyly, saw the muscle in his cheek twitch once or twice. It gave her a feeling of violating sanctuary, and at the same time an outrageous and gorgeous feeling of being still party to high romance. Harris' muscles hadn't twitched because of her in a long time—except perhaps the muscles of his right arm.

She thought with a guilty twinge, "If Harris could see me this morning walking around with Reck!" Then the guilty twinge vanished in a wild surge of exultation.

"Suppose he did see me, there's nothing he could do about it! He's got nothing to say about what I do, ever again! I'm free. I'm as free as if I'd never seen Harris Devlin!"

Reck was saying thoughtfully, "We move over there, end of this week. That was what I wanted to tell you about last night. Too early for you?"

"Sooner the better," said Sally briskly.

"How are you fixed for money?"

"I've got enough."

She had fifteen dollars and a watch and a ring. It would see her to the end of the week if she was careful, just about.

"Well," said Reck, "you're a cocky creature; always were. Don't be too proud to sing out if you want an advance."

"I won't," promised Sally.

They lunched on *minestra* and *ravioli*, unnumbered bread sticks, in a not-too-clean little restaurant which had been the scene of many another of their luncheons in Sally's premarital days.

"Remember this place?" asked Reck.

"Rather," said Sally.

She saw for the moment the earlier Reck, his hat a bit rakish, his smile a bit mocking, his eyes audaciously tender. All unconsciously, she sighed.

"What's the matter?" Reck demanded instantly.

Sally told him half a truth.

"I was thinking how young we used to be ——"

"You haven't changed," he said loyally.

"Thanks, old thing," answered Sally unsteadily and evasively. She rather wished he had shaved that morning. Harris sometimes shaved twice a day.

After luncheon, Reck went back to his office and Sally back to her hotel. He had promised to telephone her as soon as he was able to get in touch with the manager and arrange for her possible employment.

"Although," he had warned, "it may not be before tomorrow."

Sally, having steeled herself to wait until tomorrow, was pleasantly startled when, late in the afternoon, Reck called her to say that he had seen the manager and, briefly speaking, conquered.

"He's very glad," said Reck, oddly impersonal over the wire, "to get in touch with you again. He'd like to see you tomorrow morning to arrange about the details."

Details, of course, meaning salary. A fine bit of sardonics, that!

"I'll come into the office about ten," said Sally, "if that will do."

"Do very nicely," said Reck. "Mr. Stickney wants the office in Waterburg to be in pretty fair shape by the first of next week. That means you'll have to go down in a couple of days. All right?"

"Quite all right," said Sally.

"Give you a ring some time between now and then," said Reck. Sally was sure he would.

She went that night to a little moving-picture theater, just across the square, by way of celebrating her reacquired independence, and sat through a drama of flaming youth with none of the envious resentment such pyrotechnics were wont to arouse in her. Youth, at its greenest, couldn't flame like seasoned wood kept overlong in a dry place.

"To know what you want and be still young enough to go after it—that's living!" thought Sally dreamily. "Youngsters don't know. They've a lot of waste motion."

She didn't haggle greatly, in her thoughts, over Reck. Obviously Reck was, emotionally speaking, where she had left him seven years before. It made her feel a trifle guilty to take his help where she secretly felt she didn't want anything else. Still, it seemed to make him happy to be helping her.

She relaxed upon the thought of Reck's faithfulness with warmth in every vein. Waterburg wouldn't be alien territory with Reck alongside. If Harris could know that she was going to Waterburg to work in an office with Reck Doone! And if he did know, what could he do about it? Nothing at all. He had no longer any legal say-so where Sally was concerned.

Indians, loping and whooping, war-painted and feather-bonneted, about a scorching singing flame, were as nothing to Sally's ungoverned thoughts, released from the prospect of further wedlock. She sniffed when flaming youth faded out upon the screen in the usual blended silhouette. She sneered delicately, walking down the aisle, to hear the organ quaver forth its trust in love.

"Moonlight and roses"—tender rumblings, falsetto pipings, sighings like behemoth unrequited—"bring wonderful mem'ries of you!"

Sally stepped out of the place like a drum major in skirts. She whistled between her teeth, crossing the square.

Moonlight and roses—the bunk! The immemorial saccharine bunk! She stopped whistling because it subconsciously occurred to her that Harris whistled, between his teeth, when he was angry. Sally wasn't angry. She was merely, without bias or prejudice, with charity to all, with malice toward none, rejoicing to be free!

VIII

"WELL," said Reck, "how's it to shut up shop and call it a day?"

Sally pushed her hair off her forehead and looked up at him hazily. Everyone else had gone. The office in Waterburg was empty of all save its artist, its chief copy writer and the necessary articles of office furniture. Dusk crept in at the windows—along with the earlier mosquitoes.

"Gosh!" said Reck. "You'll work yourself to death, child!"

"No, I won't," said Sally. "I've been having a beautiful time! And I ask you, have I turned out a masterpiece or not?"

She shoved her copy at him, three smudgy and heavily interlined sheets, having reference in no unmeasured terms to a certain sale to take place in a certain shop on a certain day. Reck read it through twice, broke into a pleased smile. The lines about his mouth were not so heavy when he smiled. Anyhow, they lent character to lips perhaps not quite clear cut.

He said slowly, "It's darned good!"

"I think so myself," said Sally modestly. "Hope your pictures come up to it." She added with a touch of honest anxiety, "I haven't lost anything I had before, d'y' think?"

"You've picked up a bit," said Reck; "not style, I mean; you had that already. You seem to know your stuff better, somehow."

"Having been a housewife," explained Sally amusedly; "got a double viewpoint now. The seller—and the sold."

"Reckon that's it. Well, this is a peach. I'll get busy on it first thing in the morning. Come along. It's after six."

Sally fetched her hat, pulled it on over her soft, rumpled hair, dabbed a bit of powder on her nose and led the way out.

Reck inquired, reaching the sidewalk, "Want to come out to my diggings and cook a steak?"

"Love it," said Sally.

They stopped at a little market a block or so farther on, odorous with raw meat, earthy with vegetables, sharp-shadowed in the glare of a swinging blue-glassed light, and bought a thick, ruddy porterhouse, potatoes, two heads of lettuce. Reck added a bag of oranges and lemons, a small faggot of mint. On the threshold of the place, with a paper bag in her arms, Sally chuckled.

"Here, I'll take that," said Reck, although he had already a bag or so of his own. "What are you laughing at?"

"I was thinking," said Sally blandly, "how if I were married I'd simply loathe this. As it is—it's fun."

"Yeah. . . . Give me that steak," said Reck briefly. . . . "Anything is—with the right woman."

Sally ignored that pleasantly. She ignored a good many of Reck's remarks, having made up her mind at the outset as to the safest and simplest way of continuing their friendship. There were, so far as she was concerned, more imminent things to consider. Her stuff was developing faster than she had dared to hope. It had been unexpectedly easy to slip back into office

(Continued on Page 55)

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Red and Black Color Combination — Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

"Well, well—it looks as if everybody wants the Parker Duofold for Christmas!"

"Yes, of all the Gifts in my pack this year, this Black-tipped Lacquer-red Beauty with its 25-year Point is surely the most captivating

"WHEN I think of how Parker Duofold gives a person an appetite for his work, I'm not surprised that so many people want to have this super-pen to start the New Year with.

"Anything less—like an imitation—would be sure to disappoint them.

"So I advise folks to shop good and early at the Parker Duofold pen counters; if they wait too long they may get left, as happened last year in so many cities.

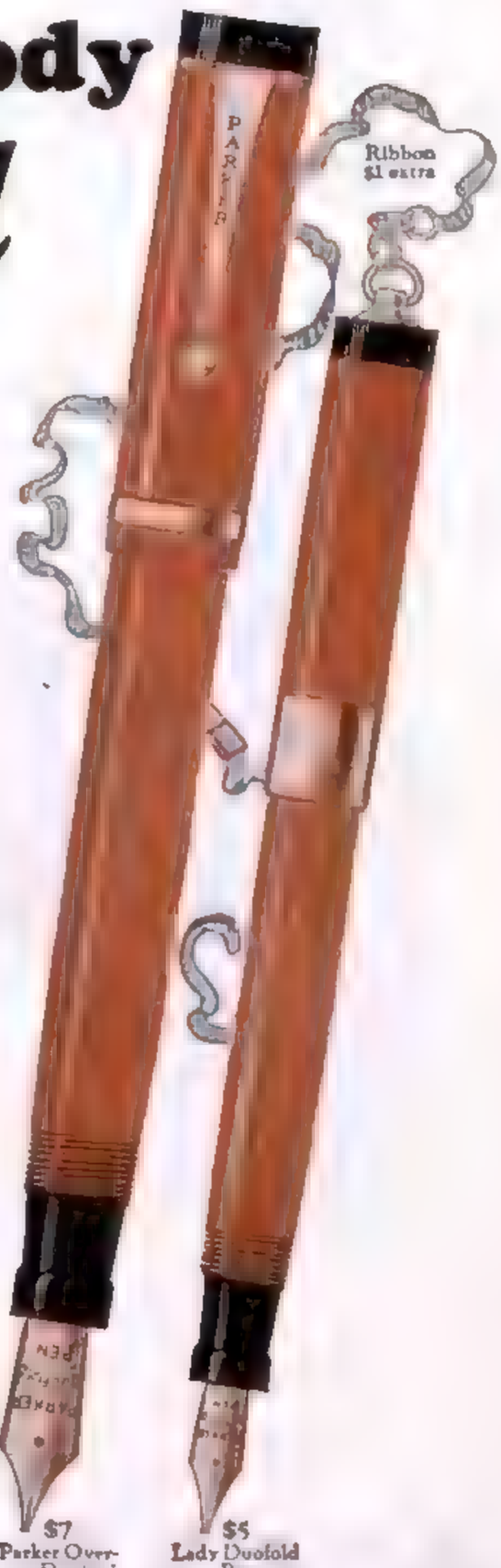
"Five minutes at the Parker Duofold counter does most of your Christmas shopping. And these prized gifts are not bulky to carry, or to send.

"Sizes for Men, Women, Girls and Boys. Flashing black and gold, or black-tipped lacquer-red, so handsome to carry and hard to mislay."

$3 Lady Duofold Pencil

$4 Parker Over-size Duofold Pencil

Parker Duofold Duette can be had in Black and Gold as well as Black-tipped Lacquer-red but we recommend the color for it makes them hard to mislay.
Over-size Duofold Duette, $11 Duofold Jr. Duette, $8.50
Lady Duofold Duette, $8
Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included



$7 Parker Over-size Duofold

$5 Lady Duofold Pen

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA • THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W. C.

A Parade of Stations

One station after another parades by as you turn the Kolster regulator. No meaningless combination of numbers—but the actual names of the stations.

Whatever is on the air comes in easily, perfectly.

To play a Kolster is easier than playing a phonograph.

Radio programs assume new magic—but it is not that their transmission is bettered. The secret is in Kolster perfected reception and reproduction.

Each Kolster is the combined masterpiece of genius, typified by Kolster; of technical experience, typified by F. T. C. engineers; of commercial vision, typified by Rudolph Spreckels.

These three forces unite in giving the American public perfected radio.

Investigate these statements. Hear the Kolster. You will be surprised and delighted. Never have you heard such reproduction.

F. A. Kolster

For eight years he was head of the Radio Section of the United States Bureau of Standards. He is now Chief Research Engineer of the F. T. C. Organization.

THE Kolster is presented in several types and models. All are housed in exquisite cabinets whose styles are created by leading authorities on decoration.

The models are authentic reproductions of fine period motifs, adding charm and elegance to beautiful homes.

Kolsters have a beautiful, duo-tone satin finish on genuine mahogany. They are masterly examples of the cabinet-maker's art.

In the Kolster are combined both technical advancements and beauty. A pleasure to the eye as well as the ear.

KOLSTER RADIO

A *de luxe* Radio, but not expensive

In Countless Ways, a Kolster is Superior. Can a Lesser Instrument Satisfy You?

Upon the Kolster has been conferred acknowledged leadership in several directions.

In tonal qualities, Kolster reproduction is a distinct advancement. To hear a Kolster is a revelation—you've never heard its equal.

In simplified operation, a Kolster is unique. Note its easy tuning, as described on the opposite page.

In selectivity and sensitivity, also in every mechanical requirement, a Kolster is supreme.

In beauty, too, a Kolster offers the ultimate. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the world's greatest authority on interior decoration, is designing Kolster cabinets.

The Kolster owner is not only offered all these advancements but he is guaranteed satisfaction by the manufacturer.

So great is Kolster value, so readily is it recognized, that discriminating people everywhere are not content with a lesser instrument.

To hear and see a Kolster is to know radio at its best. Have a Kolster demonstrated in your own home or at a Kolster dealer's.

Compare a Kolster with what you now think ideal. Your conception of perfected radio will be revised undoubtedly.

FEDERAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY
(of California)
Woolworth Building, New York City

Elsie de Wolfe, who has achieved a unique position in the world of art as an interior decorator, is designing for Kolster Radio a number of fine period cabinets.

If you love not only a fighter, but a champion, you'll want the "film of protection" on the job safeguarding your motor.

If you love a FIGHTER
read how the "FILM OF PROTECTION" battles to safeguard your motor

BACK to the wall . . . long odds against him . . . prodigal with every ounce of energy . . . unyielding as Gibraltar —that's the kind of a fighter men love.

And that's the kind of a fighter an oil must be to protect the life of your motor.

Every minute you drive, your motor is menaced by deadly heat and friction. Searing, scorching heat! Tearing, grinding friction! Against that double attack stands only a film of oil. A film thinner than this page you are reading.

No wonder only a fighting film can win that battle! No wonder so many oils fail!

Why many oils lose

A motor oil, in action, forms a thin film over the vital parts of a motor. This film penetrates between all the whirling, sliding surfaces and prevents destructive chafing of metal against metal.

But the oil-film itself is subjected to terrific punishment. It is lashed by withering heat. It is ground by relentless friction. Under that punishment the film of ordinary oil often breaks, curls up and burns. Through the broken, shattered film hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction sets up its work of destruction. Often before you know the oil has failed, you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston. That means big repair bills.

The oil that gives the "film of protection"

Because motor lubrication is a matter of oil films, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying and testing not only oils but *oil films.* Finally they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which gives the "film of perfection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A fighting film which resists to the uttermost deadly heat and friction.

If you love not only a fighter but a champion, you'll want the "film of protection" on the job safeguarding your motor.

Hundreds of thousands of car owners have turned to Veedol and find it their motor's most steadfast defender. Stop at the next orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

THE VEEDOL FILM of PROTECTION

Hundreds of thousands of car owners now entrust the safety of their motors to this oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

VEEDOL
Economy Oils and Greases

A convenient way to buy Veedol is in a sealed five gallon container. Then you are assured of full quantity and genuine quality. And you always have a fresh supply of oil on hand.

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routine. Her head swarmed with ideas. The days were not long enough for the amount of work she would have liked to crowd into them.

Of course, Reck was the one to whom she turned in any emergency. At his suggestion, she had taken a room in a quiet, almost dully respectable boarding house in Waterburg's oldest street. It was a very comfortable room, and in the first flush of freedom she had been exaggeratedly happy to be alone in any room; but she was beginning to feel that she wanted a place to live in which would be not only more extensive, but afford her a trifle more privacy.

"I can go cook a steak with you, but you can never come cook a steak with me," she mourned suddenly, taking off her hat in Reck's big barnlike studio, where a Paisley shawl and a welter of pillows concealed, without disguising, a bed, and where a table in the center of the place held drawing board and pencils when it didn't hold the remnants of a meal.

Reck, tinkering with a dilapidated gas stove behind a big Japanese screen in a corner, answered indulgently, "We'll get that all fixed up. I've been scouting for something."

"Reck, do you mean it?"

"Sure I do! You can't go on living on the bough forever."

Sally came over to watch his expert handling of a stubborn burner with her nose half powdered, puff in mid-air.

"You mean you've been looking for a place for me?"

"Got my eye on a shack," said Reck. He took the steak out of its wrappings and selected a pan from a nail on the wall. "Want to peel those potatoes?"

Sally attacked the potatoes obediently.

"Where, Reck—where is it? And how do you know I'll be able to afford it?"

"You're going to get a raise first of next month." Sally flushed happily.

"I'll bet you're responsible."

"I recommended it. Your stuff's worth it. You're a born ad writer. Best we ever had in the office. Old Stickney says so himself. Only thing I'm worried about, 'f you get any better he'll be trying to snake you back to the main works."

"Oh, no, Reck! I don't want to go back there—not now."

"Well, I don't want you to go," said Reck simply. "Guess I can block it a while yet."

Later, above the neatly browning potatoes and the steak doing itself to a turn, he explained in detail:

"'S a nice little place. Kind of a cottage in Doc Wallis' yard—ever hear of Doc Wallis?"

Sally had heard of Doctor Wallis.

"Eye, ear, nose and throat, isn't he? Youngish man with a mustache. Flo Hatton had him for that rotten cold of hers time she was home from the office."

"That's the bird," said Reck. "I see him at gym twice a week. Asked him if he knew of any villas at large and he spoke of this place in his yard. I ran out with him and looked it over. Big bedroom, bath, sitting room and dinky little kitchen. Not half bad. You and Flo Hatton could tuck yourselves in there and live like queens."

"Oh, me and Flo Hatton," said Sally slowly.

"You're not going to live by yourself," said Reck. "Don't be foolish! And Flo's a good scout. She won't get in your way."

Flo Hatton, silver-gilt blonde, carmine lips and a cool green eye. A good scout, with all a good scout needs of subtlety and charm—not enough to sink a ship, that is—at the same time, not utterly lacking in feminine desirability.

"I dare say I could stand Flo Hatton," said Sally slowly.

"Sure you could!" said Reck. "And if you were sick, there'd be somebody there to look after you."

So Reck had been worrying as to what would happen if Sally were sick, with nobody there to look after her. Sally drew a finger down his sleeve.

"Reck, you're darned sweet to me!"

"Yeah," said Reck. "That's only half of it. . . . Grab the potatoes, will you, while I crack some ice?"

They had supper together in a kind of companionable tiredness, sitting at the table from which drawing board and pencils had been temporarily removed and upon which a limp blue-and-white cloth had been temporarily spread. The steak was delicious. Reck had a fine hand with a steak. And the potatoes and salad reenforced it adequately. Afterward Sally would have washed up the dishes, but Reck put her negligently aside.

"Leave me at 'em. I'm used to it."

"You're an angel," said Sally. Shamelessly, she curled herself on the Paisley-shawled couch and watched him, stooping over his dish pan, putting plates away on a shelf, hanging pans from nails on the wall. When he had finished, he replaced the Japanese screen and came toward her, gravely rolling down his sleeves. His blue shirt was faded and not too fresh, his tie had a frayed edge. He sat down on the couch beside Sally and took out a package of cigarettes and lighted one with an air of exquisite satisfaction.

With the first ash, he sighed, "Gosh, this is wonderful! How long have you been in Waterburg now?"

"Over a month—almost six weeks."

"Satisfied?"

"Yes!" said Sally vehemently.

He laid his hand on her knee, lifted his eyes to her face, long gray eyes with a glint like sea water, poet eyes in a smudge of sooty lashes, too wistful for content, too moody for happiness, ever.

"D'y' miss Harris at all?" he inquired.

Sally resentfully realized a start that flickered along her nerves, tensed her fingers and quickened her heartbeat.

"Not an iota!" Harris' word. Why had she used it? On his lips it had never failed to irritate her.

"Maybe I'd better tell you," Reck said reluctantly. "I had a letter from him this week."

"You did! What about?"

"About you—what d'y' think? He'd found out some way or other that you were in the office here."

"I haven't tried to conceal the fact," said Sally proudly.

"No, except that you're using your maiden name."

"I'm using my only name."

Reck accepted the correction without comment.

"It was a nice enough letter. He wanted your address."

"I hope you didn't give it to him."

"I told him I'd refer the matter to you."

"When was all this, Reck?"

"Oh, Monday, I think."

"Monday! And this is Thursday!"

Reck took his hand from her knee and dropped his cigarette on the floor, ground it out with a vengeful heel.

"I know it is. I—put off telling you. Rotten—h'm?"

"No-o," said Sally, "not exactly that."

"Sure it is," said Reck, eyes on the floor, hands tapping and lighting another cigarette. "I wanted you—to myself. The way things are in the office now—nearest I've ever come to it."

"You haven't got me to yourself," said Sally coolly. "He never had—and nobody ever will have!" She ignored the way things were in the office.

"'S the bunk!" said Reck briefly. "You haven't decided which one yet, that's all."

"Are you being brutal?" said Sally. She stared at him curiously.

Reck shook his head, his rather sweet smile deepening.

"No, I'm not. If I were it'd 'a' been me—seven years ago."

Sally told him scornfully, "That's a *cliché*."

"It's true enough," said Reck, "to be one of the Ten Commandments."

There was a knock at the door.

"My laundry, I guess," said Reck; lifting his voice, he added, "C'm in!"

At which the door opened and, truth being as ever more coincidental than fiction, appeared—like a rabbit from the great conjurer's hat—Harris Devlin. Which doesn't really do him justice—comparing him to a rabbit. He looked a good deal more like someone from the back pages of Vanity Fair, where rabbits have never flourished.

Sally observed in one lightning glance that he wore a new overcoat and a new hat, that he was slightly thinner and that his mood was not ingratiating. Instinct set her trembling—the guilty wife discovered, in at least conversation, *à deux!* She repressed instinct.

She said to herself, "Sit still! You're nobody's wife at all. You've as much right to be with Reck as with Harris. Don't weaken!"

To Harris she said politely, with just the right suggestion of pleased surprise, "How d'y' do?"

She did not rise. Reck did, rather hurriedly, and took a step forward.

"Good evening," said Harris. He closed the door and came into the room with his hat in one hand. It was a good hat, with a brim reminiscent of English royalty.

"Evening," said Reck.

Sally sat still and looked on. She reflected that in another phase of animal life the two gentlemen before her would probably now have locked horns, roaring. One rather regretted the loss of the spectacle.

As it was—"Sit down, won't you?" said Reck.

"Do take off your coat," said Sally.

Harris flung her the deep-eyed, wry-mouthed glance of a minor prophet, but took off the new overcoat—gray tweed, smartly belted—and accepted a chair.

"Have a cigarette," said Reck.

"There's an ash tray," said Sally.

She sat back against the wall with a pillow behind her and—apologetically be it mentioned—her eyes danced. She felt the blood burning in her cheeks. Her voice had a tendency to lilt.

The result of seeing Harris unexpectedly? Of course not! She decided, "Must have been a stiffer drink than I thought," thereby wronging Reck's oranges and lemons and mint. "I'll have to watch what I say. He's come for my address because Reck wouldn't give it to him. This is too good. I mean, isn't it too bad? And how doggy he looks!"

Harris, as a matter of fact, did look rather well. Unimpeachably turned out. A slight loss of flesh became him. His dark clear-featured face looked younger. No longer any suggestion of smugness—a morose recklessness rather.

Across silence not too suave, he observed grimly, "I had your letter, Doone."

"Yeah?" said Reck. He went back to the couch and sat down on it beside Sally.

Sally offered as her contribution to an *entente générale*, "The mail service is really rather good nowadays, isn't it?"

IX

UNSPEAKABLE Sally! Leaning back against her cushion, hair softly untidy about her glowing face, cheeks flushed, eyes shining, smile coming and going upon a discreetly quiet mouth.

"I didn't expect," said Harris, all at once addressing her, "to see you here."

"No?" said Sally, with mild disinterest.

"No," said Harris. "I had written Mr. Doone, asking him, as Stickney's representative, to give me your address. He replied, refusing to do so."

"That right, Sally?" asked Reck laconically.

"Quite right, Reck," said Sally. She added, with almost a touch of reproof, "You know yourself, Harris, that was most unbusinesslike of you. An office isn't supposed to be bothered with the social complications of its employes."

"Social complications!" echoed Harris, before he could check himself. His brows came together in a black line.

Reck stooped his head over a fresh light, his lips twitching. Sally continued, cool as

Comfort Gift Suggestions

PERSONAL gifts, with the solid, lasting comfort that men so thoroughly appreciate.

Brighton Wide-Web Garters—the famous "Comfort" garters, packaged attractively for the holidays and made for every type of masculine apparel. At the better stores, you'll find—

Brightons for daily use
Brightons for dress wear
Brightons for wool socks
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And Brightons beautifully packaged in combination with Pioneer Belts and Pioneer Suspenders offer gifts that win the heart of any man. Ask to see them at the men's furnishings counter.

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For 48 Years Manufacturers of
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WIDE-WEB GARTER
Single Grip, 35c and up
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Artemis, "You should have written me personally. Why didn't you?"

"Knowing how much good that would do!" retorted Harris. He crossed his knees and, leaning back, crossed his arms. His good-looking mouth was set. His eyes probed Sally's fiercely. Sally shrugged. She even laughed—entirely amiable. "Why not?"

"You mean—you'd have answered?"

"Why not—again? There's no mystery involved that I know of."

Harris stood up with a movement of sharp agitation, shoving his chair away from him. He said, with an enormous effort at casualness, "Doone, if I might see my wife alone—for a bit."

"See whom?" asked Sally gently.

"See you!" said Harris, and the edge in his tone brought Reck to his feet, scowling.

"Not unless she prefers it, Devlin."

"Reck!" said Sally, more gently yet.

Of course, it isn't every woman who, after seven barnacled years of marriage, finds herself again the prideful object of masculine *Sturm und Drang*. Sally was—no denying the fact—living her moment largely. She put a hand on Reck's sleeve and thrilled to see Harris wince.

"Reck, it's a shame to inconvenience you like this."

Reck picked up his hat from a chair near the couch, remarking tonelessly, "I left some stuff at the office. Might as well run over and get it."

"It's very good of you," said Harris stiffly.

Sally went with Reck to the door. She knew while she stood there murmuring, "Don't be long. I've got to see him sometime—just as well have it over with," that Harris was standing at the window, one hand in his trousers pocket, one hand on the back of his arrogant black head—waiting.

She shut the door on Reck, on the moody appeal in his heavy-lidded eyes—turned back to Harris crisply—a startling change of front.

"Well, I'm listening!"

Harris turned around slowly, met her look and motioned her to sit down. Sally returned to the couch. He returned to his chair. They faced each other taut as two racers.

"You're looking very well," said Harris unexpectedly.

"I'm feeling very well," said Sally. She added—unforgivably—"and happy."

Harris said nothing—mordantly.

"You've lost a bit of weight, haven't you?" inquired Sally, regarding her finger nails with polite abstraction.

"No idea," said Harris. "Haven't been on the scales lately."

He leaned forward, linked hands between his knees, looking at the floor.

Sally looked at the top of his head and experienced once again that curious tingling tension in the tips of her fingers. She shut her eyes an instant, frowning.

"Sally!" said Harris in a low choked voice.

He had not looked up.

"Yes?" said Sally briskly.

"You are not —— Sally, where are you living?"

Sally murmured sweetly, "Not in this studio, Harris if that's what you infer."

Harris dropped his head in his hands for a moment. "When I opened that door tonight and saw you sitting there ——"

"Naturally," said Sally. "And knowing me as you did, you suspected the worst."

"Don't!" said Harris, with a groan. "How did I know? You'd left me flat. I hadn't seen you nor heard from you since that night. He's been in love with you for years."

"That's only half of it," Sally answered coldly.

Reck's phrase! Always Reck's cryptic, mocking, defensive answer when one drove him to cover.

Harris got up and walked about the room as if he could no longer endure stillness. He came back and stood staring down at Sally, his arms folded.

"Of course," he said, "it's unthinkable, but how did I know? You might have married him!"

"Why is it unthinkable?" asked Sally. "One might do worse. He's got the sweetest nature I ever knew."

"Sweet nature be damned!" said Harris violently. "Do you mean to tell me you feel yourself free to marry anyone?"

"Why not?" said Sally reasonably. Knowing her man she added without too much delay: "Free enough—if I chose; which, I assure you, I don't. I've had enough of marriage to do me for some time."

"And I thought we were happy!" said Harris. "I thought we hit it off about as well as any two people could."

"Any two married people, you mean," said Sally. . . . "Give me a cigarette."

Harris groped for his case, observing from force of habit, "You're smoking too much." In another and anguished tone, he added, "What do you mean? Are you going in for free love?"

"We-ell, not exactly," said Sally.

"Hell's bells!" said Harris.

"I mean—not yet," said Sally. "Not till I've looked around a bit." She strangled a wild inclination to laughter before Harris' stricken stare. "I mean," she explained indulgently, "free love really hasn't much advantage over marriage—as a *modus operandi*, shall we say?"

"I never expected to hear you say it."

"Oh, well, you see, old thing," said Sally, "I honestly didn't know very much about it until now."

"W-what?" asked Harris hoarsely.

"Do sit down," said Sally. "The worst of discussing any aspect of sex with a man is that he always makes everything personal."

Harris sat down rather heavily, for the moment incapable of reply. Sally went on, sitting forward on the couch, sinking her chin in one white hand and regarding her one-time lord and master with detached interest.

"D'y' see?" she pointed out. "I'm in a position now, for the first time in my life, to differentiate between mere physical attraction —— You might find another chair more comfortable, or will you have a cushion in that one?"

Harris returned deeply, "I am quite comfortable, thank you—don't let me interrupt."

Sally resumed pleasantly, "—— between mere physical attraction and the perfect mating. I'm theorizing, of course, on incomplete data. What I'm getting at is, it doesn't seem to me that either free love—which is a rather loose term, by the way ——"

"Pretty darn loose!" agreed Harris briefly.

"Neither free love nor marriage," said Sally, unmoved, "really fills the bill today. I mean to say, after all, free love implies constancy—doesn't it?—for the length of one emotion. Why not a more elastic relationship? Two emotions at a time, say —— What are you doing? Won't you burn yourself?"

Harris withdrew the wrong end of his cigarette from within an inch of his lips, stonily ignoring the averted holocaust.

He said between his teeth, "How you've changed!"

"Not at all," said Sally courteously. "It's merely that my experience with you ——"

"How can you call it that?"

"Why not? A bit monotonous at times, but still yes, I think we might call it an experience—added to my experience with Reck ——"

Harris got up with a suddenness and a lithe silent sureness of movement not unlike a black panther Sally had once seen prowling behind bars in a circus. He caught Sally's wrists and, without knowing quite how she got there, she found herself all at once standing very close to him, his eyes burning down into hers.

"What about your experience with Reck? Go on!"

"Let me go!" muttered Sally, straining away from him. His grasp bruised her wrists. Her heart was pounding.

"What about Reck?" said Harris doggedly. "If I've got a successor, I want to know it."

Tears—the tears that inevitably defeated Sally's most gallant moments—welled up in her eyes and slid searing down her cheeks.

She stammered brokenly, "Do you think I'd be fool enough—to hurt myself twice—in the same place? I was just kidding—you're so absurdly easy. Reck's nothing to me—no more than you are."

"You're my wife," muttered Harris.

"You've forgotten—I slapped you the last time you said that."

"Do it again!" he told her, and let her right hand go free.

Sally struck; he caught it in mid-air, pinned her two hands together with one of his, pulled her close and kissed her on the mouth, blindingly, breathlessly, as she had not been kissed in seven years.

"Doesn't that prove anything?" he asked unsteadily, as he released her.

"It proves I was right to leave you," murmured Sally. Her smile glimmered. "You almost interest me—like this." She drew away from him just in time. "Don't touch me! If you do, you'll have to go. This is Reck's place, not yours, remember."

"You haven't told me," said Harris—he straightened his tie while she smoothed her hair—odd the tension that kiss relieved—"what you're doing in Reck's place."

"Ask me nicely—and I may. No conjugal hysterics, please!"

Harris grinned that shamefaced endearing grin of his—it hadn't changed much in six weeks.

"All right, I'm sitting pretty now. I merely want to know—is he giving a party this evening or what not?"

"He hadn't intended to," said Sally. She went back and sat down on the couch. This time Harris sat down beside, her. "For instance, were you asked?" inquired Sally.

"I was not," said Harris. "I was looking for you. It occurred to me, when I found you hadn't gone to Uncle Guy's or to those blinkin' California cousins of yours, that you might have headed back to your old job, so I barged into Stickney's office one day and startled it out of him that you were working for him over here under your old name."

"Under my own name!"

"Any way you like. Then I wrote Doone and he wouldn't come through, so I ran over, myself."

"And behold the woman!" said Sally silkily. She clasped her knees and tilted her head. Harris' eyes were hungry on the line of her throat.

She admitted with an air, "Now that you behave like a Nordic proper, there's no reason you shouldn't be answered. I came home from the office with Reck to cook a steak ——"

"You cook a steak? I thought you hated housework!"

"Reck cook a steak, if that's your personal idiom. I did do the potatoes, however; the kind you used to like, browned, with flocks of butter on 'em."

"For Reck?" suggested Harris bitterly.

"For Reck, who later washed the dishes, not to say the pots and pans."

Harris asked without further comment, "Do this kind of thing often?"

"Once or twice a week. The food at the boarding house isn't so good."

"Oh, you're in a boarding house? I thought you had to have pretty things around you."

"I do—I'm moving next week—to a cottage, in the yard of a doctor."

"That doesn't sound so well."

"Doesn't it? Sorry. Then you mustn't come to see me there. Miss Hatton, the stenographer in the office, and I are taking it together."

"Do you know the doctor—well?"

"Not yet. I've never seen him. Reck found me the place."

"Reck!" said Harris, with a faint sneer. "Nothing but Reck, Reck, Reck!"

Sally flared up instantly. She walked over to the table and stood there facing Harris, her head in the air.

"Yes, Reck! And why not? Nobody in this world ever cared for me more entirely, more unselfishly, more unfailingly, than Reck Doone. He rates more than I'll ever be able to give him. In a thousand years I couldn't repay his thought for me, his consideration, his friendship!"

Harris corrected dryly, "You're not the kind of a woman for whom men stop at friendship."

"Then perhaps," Sally retorted swiftly, "I shall be able to repay it, since love is much easier to find." She added over her shoulder, "That you, Reck? Come in!"

Reck had returned. He carried, noticeably, a sheaf of papers.

He asked abstractedly, "Laundry come back while I was gone?"

"No, old dear, it didn't," said Sally. "And I'm just running along."

"I'll take you home," said Harris quickly.

Reck swung toward the telephone. "I'll call a taxi."

"You will not," said Sally. "Thanks a lot, everybody, but I travel alone." She gave her hand to Harris, who took it rather awkwardly. "Call me up sometime after next week. I'll ask you to dinner at the cottage—if you're in town."

Harris said grimly, "I'll be in town." After which Sally's five fingers lingered along Reck's sleeve.

"See you tomorrow at the office."

"See you tomorrow," said Reck.

"Good night, gentlemen," said Sally. The door slammed behind her.

Regrettably and undeniably, she snickered on the stairs. She was listening for reactions in the room she had just left.

x

THE cottage was low, with a mossy green roof. Pinero might have approved it. The roof leaked, which was entirely in character; and Reck had it mended, which was in character also.

A large bedroom which held two white beds, as well as other customary bits of furniture, occupied about one-third of the place. The rest was adequately portioned off into a bath, a kitchen and a hybrid but pleasant sitting-and-dining room.

Sally shared the bedroom with Flo Hatton; an arrangement which Flo accepted as the most natural thing in the world, but which Sally found slightly trying. She didn't, to begin with, enjoy the sight of another woman's cosmetics and perfumes scattered about; and she didn't, to end with, greatly enjoy the proximity of the woman herself. Flo was none too tidy. She spilled talcum on the floor, face powder on the dressing table, clothes in every corner. She sang in her bath, and she wouldn't sleep with all the windows open. She left her comb about with ash-gold hairs in it. She couldn't fold a newspaper after she had read it. She talked about her lovers forever. She suspected every man who looked at her, who spoke to her, who had anything to do with her, of suppressed desires. And she recited her suspicions to Sally with gusto.

"I've got to be careful about young Wallace," she'd say. "He doesn't miss a move I make"; or, "Funny about old Stickney. I've never been anything but ab-so-lutely businesslike with him, but Friday when he was over to look at the books and I took all those letters for him, d'y' think he took his eyes off me a minute? I was just as nervous as a witch until he left."

Doctor Wallis, a quiet, rather bookish young man, with eyeglasses and a nervous laugh, assumed at once, in Flo's Decameron, the rôle of a soft-stepping libertine.

"Did you see him squeeze my arm walking across the sitting room last night?"

"I saw him pull you aside when you were about to step on the cat," returned Sally coolly. *(Continued on Page 91)*

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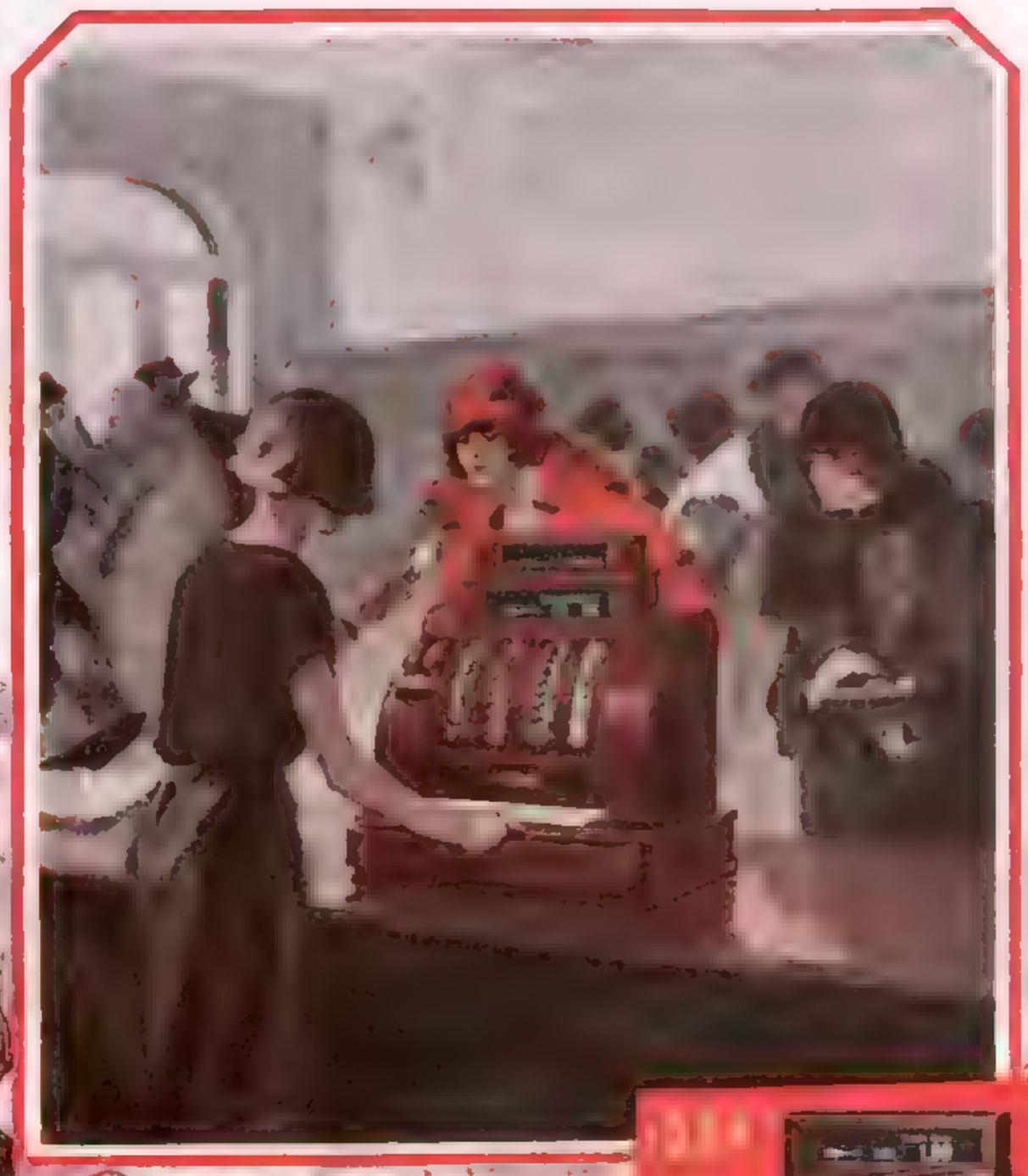

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(Continued from Page 86

The cottage harbored a kitten, a soft-furred gray-and-tawny thing, which had arrived from nowhere at all, as kittens have a way of doing, and stubbornly taken up its abode. Sally adored that kitten secretly. Her first kindly thought for Doctor Wallis was in the moment when he had stayed Flo's careless footsteps and saved its eighth or ninth life.

"You're awfully unobservant," said Flo. "That cat was a yard away."

"By the time he let go your arm it was," said Sally.

Bar such friendly frankneses as that, she and Flo kept house together nicely. One week Flo was what she called the heavy domestic; next week, Sally.

Flo did it, in a haphazard fashion, not badly. Sally, thanks to seven years' practice, carelessly well. They shared expenses between them, got their own breakfasts, ate luncheon downtown, and with Reck's fairly constant assistance made light work of dinner.

Reck crossed the threshold of that cottage like all the prodigals of the world coming home. His new magazines lay always on the table, caviar in the kitchen, roses on the bookshelf, a new French perfume on the dressing table, a silver bell upon a little leather collar about the neck of the kitten—all spelled Reck.

Dishes washed and table cleared, he sprawled upon the couch beneath the wide latticed window, his gray eyes luminous, his smile absurdly happy.

"This is something like!"

"All the comforts of home," said Flo smartly.

"With none of the concussions," said Sally.

Reck looked at her. She looked at him. His smile died. Hers grew.

Next day, at luncheon, Flo confided, "I'm getting worried about Reck."

"Why?" asked Sally, instantly alert, face immobile.

"Didn't you notice—last night?" hinted Flo.

"Notice what?" said Sally.

She must tell Reck to be more careful. Flo had keen eyes. It wouldn't do to have a question of anything beyond the most impersonal relationship—that was all Sally wanted.

"Gee! I thought he made it pretty plain!" said Flo.

"Nonsense!" said Sally. "That's just his manner."

Flo swallowed a sizable fragment of chocolate éclair before answering significantly, "My dear, I've been in the office with Reck six years. I know more about him than you do. When he breaks out three new ties in a week and a new gray suit —— You can't tell me! Find the woman!"

"What's wrong with this picture?" said Sally flippantly.

"Ab-so-lutely!" Flo agreed. "And after six years! I tell you, you simply can't believe in Platonic friendship. The look Reck gave me last night when I handed him his coffee!"

Sally very nearly gasped, very nearly swore.

"It's sort of pitiful," Flo went on, with a dreamy stare for a preoccupied stranger at a table opposite, "the way a man'll doll himself up and begin to look after his nails and his haircut the minute he realizes how much a girl really means to him. Isn't it now?"

Sally, with whom Reck's sartorial experiments had not gone unobserved, sat speechless.

"Reck's a good-looking lad when he dresses the part," said Flo. "Or hadn't you noticed?"

"He's a dear," said Sally concisely, "any way you take him."

"Sure he's a dear," said Flo. "But he's been a pretty sloppy dear until now. I always thought he was safe as a church. You see, when I first struck the office, he was just coming out of the ether after a wicked jolt some female had handed him, and I always imagined he was one of those one-love-of-a-lifetime birds. You know!"

"The wild goose," suggested Sally dryly, "or the elephant?"

"No fooling!" said Flo. "I'd of watched my step if I'd known he could stage a comeback like this. I wouldn't hurt him for the world, bless his heart!"

She beamed, all womanly sweetness, upon a second éclair, and Sally shut her teeth on a naughty word, learned from Harris. That was one unconsidered feature of apparent celibacy, apparent maidenhood. One reëntered, reluctant-footed or not, the contest of brook and river. No lying back on a wedding ring and a certified husband. One got out and contested with one's sisters the honors of the road. Sally revenged herself in a peculiarly diabolic way for Flo's interpretation of Reck's renascence.

She said to him, in Flo's presence, "Reck, you look like a million. I love gray tweeds. If you only wore a mustache now—a small one—you'd be D'Artagnan himself!"

Ten days later, Reck wore, in its finished state, a small reddish mustache.

"Oh, musketeers!" cried Sally.

Flo murmured something, not too softly, about Mr. Chaplin.

Of course life is made up of people who love the mountains and people who love the sea, people who care for mustaches and people who do not. Witness Kipling's famous testimony.

Harris had never worn a mustache, although Sally had often implored it of him. Upon his first encounter with Reck after the D'Artagnan touch, Sally alone appreciated the tenseness of the moment—the dawning in those keen black eyes of a vivid and stormy comprehension.

XI

HARRIS was, however, as the saying goes, nobody's fool. He made no comment upon Reck's altered appearance other than observing pleasantly to Sally, "See you've been gilding the lily!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Sally demurely.

"The hand that steers the razor," Harris assured her, "is the hand that fools the world."

Sally lifted a cool pink palm and an eyebrow.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Harris, adding with a grin, "'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls. Matter enough to shave one's own!'"

"You're impossible!" said Sally, but she didn't think he was.

She found him, in moments when she allowed herself the luxury of complete honesty, infinitely more amusing, infinitely more interesting, dangerously more worth while, than she had found him living under his roof. She wondered sometimes if actually he accepted the altered relationship as calmly as now appeared upon the surface. For, after that first not unnatural outburst at finding her eating Reck's steak in Reck's studio, Harris had fallen, with no apparent effort, into the rôle of an established friend, employing all a friend's privileges, rarely transcending them. Once or twice a week he came over to Waterburg, motoring sometimes—he had got a new roadster since Sally left him—sometimes making the dusty and rather stupid trip by train. He dined at the cottage on such occasion and usually took Sally to a theater afterward. Sometimes they danced. He maintained in all this a kind of pleasant intimacy, not conspicuously personal. It piqued Sally's pride a little to see how nearly impersonal he was able to be.

Had the change proved as welcome, after all, to him as to her? On the other hand, if he didn't still care for her deeply, didn't miss her, didn't ache to have her back again, why was he forever running over to Waterburg? Why didn't he stay at home and play poker with Jim Boyden—or even find another woman to take to the theater?

That, however, didn't trouble Sally greatly. Other women, she felt comfortably, didn't interest him. Flo's batteries, trained occasionally in his direction—a mere matter of target practice with Flo—seemed never to find him. He was now, so far as Sally was concerned, all a woman could ask for in the way of a masculine companion, with no marital handicap. She remembered the Harris of Apartment 37, doling out monosyllables of an evening above his newspaper, carping at expenses, snapping over small annoyances, sinking daily deeper into a rut of his own digging, and she cried to herself:

"Oh, this is the way it should be! This way we get the best of each other and don't have to live with the worst. I'm so glad—I'm so glad I had sense enough to leave him. It was the only way to keep him."

Life, no question, was vastly sweeter between office and cottage than in Apartment 37; vastly more satisfying, vastly more exciting.

"This," Sally decided, "is the ideal arrangement. This could go on forever!"

In which she reckoned without her Harris. Although, without Reck's birthday party, she might have been longer in coming to that reckoning. The birthday party was rather crowding one's luck. Even Sally knew that, while she made a cake and iced it, set pink candles round about its snowy rim, set pink sugar roses round the candles.

She said to Flo, watching, eating salted almonds when she wasn't eating mints or stuffed olives, "Reck has been so sweet to—us. He rates a party, doesn't he?—if any man ever did. I'm glad I remembered his birthday."

"Just you and me and Reck and the Devlin man?" inquired Flo languidly.

"Four's quite enough to get dinner for, thank you," said Sally.

"Oh, four's enough," said Flo. Her conception of a party was not getting dinner for it. She added, "You ought to be married, sweetie. You got a domestic streak a mile wide."

"Me?" cried Sally, horrified.

"Sure you have. Look at you icing that cake. Look at you forever fluffing up the sofa cushions and picking dead leaves off the flowers. You'd be pussy in the cream on the right man's doorstep."

"Disgusting!" said Sally coldly. "Marriage is a farce."

Flo jazzed a step and ran a finger round the icing bowl, conveying the finger thereafter to her greedy scarlet mouth.

She said pertly, "It's a wonder there's any market at all for orange blossoms, isn't it? And as for farces—gee, how the tired business woman hates 'em!"

"Get out of here!" said Sally. "Go and get dressed. You know it takes you an hour."

She drove Flo off, but Flo's shaft remained, sticking in the wound it had made.

Domestic! Sally? Wasn't that just the thing she had run away from? Absurd, preposterous! Only a shallow fool like Flo could suggest such a thing!

The evening, however, held refutal of that. Reck's face, across the lighted candles of his cake, shone past all discretion, scorning subterfuge.

"You made this?" he said to Sally. "Gosh, all this icing and stuff! It's immense. I didn't know you could do it."

Sally, catching Harris' narrowed eye, affected an easy disclaimer.

"Nonsense! Anyone could."

"Bet they could not!" said Reck reverently. "It's like the things you see in a caterer's window."

An uneasy little supper, a distinctly dynamic little party. Sally, in a slim green sleeveless gown with an ivory gardenia on one shoulder, wished bitterly, so early as clearing off the table, that she had never been hospitably inspired, had never spread a feast for a rejected suitor and invited thereto a rejected husband.

She tried to keep Flo between herself and Reck; but Flo, in a flesh-colored chiffon of infinite suggestion though technical respectability, had settled for the moment upon Harris and was not for leaving the sitting room. Sally therefore found herself

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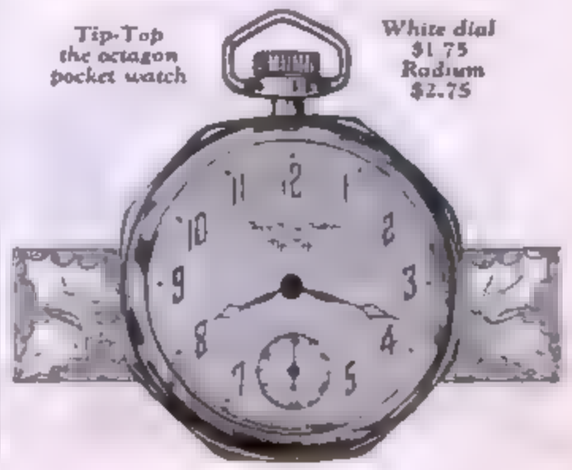

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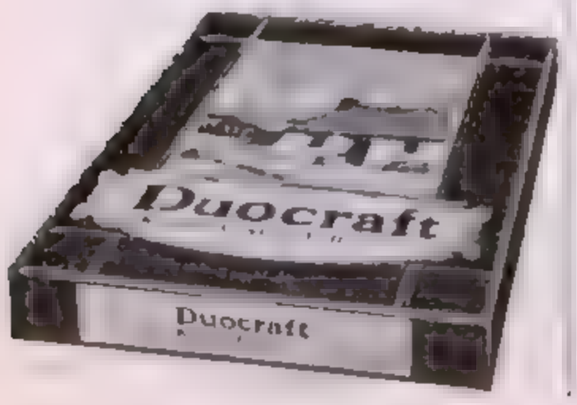

inevitably marooned in the kitchen, with Reck between her and the door—no choice but to hear him. His smile besought her before he brought out a word.

"Sally, it's my birthday."

"That's what the cake was for," said Sally coolly.

"I know—it's a beautiful cake. I never had a cake like that ——"

"You poor old dear!"

But the warm and sisterly didn't apparently suffice.

"You must have cared—a little—to take the trouble to make it," said Reck, eyes like a collie—wistful, pleading, adoring eyes.

Sally's heart winced to look at him, to listen to him.

She made herself say politely, "It wasn't any trouble. I like to cook."

The wrong line—indubitably and irretrievably the wrong line. She knew it before the words were out, knew it by the change in Reck's eyes, the gray gleam, the ardent flash, the step he took toward her, suddenly finding words.

"Sally, I know it! I knew it, sitting there at the table tonight, watching you across the flowers and the candles. You fixed it all. It's your hand in everything. You're a good ad writer, but you're a woman straight from heaven!"

"Reck, are you crazy?" asked Sally weakly.

No stemming that torrent.

"Yeah, I'm crazy!" said Reck. "And you know it. Crazy about you, and have been since the first day I met you. I loved you before Devlin ever saw you. I've never stopped loving you."

"Please - Reck— please!"

"What do I care who hears me? I'd be glad to tell him to his face, tell him to clear out and leave you alone! Hanging around you, after you've left him!"

"I forbid you to talk that way."

"Honey," Reck told her, "you couldn't stop me now! If you didn't want to listen, you shouldn't have made me that birthday cake—as if you and I were married to each other."

"Marriage," said Sally desperately, "has nothing to do with birthday cakes."

"Ours would! We'd be so happy together. I could get away with anything if I had you—in a little home of our own—to work for."

It was true, he was changed. He was getting away with more and keener stuff all the time. The new gray suit and the new ties, the new haircut, the manicured nails—it was all just surface indication of the thing her coming back into his life had done for him. She could make him; she was the impulse he had lacked, the spark to his tinder. While she stood there, mute, drawn by his need as never by any need of her in Harris, Reck put both arms about her and crushed his face against her hair.

"Kiss me!" he begged, like a man dying of thirst at the edge of a crystal pool. "Remember that it's my birthday, Sally. Kiss me!"

XII

IN THAT moment, life being what it is, Flo pushed open the swinging door with a plate in one hand, a glass in the other.

"This is all!" she said airily.

Harris, coming in just behind her, said nothing at all—merely stopped in his tracks, his dark eyes murderous. It was not, dispassionately considered, an easy situation for Sally to handle—on the spur of the moment, as one may say. Groping among terrifying possibilities, she caught at the steadying thought, "I'm not his wife! There's nothing he can do. I must get Reck away, then tell him so."

Flo stood staring, choking back a giggle. Sally pushed Reck away from her with both hands, smiled daringly into his sullen face. She said to Harris and Flo, to whomever it might concern, "Reck's going. If you two will stack the dishes, I'll wash 'em."

She went out of the kitchen swiftly, through the sitting room and into the cold clean darkness of the porch, with Reck at her heels, impotent. She gave him his hat, having caught it up on the way, gave his arm a fierce little shake.

"Are you satisfied? Do you want me shot at sunrise?"

Reck began hotly, "He has no right——"

"Neither have you," said Sally. "Which makes it unanimous." Her voice was crisp, but it shook a trifle. "You've got to go, Reck. I won't have a scene. I'll see you tomorrow morning at the office—talk about it then."

"Go—and leave him here? I'll be——"

"You'll be damned if you don't, I can tell you! I'll never look at you again. Now go, Reck! You needn't worry. He's going too!"

"Promise!" said Reck.

Sally snatched her hand from his lips.

"Anything! Only go!"

Reck went—none too soon. When Sally turned back to the sitting room, Harris was holding the door open for her, his face a mask.

"Well, has your friend gone?"

Sally said, fighting for time, seeing in one swift glance that Flo was still in the kitchen out of earshot, "Yes, he's gone."

"Have you any explanation?" asked Harris grimly.

"I have not," said Sally, head well up, but lips slightly unsteady, "for you—nor anyone else! You have no claim on me. I am my own mistress."

"This has gone far enough," said Harris.

"Quite," said Sally.

"I want to know what that—man means to you!"

"I refuse to discuss it."

"I insist." Sally was silent, whitely scornful. Harris caught her wrist, his fingers bruised its slimness, he was shaking with jealous fury. "Had he kissed you?"

"I won't tell you. Let me go!"

"He had his arms around you, damn him! Do you think I'm going to stand for that?"

"Let me go, at once!" Anger blazed up in Sally like a white flame. She wrenched herself free. She pointed to Harris' hat and coat, on a chair in a corner. "I must ask you to excuse me. As you say, this has gone far enough. I am not your wife. I do not have to listen to your insults."

"You are my wife," said Harris. "You can't have forgotten—everything."

"I am not your wife," said Sally. "I am no more to you than you are to me. Try to understand that, once and for all! Good night!"

"No more to me," said Harris, white-lipped, "than I am to you!"

"Good night!" said Sally doggedly.

If only she might be rid of him before the thing that was scalding her eyelids, thickening her voice, twisting her lips, broke her and had its way with her. She shut her nails into her palms, fighting it.

"Very well ——" began Harris huskily.

The swinging door creaked. Flo came back full of languid reproach.

"Is this the way we do the dishes, Harry? Me, all by myself, for the last half hour in that big lonely kitchen!"

"I'm sorry," said Sally.

"Oh, they're done now!" said Flo. She looked from one to the other of them curiously. "What's the matter? Reck crab the party?"

"I have a headache," said Sally, anything to escape Flo's canny eyes. "I think if you don't mind ——"

Harris stopped her. He had, while Flo was speaking, retrieved his hat and coat and he stood with his hand out, unsmiling.

"Sorry about your head," he said briefly. "Suppose Flo and I go out for a ride and leave you in peace."

"Yes, yes!" said Flo. "I'm all for it! Why not?"

"Flo and I." And Sally left in peace!

She watched them, a moment or so later, go out of the door together, Flo's caressing hand through Harris' arm, Flo's elaborately curled blond head just topping Harris' shoulder. She watched them down the walk and into the street. Sally did, herself, alone in the cottage.

She heard a laugh at the gate—Flo's laugh, tin-pannish and vulgar. Harris had never objected to what he explained as healthy vulgarity in a woman. Commonness, Sally called it. Like a bit of garlic in a salad, Harris said. Well, Flo should be garlic enough for several salads. Flo and Harris—no, "Harry!" Impossible, almost unbearable. Harris' dark head going away beside that singed, pale, permanent-waved bird's nest! Going out for a ride in the dark with it! Sally wasn't jealous, she said to herself proudly. It was merely odd that she hadn't foreseen, hadn't quite expected —— Flo and "Harry!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Road Between Norton and Blackwood, Virginia

HEINZ CREAM SOUPS CONTAIN RICH DAIRY CREAM

Think of using real cream in a cream soup! It isn't done often. But Heinz does it. In Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup "cream" means *cream*—rich, thick, pure cream, fresh from the dairy.

And "tomatoes" means whole, luscious, sound tomatoes, grown under Heinz supervision, the aristocrats of the crop—picked when fully ripe and made into this delicious soup before any of their natural freshness and flavor is lost. A soup of creamy smoothness carefully and skillfully prepared in the Heinz spotless kitchens.

Heinz Tomato Soup, Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Chili Sauce, and the tomato sauce used in Heinz Oven-Baked Beans and Heinz Cooked Spaghetti are all made in the same careful way in sunny kitchens, from Heinz-grown tomatoes; all members of the 57 and worthy examples of the excellence of all the other Varieties.

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS . . . H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 33)

"Now, dear child, don't mind being frank with me. You're very young and the young are so shortsighted. They are apt to spend money like water while they have it. I hope we have not been guilty of extravagance this afternoon?"

"Certainly not," said Peach, recklessly and shining.

"You are sure, dear, that this—certainly very modest -expenditure is justifiable?"

"Oh, sure—sure!" Peach declared. She thought to herself, "I guess till the middle of January I can stand this racket."

"Sure! Sure!" she insisted gayly.

Why didn't the girl own up and say, "Why, I have a million dollars—I have two million dollars—I have half a million dollars—my father allows me just what I want"? Why couldn't she make a comfortable statement like this and set Mrs. Mount's poor mind at rest? But the young thing said nothing. She just leaned back there, smelling of some expensive perfume, heady with joy, and thought aloud, "That blue velvet will certainly be a dream. Short—short—still, I certainly have the legs. Georgina—that's my sister—always owned that anyway." And so on.

Mrs. Mount kissed the young thing almost with affection as she skipped out of the cab at Black's Hotel, opening her vanity bag for money.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Mount, almost maternally, "I'll pay him when I get home and put it down on the expenses that I shall have to ask you for every week or so. There'll be lots of little things like that."

"I expect there certainly will," called Peach, kissing her hand gayly to Mrs. Mount and disappearing.

Mrs. Mount walked with extreme thoughtfulness into her drawing-room, to find John Lexham. The tea table was ready, furnished with sort of grass sandwiches and bread and margarine, so soon to be replaced with *pâté de foie gras* and the best country butter.

"Well, Ada?" said John Lexham.

"It's all arranged, dear John. I am going to look after Miss Robinwood. She wishes to take this house. I thank you. It is all arranged, except just one detail that I thought of as I came in. Excuse me."

Mrs. Mount picked up her telephone and called Miss Peach Robinwood.

"My dear, I'm just in—we forgot the car."

"The car?"

"You must have a car. For the present, we can hire a nice one. Shall I take it upon myself to do so?"

"Oh, please hire me a great big car!"

"You wish a limousine, perhaps? Yes, dear."

Mrs. Mount hung up the receiver and turned.

"There's one thing she never seems to think fwant to know, John. Is this girl really rich?"

"Stinking rich," said John Lexham.

"You couldn't give me an idea of the figure?"

"Not accurately. How could I?" said John Lexham loftily. "But she is simply rolling -regardless."

"You know it?"

"She talked to me on the ship. She can gratify every whim."

Mrs. Mount sighed the sigh of the weary who is at rest.

"Have a sandwich, dear John."

"No, thanks," said John Lexham, looking at the wilted fodder below him, as he stood on the hearth.

Mrs. Mount sipped her tea and half closed her eyes.

"I always feel the strain of these responsibilities acutely"

"I can well believe it, in her case," said John Lexham grimly.

"The dear child!" said Mrs. Mount, murmuring as she had done to the fat dowager. "So fresh and fair! That is not what I mean at all. She will not be that sort of anxiety in any way. The trouble will be conscientiously to act for the very best on her behalf. Didn't you notice James Loring last night?"

"I noticed Loring very plainly last night."

"And the others too—I foresee competition."

Mrs. Mount gazed at John Lexham with half-closed eyes, as was her manner when great subtlety was about to take place.

"Really?" remarked John Lexham indifferently.

"I always get them married," said Mrs. Mount steadily; "that has been, I'm glad to say, my record. Not that I would hurry this child, of course. It would be a shame to hurry her, do you not think? So fresh and fair!" After purring for a few moments over a grass sandwich, she pursued: "She must have a couple of months on the Riviera, and really I hope for one season with her. I shall say to her, 'Postpone your marriage until you have experienced at least one London season.' That will see me nicely on till the end of next summer."

John Lexham regarded the plan indifferently. Mrs. Mount purred for a few moments to give him a chance to comment, but he said nothing.

"Although," she went on, "should she be really irrevocably snapped up before—and she will turn men's heads, there is not a doubt of it—I should expect to present her on her marriage. One gets merely one's court dress out of that sort of thing; but still —— And I do not know that one loses so much, either, that way; naturally, the young couple would have a fine country place where one could stay a good deal in the autumn—and week-ends."

"The young couple?"

"Dear little Peach and her husband."

John Lexham glanced malignantly at Mrs. Mount.

"The girl is very teachable," she continued, "and will be a treasure to any man who loves beauty and values sweetness of disposition. It is a pity you are not interested in her yourself. However, that being so, I have already thought of two or three very suitable men."

Sir John Lexham commenced, several times, a speech that failed to materialize.

"Well, personally," said Mrs. Mount, after she had cocked her ear attentively at these incoherent beginnings, and now affected to understand them, "I feel so drawn to the little thing that I would love to keep her in the family. I was imagining her today -I could not help it—running about at Lexham, infusing life and gayety into the poor old place, and ——"

"Restoring it with her money!" bellowed John Lexham. "No, thank you!"

"It would be a wonderful arrangement"

"No, thank you," said John Lexham; "if I've had to shut up my house because I can't afford to run it; if I have had to sack my gardeners; if I can't keep so much as a car or a hunter; and if I've got to live on my debts—well, that's my affair, and my affair it will remain. I don't ask any girl to buy me out of the mess."

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Mount, sighing artistically, "to allow foolish pride to balk one of happiness."

"That, my dear Ada, is my affair."

"I cannot cope with you, John," said Mrs. Mount, sighing again, with an effect of throwing up the hands.

Now there was this about Mrs. Mount: When she said to any person "I cannot cope with you," she meant privately that she thought she had got that person pretty well fixed. When she threw up her hands, it was merely to fasten them upon the prey. Strong men had found this out before now, to their undoing. Only, they did not find it out until they were undone. Before the kill, they had just lollopped along, eating and drinking and kissing and enjoying themselves; they had very little serious concern over a woman so elderly, so attenuated, so hungry, who only had grass for tea. And then, tallyho! and they were pulled down.

Mrs. Mount took the trouble to repeat thoughtfully, "I simply cannot cope with you, John," keeping her eyes half closed because of the great subtlety that was taking place.

XIII

"I HAVE a butler," Peach wrote to Georgina, "who has waited upon royalty and served in the most exclusive families in Europe. My dear, it is easy to get everything you want just in your own way when you have a lot of money. People just bow down. I have a French maid who at the moment is making me a suit of kind of Russian pajamas with which I shall wear sort of high bootees trimmed with swan's-down and be photographed in to annoy someone. He does not bow down to anyone, I should think. I am expecting a proposal from a lord, which I may or may not accept. I have taken a house of my own, and have hired a magnificent limousine by the month. I have given two dinner parties, with champagne. Do please tell Amy all this.

"How far away Lenville seems! If mother happens to say, when she sees you reading this, 'Ah, by now my daughter Peach is homesick for her mother, I suppose,' just tell her from me that I have not been homesick, am not homesick, and never, never shall be homesick. Tell her, 'Peach sends her love, and regrets nothing.'

"It would do Harry no harm to tell him the same, for men have a great opinion of themselves."

It was a great pleasure to send this letter to Georgina about the end of the first week in December, when Miss Peach Robinwood was really installed in her temporary home—which had been redecorated a trifle more extensively than was at first suggested—exquisitely enjoying the services of the aged butler, being manicured by Eve, wearing her pearls daily, receiving invitations written on crested note paper, giving dinner parties to people so sophisticated that at first sight they took one's breath away, writing checks and checks and checks, dancing with delightful men, and daily expecting, with confidence, a proposal of marriage from a lord.

Mrs. Mount recuperated hourly, as she always did during the halcyon periods when she was eating the best foods and drinking the best champagnes. She was a sensible woman and always made the most of a time like this, renewing her strength for the lean months which might follow. Her smile would grow very pensive as she watched Peach writing checks and checks and checks.

"The power you have, child!" she would say.

"The power I have!" Peach would murmur, keeping down a gulp that would try to escape her throat.

There was still something about this heiress, though, that faintly dismayed and perturbed Mrs. Mount. This girl, so young, so fresh, so fair, such a feather of a thing, seemed to have considerable, and dogged, powers of thought. These powers concentrated upon a single point—the girl seemed to wish to marry money.

"They do not usually care," said Mrs. Mount to the fat dowager, who was her closest confidante. "They usually wish for birth, breeding, title, position; and the money they find themselves. Now, Brenda, what is this?"

"Just greed," said the fat dowager; "atrocious greed."

"You think that is all?"

"I am sure of it," replied the fat dowager.

Mrs. Mount became cheered again. There were moments—as she confessed to herself and her intimates—when she had had her doubts about the Robinwood heiress; nothing dreadfully definite, of course, or she would have taken some firm step to establish the rights of the situation. But once or twice there had crept into her mind questions: "Has the girl really the disposal of her money? Why does she avoid putting it at a figure, so that I know where I am? Is it just her youthful thoughtlessness?" However, during the periods when Mrs. Mount's system was enriched by the best butcher's meat, the choicest oysters, the creamiest country butter, and vintage champagne, all uncomfortable questions usually answered themselves pretty easily. So, reassured by the fat dowager, she was able, to the query "Is it just her youthful thoughtlessness?" to answer herself "Yes."

Now there was the immediate question of Lord Loring. Lord Loring was definitely pursuing the Robinwood heiress. His man Francis had instructions to keep well in favor of the maid Eve; his tailor had extended his credit; the Charlton Restaurant had ceased to remind him courteously that his account had run on for more than two years; and his sister in Devonshire—Lady Bleddington—had been written to the effect that she must ask Miss Peach Robinwood, Mrs. Mount and the writer down for Christmas; in fact, a great many people knew what was in the wind, even the West End tradespeople welcoming Lord Loring again.

Also -which decidedly meant business—he was giving up the hunting which in December he always reckoned to enjoy through the kindness of his brother-in-law, Lord Bleddington, who used to undertake to mount him for three weeks in the season and subsequently to feed him through Christmas, and then to wash his hands of him.

Francis did not much care for giving up the longer winter visit to Bleddington Tower, with the good food and beer in the housekeeper's room; but he was quite amenable to reason and was, moreover, a long-sighted man; he realized, therefore, that their present tactics were likely to pay handsomely in the end. Besides, he had the enchanting Eve, who confirmed the fact of her lady's wealth. There were, of course, one or two other eager young men; but beside this suitor they were negligible.

Lord Loring, then, was now on the warpath. What was Mrs. Mount to do?

"It is time," she kept saying to herself, "that one of these good things was kept in the family, and this is so decorative and so teachable too. But how can I keep her back for John if he won't even try?"

This was a poser that Mrs. Mount worked over daily, but to which she could find no solution.

"Jealousy," said Mrs. Mount to herself one morning as she lay in bed in her renovated room—"jealousy might do it, if he's jealous. But is he? Or one could rouse his hunting instinct, perhaps, by ——"

Just at this juncture, however, she rang for another little pot of chocolate—which she always took with whipped cream at these happy periods in her life—and when she had drunk it, it made her feel so rich and oily and comfortable that somehow she let that day, too, slip by.

And whenever, through the day, she wanted to find Peach, the aged butler informed her "Miss Robinwood went out early with Lord Loring, madam." And "Miss Robinwood has just phoned that she is lunching out with Lord Loring at the Charlton, madam." And "No, madam, Miss Robinwood has not come back yet."

"I really must bestir myself and do my job better than this," said Mrs. Mount, all oily and drowsy and rich.

Peach came into Mrs. Mount's room the morning after she had gone out early with Lord Loring, phoned that she was lunching out with Lord Loring, and then gone on from the Charlton to a *thé dansant* with Lord Loring; and then asked Lord Loring back to a dinner party in which Mrs. Mount had not included him and which

(Continued on Page 99)

Ford

THE FORDOR SEDAN

$660

F. O. B. Detroit

Christmas Suggests This Judicious Purchase

The Fordor Sedan is an ideal Christmas gift for the whole family—an attractive and practical all-year car. Many new refinements contribute to its pleasing appearance, its convenience and utility. Finished in deep Windsor Maroon—interior upholstery to harmonize. Nickeled radiator, low, deep seats, wide doors, hooded sun visor and larger fenders. Any Authorized Ford Dealer will show you the Fordor Sedan, as well as other improved Ford body types. Ask about the easy terms on which you can buy.

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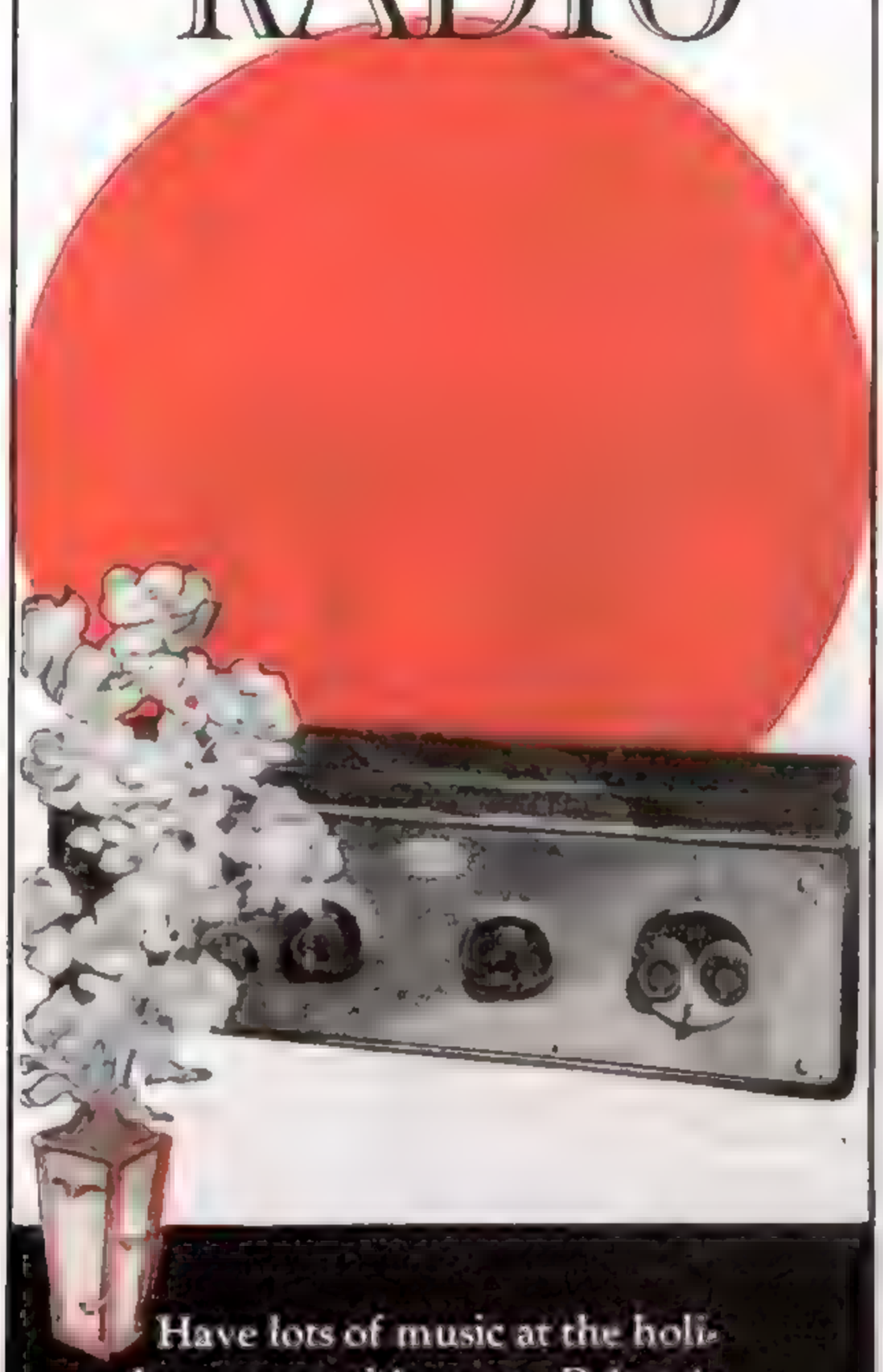
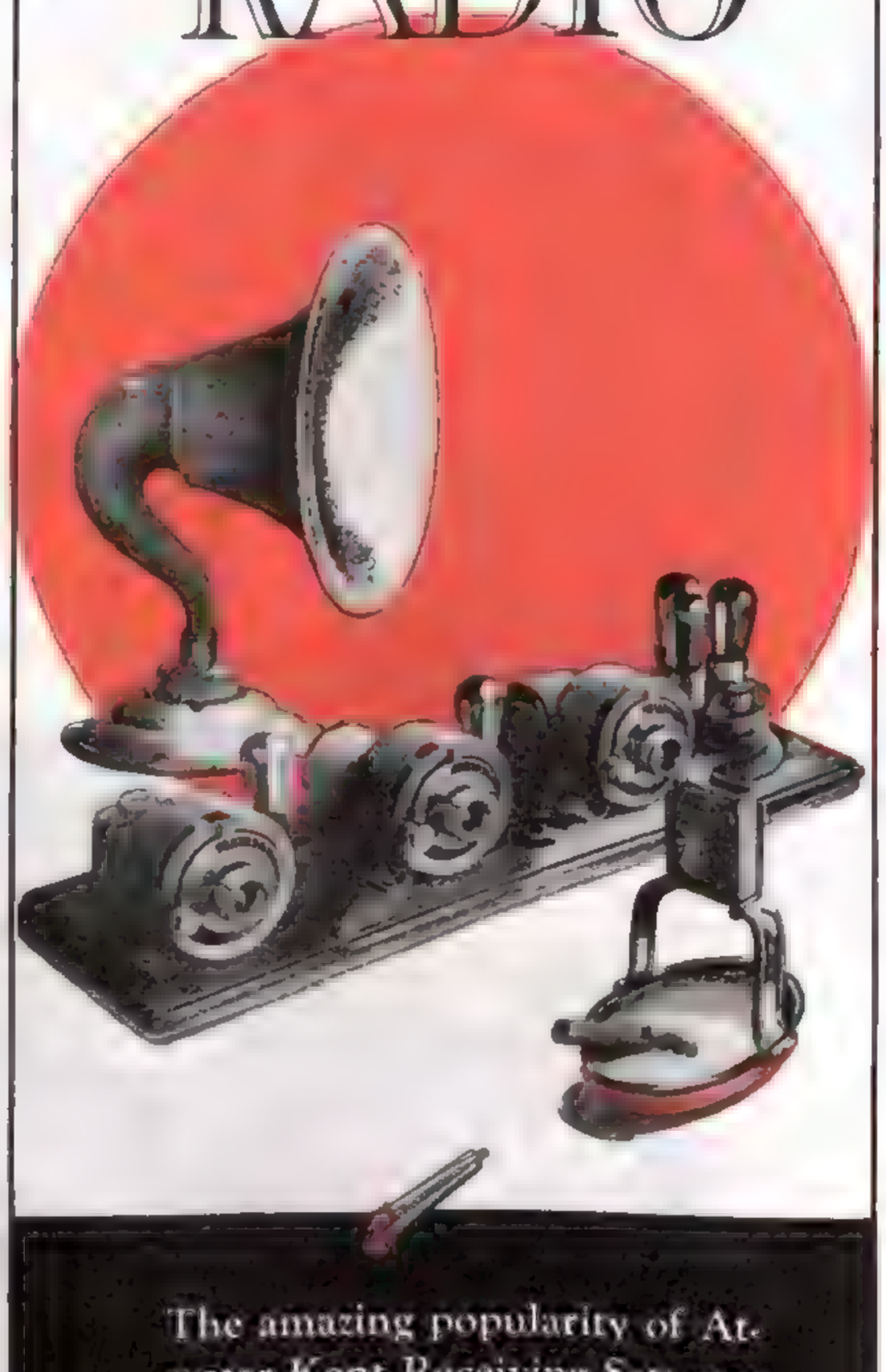
ATWATER KENT RADIO



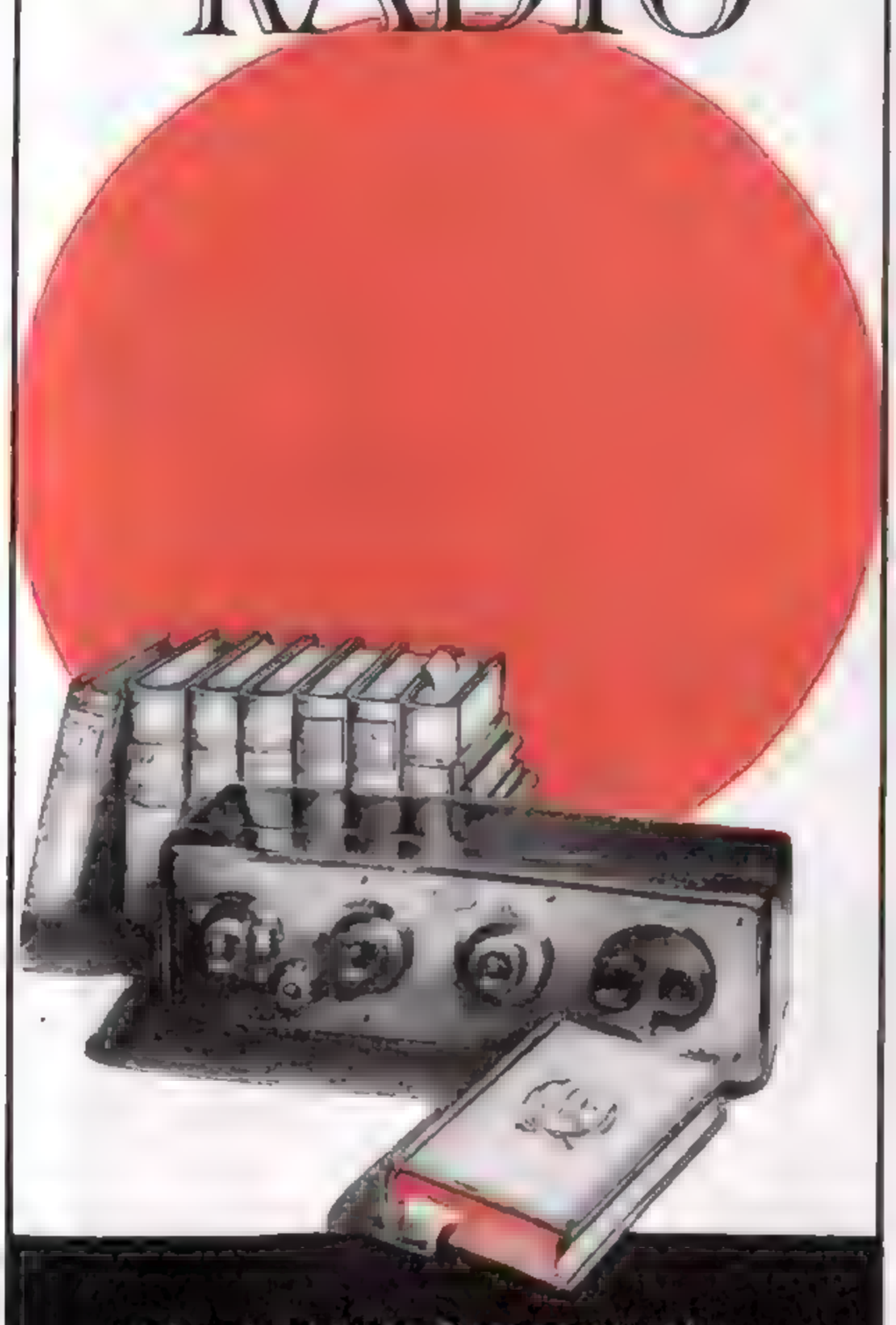
Have lots of music at the holiday season this year. Bring it into your home with this famous Model 20 Receiving Set. This is a five-tube set enclosed in a solid mahogany cabinet. It has had a great influence in establishing the Atwater Kent reputation for all-round performance. This set is priced at $80.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



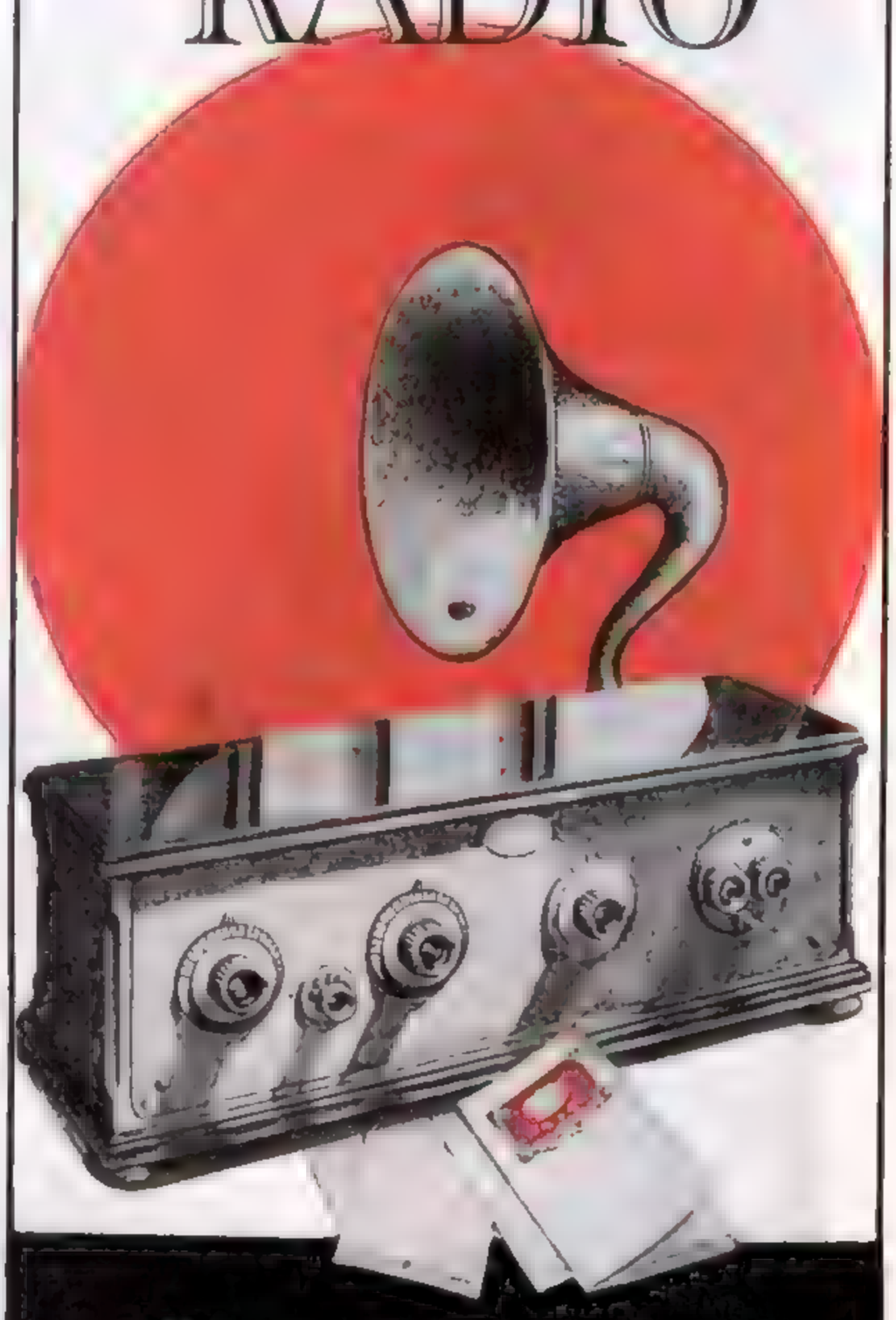
The amazing popularity of Atwater Kent Receiving Sets was first built on the splendid performance of the Model 10—the neat, efficient five-tube open set for those who like to see it work. It sells for $80, without tubes. The Radio Speaker shown is the Model L, at $17. Other Radio Speakers from $12 to $28.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



The Model 20 Compact is the baby grand of radio. It has exactly the same parts as the Model 20—its performance is the same—yet it occupies only half the space. It blends with any scheme of room decoration, and can be put on any small table within easy reach of your favorite armchair. $80.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



If you want to own or give a set a little more elaborate in exterior design, choose the Model 24—a *de luxe* edition of the Model 20—$100. The Radio Speaker is the Model H, which sells for $22.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio.

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Goodrich
Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY ESTABLISHED 1870 AKRON, OHIO IN CANADA: CANADIAN GOODRICH COMPANY, LTD., KITCHENER, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 94)

put the numbers wrong, although, of course, extra men never really matter so much as unwanted women. Peach sat herself at the foot of Mrs. Mount's bed and, looking fresher and fairer than ever, though with a hectic touch of excitement about her, announced that she had come for a serious conversation.

Even only a week or so ago, before she had had quite so much whipped cream, Mrs. Mount's nerves would have given her one of those sickening qualms, and she would have thought to herself, "Money!"

Now she merely lay back, thinking, "Love." Love was always so far less terrible, even if complicated.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Mount, pouring out her third cup of chocolate and heaping in the cream with a lavish spoon; "I am at your service." And she smiled roguishly. "What have you done, you naughty girl?"

"Nothing," said Peach, "without consulting you. After all," she continued, with a reasonableness appalling in one so young, "if one engages an adviser, one should listen to her advice."

Mrs. Mount nodded approvingly.

"Lord Loring," said Peach.

"Of course," said Mrs. Mount, infusing a slight melancholy into her voice, on which Peach pounced.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Matter, dear? Nothing. He is a charming man; his family came over with the Conqueror; everyone likes him extremely. You met him first in this very house at my invitation. What should I have against him?"

"You have something," replied the heiress. "Is it that what Sir John Lexham says is true and that he is up to his ears in debt? Surely you would not throw me constantly with a man in that -that ——"

"—— predicament?" suggested Mrs. Mount.

"I was going to say 'fix,' but 'predicament' is nicer. But should you have thrown me constantly, knowing my aim, with a man in ——"

"Certainly not, dear," said Mrs. Mount promptly, wriggling a little in her bed under the searching gaze of Peach.

"I was sure you wouldn't," said Peach with a sigh of relief. "It was just Sir John's natural jealousy. I expect men to be jealous. I—I like it. I don't blame him. Then Lord Loring is not such a pauper?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Mount, willing her brain to think acutely, "how can you ask? I certainly never take him to be embarrassed financially. He goes about, belongs to the nicest clubs; his sister has a lovely place in Devonshire—Lady Bleddington, you know; I have invitations for us both to go there for Christmas, by this morning's post. Of course, I can't tell you to a penny the extent of his income. But you know, dear," said Mrs. Mount, rescuing herself in a firm yet delicate voice from the difficulty, "money is a thing we are not very fond of talking about."

"Isn't that funny?" said Peach. "Now I love it, and I love talking about it. But I am willing to refrain, if it isn't done. I should like to be Lady Loring."

"Should you, really?" said Mrs. Mount, suddenly sitting up in bed and transfixing her with a bright eye.

It was Peach's turn to squirm.

"Yes; if—if the rest of it is all right. I wouldn't marry a poor man."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Mount. "Because you are afraid of being married for your money?"

"That is it," Peach answered after a pause, turning her eyes from the probing of Mrs. Mount's. Mrs. Mount sighed with a vast relief.

"Romantic little girl!" she purred tenderly. "I understand. But, darling, why this hurry to marry so soon at all?"

Again Peach called mendacity to her aid. Airily—"Well, it is a feeling a girl has. I—I—I'd just love to be married before my sister Georgina."

"Funny child! And have you any reason to think your sister will be married soon?"

"I might get a cable announcing the engagement any day. She will be sure to cable," said Peach, recalling the ways of Georgina.

"But surely," said Mrs. Mount, now getting really to work, "we need a better reason than that to marry our dear little Peach off so quickly!"

"Lord Loring proposed to me yesterday," said Peach, and one could have seen in her face how triumphantly her heart beat.

"Did he, indeed?" said Mrs. Mount, setting her teeth at the mental vision of a very tall, hard young man with a high fair head and the shortest possible crop of mustache, who probably, at that very moment, was obliviously doing dumb-bell exercise in his apartment in Arthur's Mansions, Mayfair

"What did you answer, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"I said I must think," replied Peach frankly, "because I wanted to ask you about his income and prospects, you see. He is coming for his answer today."

"Today!"

"At four. You don't mind me reserving the drawing-rooms, front and back?"

"My darling, they are yours!" replied Mrs. Mount, with profound humility. With an anxiety even more profound than her humility about the rooms, she inquired, "What are you going to say to him, dear?"

"Well, I suppose," said Peach, "since you allay my suspicions, and everything is all right—I suppose ——"

She gazed at Mrs. Mount, who detected a sort of imploring quality about that look.

"I suppose," she concluded in a fainter voice, "that I shall say yes."

"Well," said Mrs. Mount, thinking rapidly to herself, "consider a moment. Your young life is at stake, dear, after all, and you are so fresh and fair! Think! Don't mind telling me everything. Your mother is so far away, and I feel my responsibilities acutely. Do you love him?"

She saw Peach rocking a little at the foot of her bed, in meditation, her chin in her cupped palms, her fingers pressed hard into either cheek, and her gray eyes staring out above them, troubled, at the vision of Lord Loring.

"Well," said Peach at last, "he gives me a thrill."

"He is very experienced," murmured Mrs. Mount in a sorrowful voice.

"Is that why you hesitated about him, and Sir John tried to estrange me from him?" said Peach a little dramatically.

Peach was not the only one who could summon mendacity to her aid. Mrs. Mount had a ready supply in a good cause.

"That was why, dear."

"I like it," said Peach. "I should not like an inexperienced husband. I suppose I shall say yes." But there was strangely little joy about her.

"Merely on thrills?" murmured Mrs. Mount.

"And money. I suppose I may speak of the stuff privately to you."

"What about love, dear?" said Mrs. Mount in the manner of one dealing a cunning thrust.

"I have never been in love in my life," replied Peach serenely. But a blush began in her cheeks and ran to her forehead, and down her neck to her bare arms; and Mrs. Mount had no doubt that it traveled under layers of crêpe de chine to the soles of the little feet tucked in under her. It was the completest blush ever seen.

"So you have never been in love?" said Mrs. Mount, again with cunning. And knowledgable as she was, she began to feel comfort and confidence.

"The caption in a film I once saw—it was called The Vestal Vampire," added Peach, still struggling to preserve serenity even through the dreadful infirmity of such a blush—"said, 'She craved love, but she never loved.' I am afraid that is much my temperament."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Mount, smiling.

"I am much older than my years," Peach remarked.

Mrs. Mount purred for a short while, and then said, "Let us dress, dear, shall we?"

But when she was alone she did not at once dress. She scribbled a note expressing extremity:

"*Dear John:* The girl has had a proposal from Loring, who is coming for his answer at four o'clock. She asks me to leave the coast clear for the romantic scene, and says she is going to accept him. At four o'clock this afternoon! Of course he will be punctual. They always are.

"I consider it is all your fault. I have done my very best.

"With affection and regrets,

"ADA."

Ringing for the aged butler, Mrs. Mount directed him to take this, by taxicab, immediately to Sir John Lexham's address and deliver it personally into Sir John's hands. However, she added, no answer was required.

"And I shall go out," thought Mrs. Mount, "and leave no message if he calls. Let him fume—if he fumes; I say let him!"

She entered the aged butler's taxicab fare on the account for extras to be presented to Peach; and, as she said she would do, she went out. She took Peach with her. They lunched out, and Mrs. Mount went on to a charity matinée.

"Sir John Lexham rang up four times," the aged butler recorded on the telephone pad, "and seemed to think a message should have been left for him saying where he could see madam, as it was urgent; then he called just before lunch and argued that there must be a message; and he said where were you lunching? And I said I had not been informed, and I said there was no message."

XIV

PEACH put on the blue velvet frock in which to accept Lord Loring. It was a frock of simple and chaste incongruities, for though being extremely short in the skirt, it was high in the neck; and though it was high in the neck, it had no sleeves at all. One looked most intriguing in the frock. As for Eve, Francis had doubtless told her that things were pushing along fast, and she took exquisite pains over her mistress' hair and nails. A perfumed, polished and sleek Peach went down to the reserved drawing-rooms at 3:50 and sat herself down dreamily to wait before a gorgeous fire.

However, a most unexpected and disconcerting thing happened: At 3:55 precisely Sir John Lexham called. He had considered, just as did Mrs. Mount, that Lord Loring would be punctual.

After the first devastating instant of dismay, Peach received him in her best manner, as if his advent did not matter at all. And then another emotion succeeded dismay; suddenly she vibrated with expectation. This was just the way things happened!

One read of things like this in novels; one saw them on the screen: "Lord So-and-So arrived to press his suit, bearing a beautiful floral offering; but Sir So-and-So was before him"—without floral offering.

It had happened! There was going to be another proposal this afternoon! Sir John Lexham had fallen! It was a good thing both front and back drawing-rooms had been reserved, though possibly a little awkward that there were no folding doors left standing between the two rooms. They had long ago been lifted from their hinges and consigned to other uses.

"Ah, how do you do?" said Peach, with exquisite nonchalance, as she shook hands.

"How do you do?" said John Lexham, holding her little paw tight and looking down upon her and assimilating the blue frock. "How lucky I am to find you in all by yourself this afternoon and just dozing over the fire."

"Not dozing," said Peach, a thought resentfully; "dreaming."

"One follows the other, doesn't it?" replied John Lexham cheerily. "I hope you really are expecting to be all alone this afternoon."

Continued on Page 101

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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

(Continued from Page 99)

"As far as I know, I shall be alone," Peach responded with hesitation. "For I don't want to drive him away before he says anything," she thought.

"Ha!" said John Lexham, and he sat down comfortably in a corner of the Chesterfield which had been drawn up to the fire; and Peach took the other corner.

"Lord Loring may be a little late," she thought hopefully. And she thought, "Probably Sir John is quick when he really starts; it is only that he doesn't start easily."

For really it had been a rather long time, counting in the voyage on the Mardania and all the special opportunities.

"Mrs. Mount is out," she observed aloud. "She will be out for quite two hours more."

"Ha!" said John Lexham. "Good!"

"He is pleased," thought Peach.

The door opened.

"Lord Loring," said the aged butler, whose voice was now a little stronger, owing to having been given a pantry boy or two to help with the work—from the benevolence of supposed American millions.

Lord Loring walked in to press his suit, bearing a beautiful floral offering.

"Oh, Lord Loring!" said Peach, managing the inflection of her voice pretty well, considering that she had to tune it into surprise for the benefit of John Lexham and expectant welcome for the benefit of Lord Loring.

"Hullo, Loring!" remarked John Lexham.

"Hullo, Lexham!" said Lord Loring, staring at Sir John across the floral tribute.

"What beautiful roses!" murmured Peach.

Lord Loring laid them, with a whimsical grace, in her arms.

"Ring, Sir John," said Peach. And the aged butler appeared. "A vase, with water in for these, please," said Peach. It came, and she arranged them, listening to back chat between the rivals the while.

"Thought you were hunting the fox, Lexham," said Lord Loring.

"Why aren't you?" said John Lexham. "Isn't this your usual time with the Bleddingtons?"

"Thought I'd give it a miss," said Lord Loring. "I'm not like you—a fellow who can't break away from good habits if he tries."

"Well, where are you breaking for now?" said John Lexham.

"Don't they look lovely?" breathed Peach, turning about to exhibit her roses in a tall glass. Then she placed the vase somewhere or other handy and selected the middle place in the big Chesterfield. Lord Loring sat down on one side of her. Sir John Lexham resumed his seat on the other.

"Isn't this cozy?" said Peach, in the sweetest little voice, looking dreamily into the fire.

"Very," said Lord Loring, sighing.

"Please ring, Sir John," said Peach.

The aged butler brought tea, setting the low table on the hearth, just before Peach, so that nobody need move an inch. Peach dispensed tea.

"I am just as surprised as you are to see Sir John," she observed to Lord Loring by way of explanation of this unexpected impasse.

"You are, are you?" he murmured, as if relieved.

John Lexham smiled.

"Mrs. Mount has gone to a charity matinée and won't be back for quite two hours," said Peach comfortingly to Lord Loring.

"Ah," said he, with a smile false but attractive; and a little anxious too. "I am so sorry. I have an appointment in an hour and a half, at the very latest—that is the absolute limit I can keep the individual waiting—so I shall miss Mrs. Mount."

"Ah, I know those individuals," said John Lexham with such a cheery answering smile. "I've suffered from 'em. They get to a point when they positively dictate. Creditors can be the devil."

Lord Loring laughed this off; but, indeed, it was all true. Sir John's comradely arrow hit the mark. He was meeting a very nasty creditor, indeed, in an hour and a half, and that was rather more than he ought to keep the ugly fellow waiting.

"I'm in no hurry," said John Lexham, lighting a cigarette. "I shall be able to see Ada and hear about this matinée at the Fantasy. Do you know anything about this matinée, Loring?"

"No," replied Lord Loring, with a look of sublime despair at Peach.

"Poor, poor fellow," thought Peach to herself, and she gave a wee glance into the dim nooks of the back drawing-room, where by now all might have been so different—for somehow she had such an inexplicable affection for the back drawing-room that she quite meant to have been pursued thither—had they been alone. And yet somehow she did not altogether wish things to be different.

However, she owed Lord Loring something, and there are some debts which any kind girl should consider as debts of honor not to be avoided for any scruples or difficulties whatsoever; so she dropped her right hand carelessly down beside her for a moment. It sank deep into the billow of the Chesterfield, and instantly Lord Loring's hand was on it, pressing it.

It seemed to Peach's womanly heart, after that, that something ought perhaps to be done to keep Sir John Lexham quiet, and she dropped her left hand carelessly down beside her in the billow of the Chesterfield. Sir John Lexham took up the challenge and the hand openly, without delay.

Holding it up tenderly between his own, he said, "What a top-hole manicurist you have. Who is it?"

"My maid Eve," said Peach, feeling herself to be in a rather grave way between them. "My French maid."

"Miss Robinwood's maid Eve is an old pal of my man Francis," said Lord Loring, relinquishing Peach's right hand.

"How jolly!" said John Lexham, relinquishing her left hand.

"I think perhaps I will have another cup of tea," murmured Peach somewhat unsteadily.

"Are you and Mrs. Mount going to my sister Mary's for Christmas?" asked Lord Loring.

"Ada told me, surely, that you are going to the Duchess of Wareham's," said Sir John, who told a ready lie as well as anyone, naming the fat dowager.

"If you came to Bleddington Tower I could teach you to ride," said Lord Loring. "My sister has a white pony there, standing about 14.2; ought to have been used for polo, that build of pony, that sort of brain the pony's got. Would just suit you."

"If you do go to Wareham," said John Lexham, leaning his high fair head back on the Chesterfield, "you'd have a lot of dancing. They have the best ballroom of any country house in England."

"Where are you going?" Peach asked in a polite little voice of Lord Loring.

"Oh, I?" said he. "I'm going to Mary's. Matter of family policy, in a way."

"And," asked Peach pohtely of John Lexham, "where are you going?"

"Oh, I?" said he, unconcerned, but to the point of elaboration. "I'm going to Wareham."

"Oh!" said Peach.

"Christmas will soon be here," said Lord Loring.

"It often is, at this time of year," added John Lexham.

"Ha-ha-ha!" said Peach, but quite timidly.

"You'll have to make up your mind soon, won't you?" suggested Lord Loring, snuggling a trifle closer to Peach in spite of the loathsome presence of John Lexham. "You and Mrs. Mount?"

"I must ask her," faltered Peach, really now all in a flutter. "She knows."

"But you can do exactly what you choose," urged Lord Loring, turning his head against the back of the Chesterfield to look at her deeply.

"Yes, you can do exactly as you choose," repeated John Lexham. And he also turned his head against the back of the Chesterfield, and she felt his eyes boring into her. He looked far more deeply than did Lord Loring.

"Of course," faltered Peach. "But I—I—I shall ask Mrs. Mount."

"Why?" insisted Lord Loring.

"S-s-sometimes," said Peach, "one has t-t-to have one's mind made up for one."

"Does one?" said Lord Loring in a deep voice.

"So one has to have one's mind made up for one," mused John Lexham, and Lord Loring's voice was a mere tenor to his bass.

They sort of breathed the most fundamental things, continuing to look at her from either side.

"I know I can bear the closest scrutiny," Peach thought to herself, "thanks to Eve and everything; but this is too much." She rose, suddenly feeling herself too young to bear more; and this was a feeling from which she had never before suffered. "The heat of this fire is insufferable," she complained faintly. And she went off in a hurry into the back drawing-room, where she sat on the small sofa.

"That is better," she said, recovering somewhat.

"Perhaps that is better," said Lord Loring, following her and sitting again on her right side.

"Yes, that is certainly better," agreed John Lexham, walking over to sit on her left.

"We might play mah-jongg," suggested Peach faintly, after a pause, "or do a cross-word puzzle."

"Anything you like," said Lord Loring a thought hollowly.

"But do you really think that is a good idea?" remarked John Lexham with definite disfavor.

"Please ring, Sir John," said Peach. And to the aged butler—"A newspaper with a cross-word puzzle in it."

He brought the newspaper, and there was in it the most excruciating cross-word puzzle.

"Why do we do this?" asked Lord Loring.

"Men n-n-need something to think about," said Peach bravely.

"Loring," said John Lexham, "I believe, after all, I agree with Miss Robinwood. It might be a good thing for you to have something else to think about. What is a word in nine letters meaning an obtuse—I am sorry, no, an obese animal—the middle letter being X?"

Well, presently the clock struck half-past five

"What a shame, Loring," said John Lexham. "You've got to be off; just as you were doing this thing so splendidly too."

"I have had not a moment's opportunity to tell him I would be his wife," Peach thought. "Besides, I'm not going to do it just anyhow. There's going to be a proper sort of scene. Even with Harry, I had that. Besides, I don't after all feel so exactly sure ——"

Lord Loring arose, with a rather fixed look. He was thinking concentratedly. He bent over Peach with an *empressement* calculated to enrage John Lexham.

"What are you doing tonight?"

"If I felt exactly as sure as I did a few hours ago ——" Peach thought. She answered with calm, "I don't really know until I ask Mrs. Mount."

She thought how good it was to be able to hire some wise person thus to bear all the brunt of the storm. Mrs. Mount would allow Peach's wishes to trickle through her lips as though they were some immutable arrangement of her own.

"She will be home in an hour or so," Lord Loring pressed. "As soon as I have got rid of this awful fellow I am seeing, I shall ring you up and find out if you can see me again this evening, if only for half an hour."

"Certainly," said Peach brightly.

"Au 'voir, then," said Lord Loring, touching her hand.

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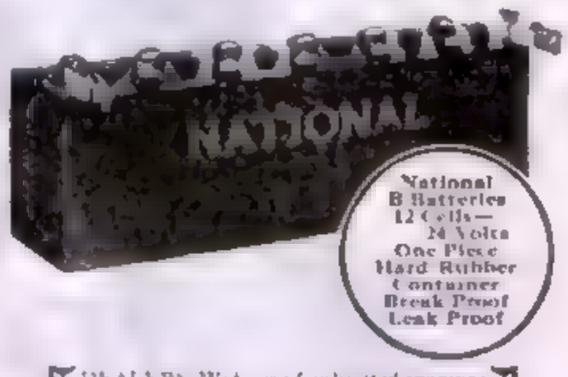

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(41)

"Or good-by," Peach added, "because perhaps Mrs. Mount ——"

"I shall ring up and ask," said Lord Loring with quiet persistence.

"Do," cried Peach brightly.

"Cheerio, Loring," said John Lexham. "It has been fun doing this cross-word puzzle, hasn't it?"

Lord Loring left them with a creditable air of bonhomie and general good will. There was silence while the front door opened and shut, and a taxicab drove away.

"We have now," said John Lexham, "to find a word in six letters meaning a disappointed person—no, I'm sorry; it's a double-jointed person, with the second letter ——"

Peach took the newspaper and twisted it up.

"It is very cold in here," she said. "There ought to be a second fire."

"Well, if you are feeling the disappearance—I mean the lack—of your second fire, let us go back," said John Lexham.

They were once more on the large Chesterfield with the cushions billowing all round them.

"How thoughtful you look, Miss Robinwood," said John Lexham.

"That is because I am thinking," Peach replied.

"What are you thinking about, child?" said John Lexham, in his kindest voice, the voice of the Mardania.

"Life is very complicated," said Peach.

"Isn't it?" said John Lexham with feeling.

There they sat. They sat on and on, and nothing happened. Sir John Lexham did not propose marriage; he did not look like doing it. There was a wonderful feel in the atmosphere, and there was quite the proper scene—fire, lamplight, scenty roses—even if they were another man's—and all. But there the illusion ended.

"Life is very difficult for a girl," said Peach. "A man proposes to her, and how does she know how much she likes him till another man has proposed and she can weigh them up one against the other?"

"Women are so prodigal of hearts," said John Lexham. "I suppose she would want Number Three to weigh up against Number Two; and Number Four against Number Three, and so on."

"She would certainly want it," Peach sighed.

"Now I," said John Lexham, "if I loved a girl ——"

For a long while he paused, and Peach sat with bated breath and her heart began to beat till it seemed as if it registered a thousand beats a minute.

"If you loved a girl?" she whispered, swinging a blue foot.

"If I loved a girl I should know it," said John Lexham.

"And—and should you marry?" whispered Peach. "Because—of course—a l-l-lot of men don't want to be tied up. I—I have a friend, Amy Crawford, who says that is the secret of husbands being so grumpy."

"Like most men," said John Lexham, "I suppose I don't relish the idea of being, as you say, tied up. But if I loved a girl, she could tie me up."

"Oh," said Peach.

There was again a silence. This was all? Well, Amy had uttered another epigram—made up from film captions, but one did not twit her with that: "Men always climb after the inaccessible."

"Of course," said Peach, with a smile of worldly wisdom that made her look ineffably childish, "I am aware that men always climb after the inaccessible. I suppose if the girl you loved were inaccessible—supposing she were engaged to another man, for instance—that would just make her seem all the more attractive to you?"

"If the girl I loved were engaged to another man, I should just get her from him," stated John Lexham.

"Oh!" said Peach. "But ——"

A long pause. Nothing happened. Was this all? John Lexham looked at the swinging blue foot that exactly matched the blue frock.

Peach essayed, "She might even marry another man: and what then?"

John Lexham sat up and put his hand down over the swinging foot. It remained in his hand like a bird newly in a cage.

"Do keep your foot still. If the girl I loved belonged entirely to another man, I would get her from him."

Peach had thrills in plenty racing through her. Oh, how dreadful! How divine! Lady Loring—the beautiful American who made a sensation as Miss Peach Robinwood—divorced; Sir John Lexham the corespondent. Society saying, "She is so lovely, and had so many temptations. She was so young when she married Loring and he was not worthy of her." Sir John Lexham, all transformed into a raging lover, crying, "I'll take you abroad, my sweet, till it's all over, and we can be married. Sinful? Ah, no! We love each other. We made a great mistake. I should have spoken. On the lagoons in Venice you shall forget ——"

Well, Peach was already on the lagoons in Venice and the moon was high overhead; but Sir John Lexham was on the Chesterfield in front of the fire, repeating, in almost a prosaic voice, "Yes, I would get her."

Peach's foot wanted to swing no longer, even free of Sir John's restraining hand. She was, all over, still as death. She smiled a little at the fire.

"You look very thoughtful, Miss Robinwood," said Sir John.

"That is because I am thinking," Peach explained again.

The door opened and the aged butler came in with a cablegram.

"For you, miss," he murmured.

Peach awoke and opened it. She stared for some time.

"Startling news?" said Sir John Lexham, alert.

"Engaged Harry. Married Christmas. Honeymooning South.

"GEORGINA."

"My sister Georgina is engaged to be married," said Peach.

"How nice! Isn't it? Or is it too unexpected?"

"Oh, no, not unexpected. Yes, nice. I gave him to her. She is welcome."

And yet Miss Peach Robinwood found her foolish eyes full of tears.

"Well, then, child?"

John Lexham saw the tears too, and made a swift movement forward, and a swifter movement back as if he were crying "No!" to himself.

"It—it makes me feel so—so funny; I I feel lonely."

"Child!" said John Lexham.

"I feel lonely," said Peach, looking up at him.

John Lexham sprang up. He knew that if she was lonely, she always trusted any man present to deal with it in a nice comfortable way. And he sprang up as if again crying "No!" to himself.

"About this evening, you have no engagements?"

Peach just poked her tears back with a little forefinger. "As I said to Lord Loring, I—I must ask Mrs. Mount."

"Rubbish about Ada. And if you have engagements, cut 'em. Only, if Loring rings up, you have an engagement. See, child, you're coming out with me and I'm going to cheer you up. We'll drink to this engagement—and damn it. Eh? Now, child, put on one of the frocks I remember you in on the Mardania ——"

"Oh! Oh! Oh, which? My silver or my pink?"

John Lexham walked about.

"I—I suppose I might say the silver. There always seemed to me something faintly improper about that pink one. Yes—er—faintly improper. Put it on "

XV

MRS. MOUNT was a tactician, but nevertheless she found it a trifle difficult the next morning to make a satisfactory arrangement, for early callers. At

(Continued on Page 104)

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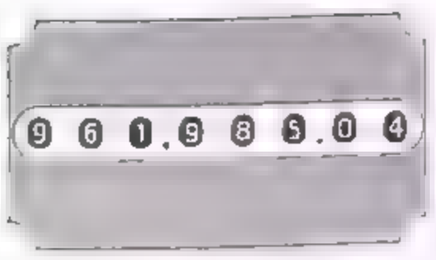
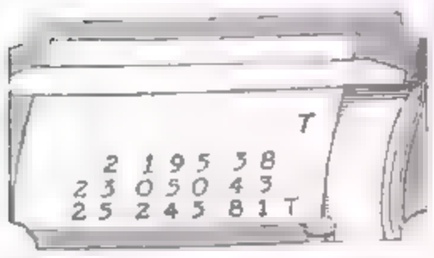
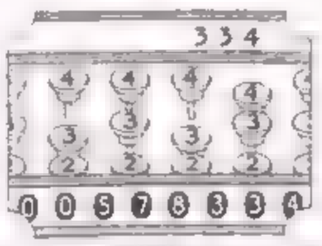


1 - Visible adding dials



2 - Totals automatically printed in red

3 - Subtotals in separate color

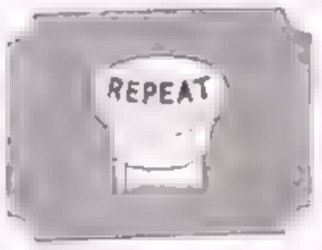


7 - Triple visibility, namely: Adding dials, printed figures; keyboard

4 - Full-size standard keyboard

8 - Million dollar capacity

5 - Non-add key with indication



9 - Repeat or calculating key

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Oil Heaters

(Continued from Page 102)

7:45—positively at 7:45—she was waked from her rightful slumbers by the telephone bell beside her bed. Wearily, she drew toward her the accursed instrument, and there was John Lexham's voice, sounding like dire business.

"I want to see you early, Ada," demanded the voice.

"I am, of course, in bed, and was asleep," said Mrs. Mount.

"All the better about being in bed," came the voice, "I'll be the first in the field. If I call at nine ——"

"Very well," said Mrs. Mount, "call at nine."

She fell again at once into the refreshing sleep she always enjoyed during the financially fortunate periods of her life.

But at eight there broke upon her Peach in one of her extravagant negligees, clasping in her hand the cablegram which she had not shown to Mrs. Mount the evening before, that evening being somewhat of a delirium. She cast herself upon the foot of Mrs. Mount's bed and drew her feet up under her. She had tears in her eyes.

All the evening before—being in a delirium of enjoyment—she had forgotten the cablegram; but now, the enjoyment over, she had remembered it again.

"Good morning, dear child," said Mrs. Mount bravely.

"I hope," said Peach, "that I am not waking you up, though of course I know I am. But I couldn't wait any longer to tell you about Georgina."

"Your sister in the States?"

"My only sister," said Peach, feeling quite a hankering after Georgina, at this good distance. "She is engaged to be married."

She handed the cablegram to Mrs. Mount, who saw traces of Peach's indignant tears upon it.

"Isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Mount with a smile. "How delighted you must be."

"Delighted!" said Peach.

"Well, of course, there is a certain sadness in losing a dear sister," said Mrs. Mount hastily, assuming a different face, more in keeping with Peach's intonations.

"I am so surprised that she got him so soon," Peach murmured. "Of course, I left him to her, along with my cast-off lingerie; but I didn't think he would forget me so easily."

"Dear child, men are caught on the rebound."

"It makes me feel the precariousness of my attractions."

"My darling, have breakfast and you will feel different."

"What is food?" said Peach. "And it is not only that. It makes me feel so lonely. I have no man of my very own."

"Well, dear, Lord Loring "

"I know, I know," said Peach. "But since last night somehow I don't want to do anything irrevocable just yet."

"What exactly did you and John Lexham do last night?"

"Danced at the Embassy Club."

Mrs. Mount pondered.

"What is it you feel you want, child?"

"A man to take me about and all that, but not to expect too much."

"Ah, all women would like that," said Mrs. Mount with a sigh; "but I know what you mean, and I may say that I am in entire agreement with your feelings. You may recall, dear, that I have advised you many times not to marry hastily. There is plenty of time for you, and you have not met many eligible men compared with the many that are to be found by one who knows where and how."

Peach repeated, "But I am lonely."

"Well, dear, why not make a friend of John Lexham? So safe. That is not to say, of course, really safe—no nice man is. But what I mean is that he will never ask you to marry him."

"Will he not?" answered Peach, setting her teeth.

Mrs. Mount purred, "No, dear. He has never asked any woman to marry him; he never does."

"Then," said Peach with a slight quiver, "he would do excellently. And we will see."

"I should certainly make more of a friend of him; he is eminently safe to be seen about with," said Mrs. Mount. "And as you observe, dear, we will see."

"But," said Peach, disclosing her humiliation, "how does one make a friend of a man who does not want to be a friend?"

"That also," Mrs. Mount replied, "we will see. We will talk later in the morning."

The first chocolate arrived and Mrs. Mount set about it, purring.

"It is just that Harry and Georgina make me feel lonely, you understand," Peach explained, preparing to depart. "And after sleeping on it, I do know that I would like a man who is in a way my own, while at the same time I do not know that I want to be his own."

"Ah, all women feel like that," said Mrs. Mount, taking a spoonful of whipped cream neat, and then heaping more into her chocolate; "you want a charming cavalier, and then to make up your mind at leisure."

"My mind," said Peach, sighing, "is made up. But that means nothing in this world. I may be doomed to be a disappointed woman." And sighing, she departed.

Mrs. Mount rang and requested that the aged butler should be told that Sir John Lexham was calling at nine, and that Sir John was to be instructed not to talk on the stairs. Another relay of chocolate and whipped cream, accompanied this time by a breakfast of well-buttered toast and peaches, had arrived at nine, when John Lexham was shown in by the aged butler, both exhibiting excessive caution.

"Ada," whispered John Lexham, tiptoeing toward the bed, "I was warned not to talk on the stairs."

"In this box of a house," said Mrs. Mount, "every word uttered outside the rooms can be heard, and I don't want that poor child to know you are here and think we are conspiring against her."

"Poor child," echoed John Lexham scoffingly, in a hardy voice.

Mrs. Mount was never deceived by people's affectations of hardihood, or any other kind of affectations. She could, however, give excellent imitations of her own, which deceived many, and she gave now an imitation of a poor, weak, worried, elderly woman asking a strong and modern male relative for mental comfort.

She began at once, shaking her head, "I suppose this tragedy takes place."

"Tragedy?" repeated John Lexham, pretending not to feel anxious.

"She is accepting Loring today," said Mrs. Mount. "Apparently you called yesterday afternoon when I had, at her request, left the coast clear, and she and he could get no time alone together. The child feels your call was most inopportune."

"Does she, indeed?" said John Lexham, with one of his nasty stubborn looks.

"She said you positively would not go, and that Loring was distracted."

"Possibly," said John Lexham, more complacently.

"However," said Mrs. Mount, pensively, "she is accepting him today, so that is that."

John Lexham brooded.

"I don't know why you wanted to see me this morning," said Mrs. Mount in a plaintive way that would have convinced any man other than a positive brute. "I have no idea. And I suppose I ought not to be talking of my own little perplexities before you discuss whatever it is you have come to discuss. I suppose it is something urgent or you wouldn't be here so early. But this tragedy of Loring—a charming man, of course, but absolutely unsuited to her—fills my poor head. Forgive my absorption."

"Of course, Ada; go on telling me. Tell me everything," said John Lexham.

"It would relieve me," said Mrs. Mount, "but let us, of course, leave ourselves time for whatever it is that you wish so

(Continued on Page 106)

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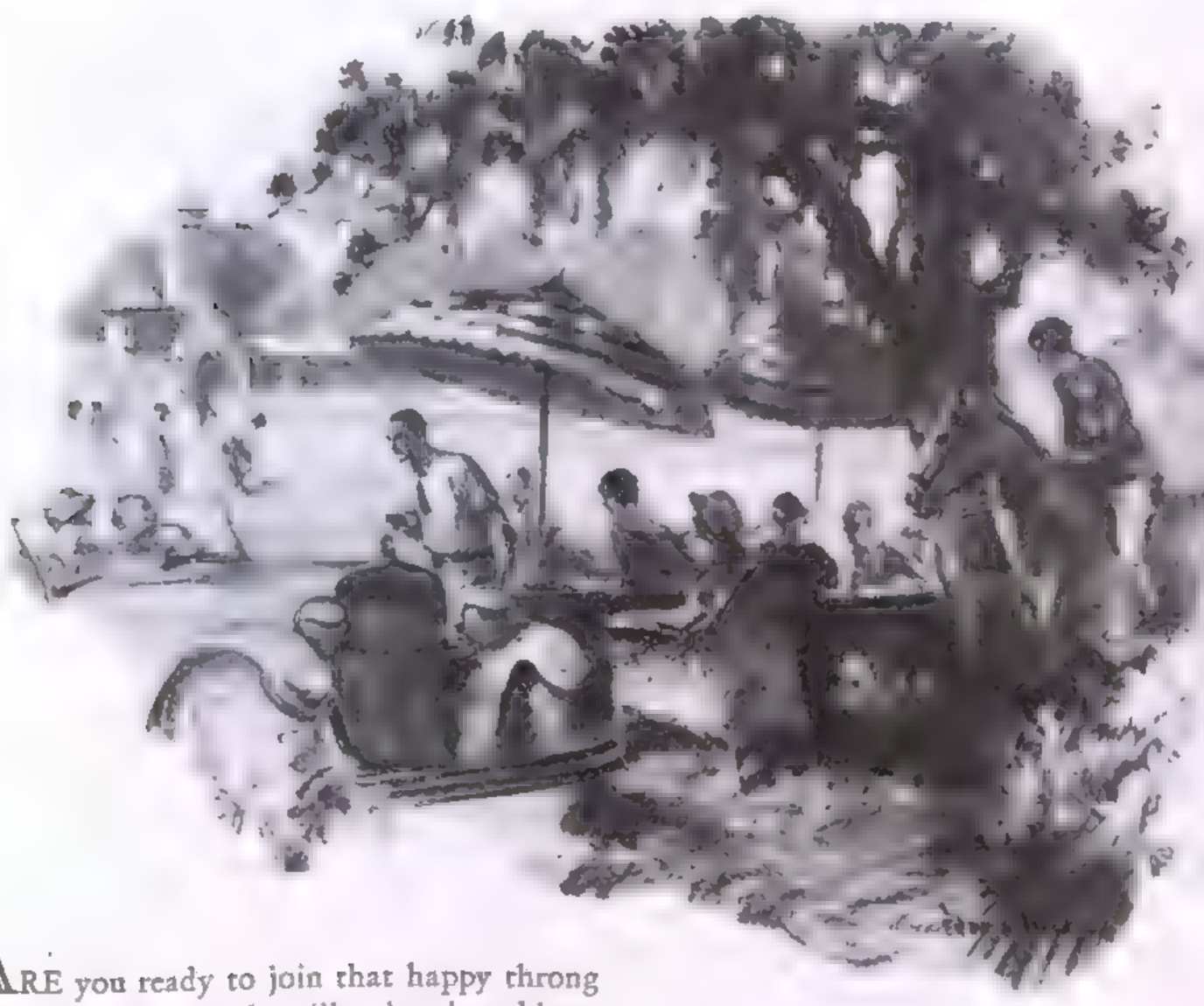

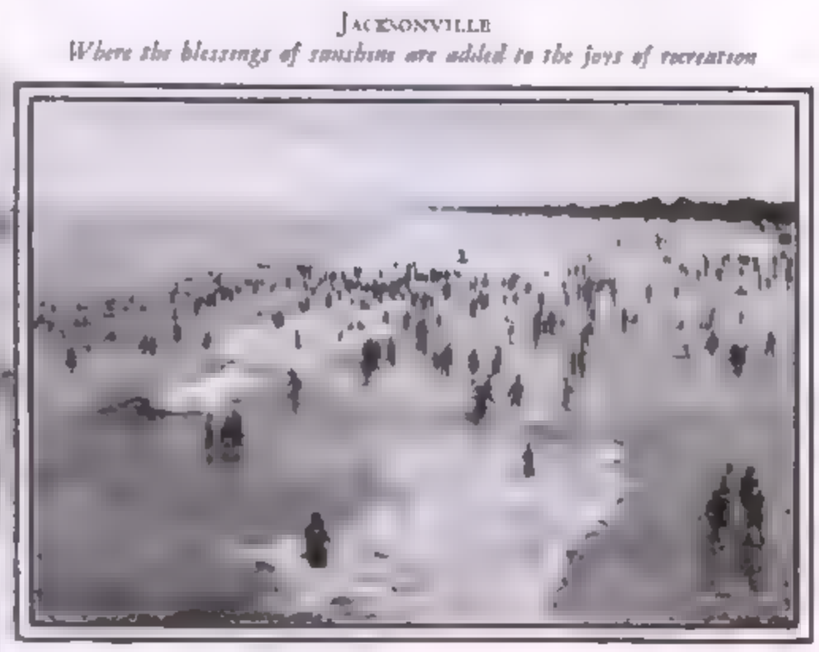

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(Continued from Page 104)

urgently to discuss. I am, having considered the matter very, very deeply and conscientiously, most anxious for her to refuse Loring."

"Ha!" said John Lexham; and he looked quite affectionately at his remote Cousin Ada.

"For the fact is," Mrs. Mount proceeded confidentially, "the girl has really not seen enough of the world to know what she is doing. With her opportunities, she ought to marry really well, and I have a scheme —— You were saying, John?"

"I was saying nothing, Ada."

"I thought you demurred. I have a scheme for her. I want her to meet the Duc des Argonnes. Ah, there is a wonderful man! Good-looking, rich, traveled, with the most heavenly old château in France, and a palace in Spain and a big yacht — What did you say?"

"Nothing, Ada."

"The yacht is seagoing," said Mrs. Mount in a voice of intense appreciation. "The biggest, beautifullest thing, all the cabins being decorated in white enamel and green brocade. There is one suite which the dear man always says so laughingly will be the bridal suite when he finds a wife. I have been lying drowsing this morning, imagining my little Peach in that suite. I am quite fond of that child."

"Ha!" said John Lexham, but this time giving his remote Cousin Ada a look that can best be catalogued as unholy.

"So you will understand," Mrs. Mount confided, "that I am keeping her for this delightful man, whom she will meet when we go to Cannes after Christmas. You see why I am bent on her refusing Loring."

"I see," said John Lexham, gazing threateningly at the poor, worried, elderly woman, trying in her pathetic little way to fatten herself up on chocolate and whipped cream just whenever she could snatch the infrequent opportunities, and yet thinking for others all the time.

"A little while ago, I know I had an idea that I would like to keep her in the family," said Mrs. Mount deprecatingly; "I remember I suggested you might marry her yourself. But I see now that it would have been most unsuitable —— What, dear John?"

"I did not say anything, Ada."

"You are not her type at all," said Mrs. Mount, with an air of giving the matter her unbiased attention. "Neither is she yours. But she and this dear man I speak of would suit each other down to the ground. They will only have to see each other to be in love with each other. It will be too divine. Bound as I am to mercenary considerations, I do like my breath of romance if only it will blow on the moneybags. My anxiety at the moment is to keep her from making promises to Loring, who would no doubt try to press on to an early marriage. Yet even if I deal with Loring, there are, of course, others."

Mrs. Mount enumerated them, dwelling technically on their aspects, physical, mental, social and financial.

"A poor lot," she said engagingly, "but you never know. One of them might pull it off. It's all chance with girls."

Sir John Lexham breathed heavily, but did not speak.

"However," said Mrs. Mount, turning courageously from the complexities of her own life, "I must not keep talking of my difficulties, though it has helped me to tell you about it all; really, I feel quite relieved. Let us now speak of this matter of yours, for you came here to talk about yourself, did you not?"

She composed herself against her pillows to listen. She waited some little while for John Lexham to begin.

"Well," said he at last, "the fact is that I intended to discuss with you much what you have spoken of yourself."

"You amaze me!" said Mrs. Mount with unfaltering sincerity.

"Yes, you will be surprised," continued John Lexham, "but the fact is I have been thinking a little about the girl."

"My dear John! Really, most kind."

"I had a good deal of talk with her last night," said John Lexham, looking strongly at his remote cousin, "and I see she is determined to get married. Seems to feel lonely all of a sudden on hearing of her sister's engagement. But the point is, I agree with you about Loring. It would be a crime."

"A crime," replied Mrs. Mount, nodding her head.

"The point is," said John Lexham, "that one wishes to help her from coming an awful cropper."

"Exactly," Mrs. Mount murmured.

"The point is," said John Lexham, "that the girl needs someone about with her more; someone who could be trusted to give her more of a sensible idea of life and see she didn't make a fool of herself, and so on."

Mrs. Mount made sounds of appreciation.

"The point is," said John Lexham, "she'd be all the better for some brotherly sort of chap to walk her round and see she watched her step and made no mistakes, and yet who would give her a good time, and so on."

Again Mrs. Mount acquiesced, with a sign indicating the improbability of such a helper.

"But the point is," said John Lexham, running a finger round the inside of his collar and stretching his neck like a man in some distress, for he was hotter than when he came into the room, "that there are no such chaps."

"None," said Mrs. Mount sadly.

"The point is," John Lexham resumed, after his cooling operations had proved futile, "that I suppose I could do it myself as well as anybody. I'd trust nobody else; but then I am I."

"Why," cried Mrs. Mount, clasping her hands, "it would be entirely different, you being you."

"But the point is," said John Lexham with a sternness that was terrific, "that, willing as I am to see the girl through, I can't do it. I haven't the cash."

For quite a few moments Mrs. Mount made signs and sounds of despair, behind which her brain might work unperceived.

"In the girl's own interests ——" she then began. She paused.

"No doubt it would be in the girl's own interests," John Lexham agreed, "but it can't be done."

"A little arrangement," continued Mrs. Mount. She paused.

"Arrangement?" said Sir John Lexham, frowning.

"Oh, dear John," said Mrs. Mount, "I am too grateful to you for the idea of putting the little arrangement into my head."

"I have put no arrangement into your head, Ada," said Sir John, rising.

"Men are wonderful," continued Mrs. Mount, as if he had not spoken. "I wish I had consulted you before. If you will take Peach Robinwood about a little and occupy her mind, we could come to a little arrangement about mere money, of which, after all, there is plenty."

"Good morning, Ada," said John Lexham inflexibly, walking to the door.

"I beg your pardon, dear John," said Mrs. Mount in a humble and contrite voice; "forgive me. I know quite a nice lad who will do, after all, just for that sort of thing. Good morning."

Sir John Lexham returned from the door.

"Ada!" he said sternly.

"Forget it was said," murmured Mrs. Mount contritely; "the lad is really a dear, and will do his very best."

"The point is, as I told you, Ada," said John Lexham, raising his voice a little, "that I trust no one but myself."

Mrs. Mount mourned silently.

"What exactly is this preposterous suggestion of yours, Ada?" said John Lexham stiffly.

"I hesitate to say," said Mrs. Mount, "but, briefly, this: You might escort

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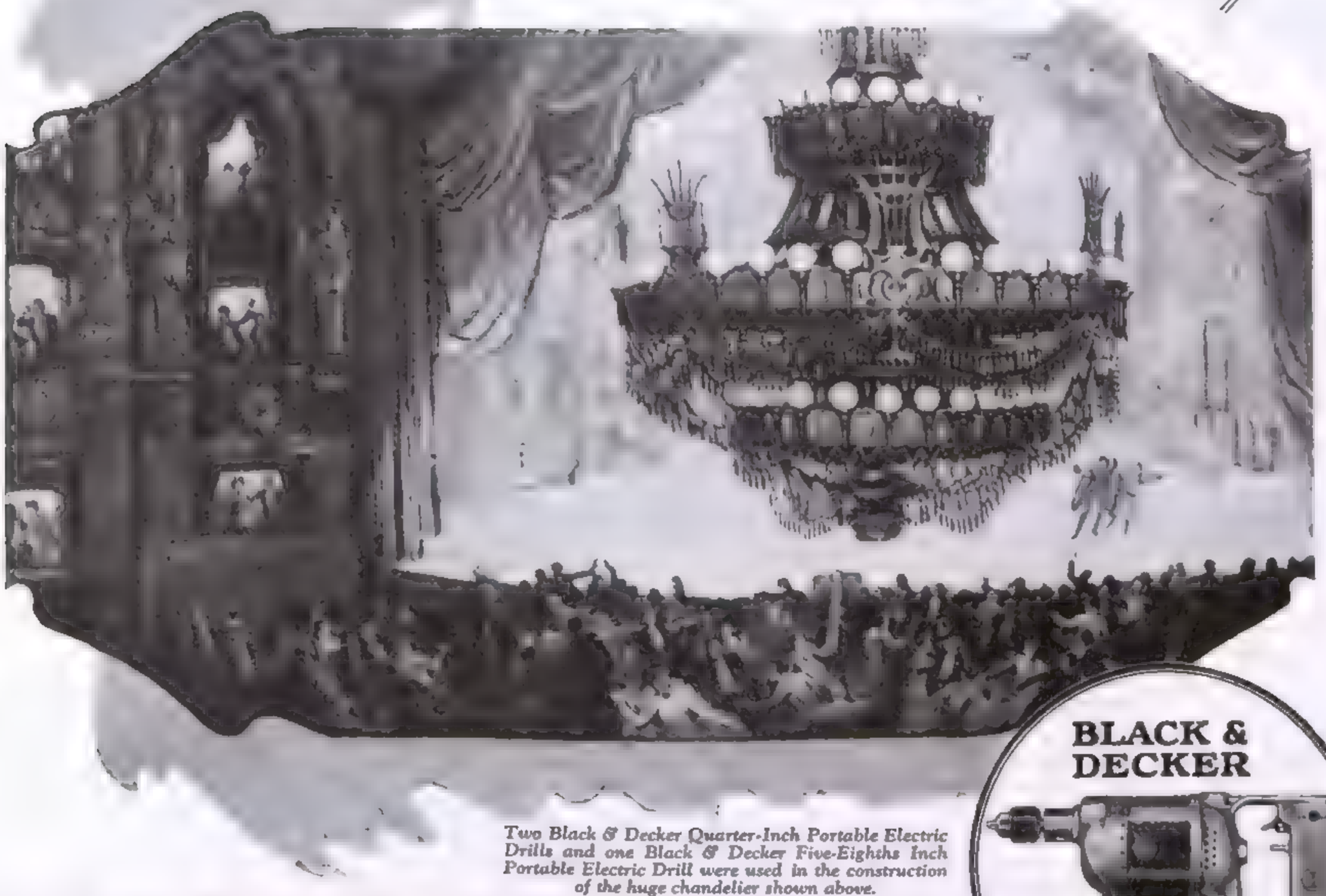
The DRILLS that went into the "MOVIES"



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Read how care of the nose and throat will help

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That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty—the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

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Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*. The reason is that alkaline solutions are especially *cleansing* and counteract acid conditions.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Make up your mind today that you are going to enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes.

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Send me free of charge a trial bottle of Glyco-Thymoline

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(Continued from Page 106)

Peach Robinwood here and there when necessary, and the expenses incurred would go with her other social expenses, by private arrangement with me."

"The arrangement stinks!" said John Lexham fiercely.

"One would grow used to it," Mrs. Mount murmured, "and the benefits to the girl might be incalculable."

"I am thinking solely of the benefits to the girl."

John Lexham sat down and thought about them. He grew miserable, not to say abject.

"Do you know, Ada, that last evening about cleaned me out of ready money—not that I grudge it to the darl—to the girl. Foul, isn't it—the whole thing?"

"Foul," replied Mrs. Mount, with the deepest and most delicate sympathy.

"I reckon, Ada, at present, to have about five pounds a week spending money for every darn old thing after the rent and the food and the flat service is paid. If people didn't offer me a bit of hunting ——"

It was wonderful how many different cries and sounds of sympathy Mrs. Mount could evolve.

"After Christmas, Ada, I may chuck it all and go out to Rhodesia to farm with a fellow who wants me."

"I have very little time to lose," said Mrs. Mount.

"I beg your pardon, Ada?" said John Lexham severely.

It has been noted before that Mrs. Mount was a ready, accomplished and good liar.

"I glanced at my clock," said she, "and it is nearly half-past nine, and I remembered that I had an appointment and must dress."

"I shall not leave this room," replied John Lexham, "until some conclusion has been reached."

"Dear John," said Mrs. Mount anxiously, "I am only too eager to reach a conclusion. I am to infer, am I not, that you are taking upon yourself the duties of—how shall we put it?—brotherly escort to Peach Robinwood? Thank you. How that relieves my mind!"

"I did not say it," said John Lexham.

"Dear John," said Mrs. Mount, "but you gave me to understand that you meant it. You did indeed. No such idea would have occurred to me unless very plainly presented, I can assure you."

John Lexham looked all about the room for inspiration, and his gaze came round to his remote Cousin Ada. There she was, sitting up against her pillows, with her appealing eyes, so like gooseberries, fixed upon him. She asked, she craved his help. Poor woman! For the first time in his life he felt that to help his Cousin Ada he really might be induced to swallow a great deal.

"Yes," he said with a slight groan, "I meant it."

"Perhaps then you could take her out to dine and dance tonight. She has no other engagement."

"Certainly, Ada, if it helps you."

"It would mean everything to me," she assured him.

"Wh-wh-where shall I take her?"

"Oh, somewhere very nice indeed. Money is no object. I can ask for a check for sundry expenses any time."

"Damnable!" said John Lexham, hitting the end of Mrs. Mount's inoffending bedstead whack! whack! whack! with his folded gloves.

"Oh, damnable," answered Mrs. Mount fastidiously; "but apparently it is the only way it can be done."

"It is the only way it can be done. I shall account for every farthing."

"It would be a point of honor with you, I know," replied Mrs. Mount feelingly.

"And at least once a week I shall take her out to lunch myself and do her proud. I say, I can reckon on a stray fiver, anyway, of my own."

"I think you are being charming about it, and so kind."

"Very well," said John Lexham gloomily, "I will go away and ring her up and ask her out to dinner. What time do you suppose Loring will ring her up?"

"Positively any time now."

"I will ring her up before that," said John Lexham a trifle incoherently.

He seized his hat, then paused again and looked into it piercingly.

"Ada!"

"Dear John?"

"I am entirely disinterested. I am doing this for you."

"My dear kind boy, as if I didn't realize! Thank you a thousand, thousand times! You see eye to eye with me. You are going to help me keep her back for the Duc des Argonnes —— I didn't catch what you said."

"I said nothing, Ada."

"I expect she will adore the yacht."

John Lexham now went with heavy steps to the door as if, this time, he intended going out.

"You ought not to go to Bleddington Tower for Christmas," he said; "you ought to go to Wareham."

"That is where we are going, John."

"Good!" said John Lexham, tugging at his perfectly fitting collar with a ruthless forefinger. "Then good morning, Ada."

"Good morning, dear John. You—forgive my pressing it—you will do the thing thoroughly, will you not?"

"I always do it thoroughly," said John Lexham, and with a baneful look at his distant Cousin Ada he opened the door.

"Don't speak on the stairs," whispered Mrs. Mount.

John Lexham tiptoed down and out of the house just as Peach emerged, very scenty and downy, from a bathroom above.

Ten minutes later Miss Robinwood was called on the telephone and asked if it might possibly amuse her to dine and dance with Sir John Lexham that evening.

It showed what a well-arranged world one lived in that one was able to engage, for a mere five hundred dollars a month, a perfect oracle, a sage, a *grande dame*, a most maternal, almost aunt. Peach felt Mrs. Mount to be all this. To her she flew when she had consented to Sir John Lexham's proposals for that evening. She found Mrs. Mount just putting her second eyebrow through its daily training. She favored, in eyebrows, a Chinese effect.

"By the way," said Peach, her breath coming and going, "excuse me for interrupting you again so soon; I thought I would mention that I am dining and dancing with Sir John Lexham this evening, and shall, no doubt, be late—very late."

Peach did not so much say "very late" as sing it like praise and glory.

"In that case," remarked Mrs. Mount, finishing her eyebrow, "I think I shall enjoy an evening's bridge with dear Flora."

Flora was the fat dowager, the Duchess of Wareham, who still reigned over Wareham because the new duchess simply wouldn't be bothered with the place, but lived in at least six places instead, in various parts of the globe.

"It is Thursday," meditated Mrs. Mount, "one of Flora's bridge evenings. I shall drop in and get a table, with luck. Her suppers are so nourishing. I hope you will enjoy yourself, child, with that woman hater." Mrs. Mount sighed a little. "Woman hater," she repeated sadly.

"Woman hater?" said Peach softly.

"Well, he will no doubt soon be off to this Rhodesia," said Mrs. Mount, "and then perhaps he will be happy."

"Why," inquired Peach quaveringly, "is he going to Rhodesia?"

"To get away from women, I suppose," said Mrs. Mount; "there is no other reason that I know. Women adore him—they always have. Well, well, it's his affair if he won't marry. He is lucky to be able to do exactly as he likes and go here and go there without considering anyone but himself."

"Of course," said Miss Robinwood. "He is a very rich man, and rich men always please themselves. I suppose he has a great estate in [illegible] in Rhodesia."

"Something of the kind, I believe," Mrs. Mount murmured.

"Why," said Peach—"why doesn't he live more at his country seat—at Lexham?"

"Why, indeed?" said Mrs. Mount. "I suppose just because he is accustomed to gratifying every whim, and his whim is to live more in town. However, do not let us trouble our heads about it. He will soon go to Rhodesia and shoot lions, and so on, and there you are. Let us, dear child, go to the dressmaker's."

"Oh, let's!" cried Peach.

And then a cold, cold hand came down on her heart and held it.

She had happened to go into her bank one day; it was so rich and lovely, having a bank. And the counter clerk had said something to someone else, and someone else said something to someone else; and then someone who should have been no other than the manager came out of a lair and looked at her over his spectacles. Then he had bowed and smiled, saying what a frosty day it was, wasn't it, and had gone away again. But he had looked a look at her—a—a look—a tiger of a look.

It was those New York lawyers who had arranged it all so smoothly, opening an account for our client, Miss Peach Robinwood, and saying, "Here, young lady, all you have to do is to draw the checks; but don't draw 'em too fast."

"Let us, dear child," said Mrs. Mount "go to the dressmaker's."

Peach tried swiftly to add up in her head what she already owed the dressmaker, but mental arithmetic was her weak point, and she was obliged to give it up. Besides, Mrs. Mount read one's feelings so easily.

"Well, another little frock can't do one any harm," thought Peach recklessly. "And after all, I have only been in London a month; and before that there was just the voyage; and before that there was only the time in New York."

"I have just a little account here for expenses," said Mrs. Mount, producing a harmless-looking scrap of paper from a dressing-table drawer; "perhaps before the car comes round you'd just let me have a check, dear child, for I don't believe in the pernicious habit of letting every account run on and on. It is somewhat higher than usual."

The little account which Mrs. Mount presented to Peach was indubitably somewhat higher than usual. It was almost dismayingly higher than usual in fact. It included a calculated sum for the entertainment of Peach by Sir John Lexham, but naturally Peach did not know that.

"I will just write the check," said Peach carelessly, going off to do so with a display of flawless happiness.

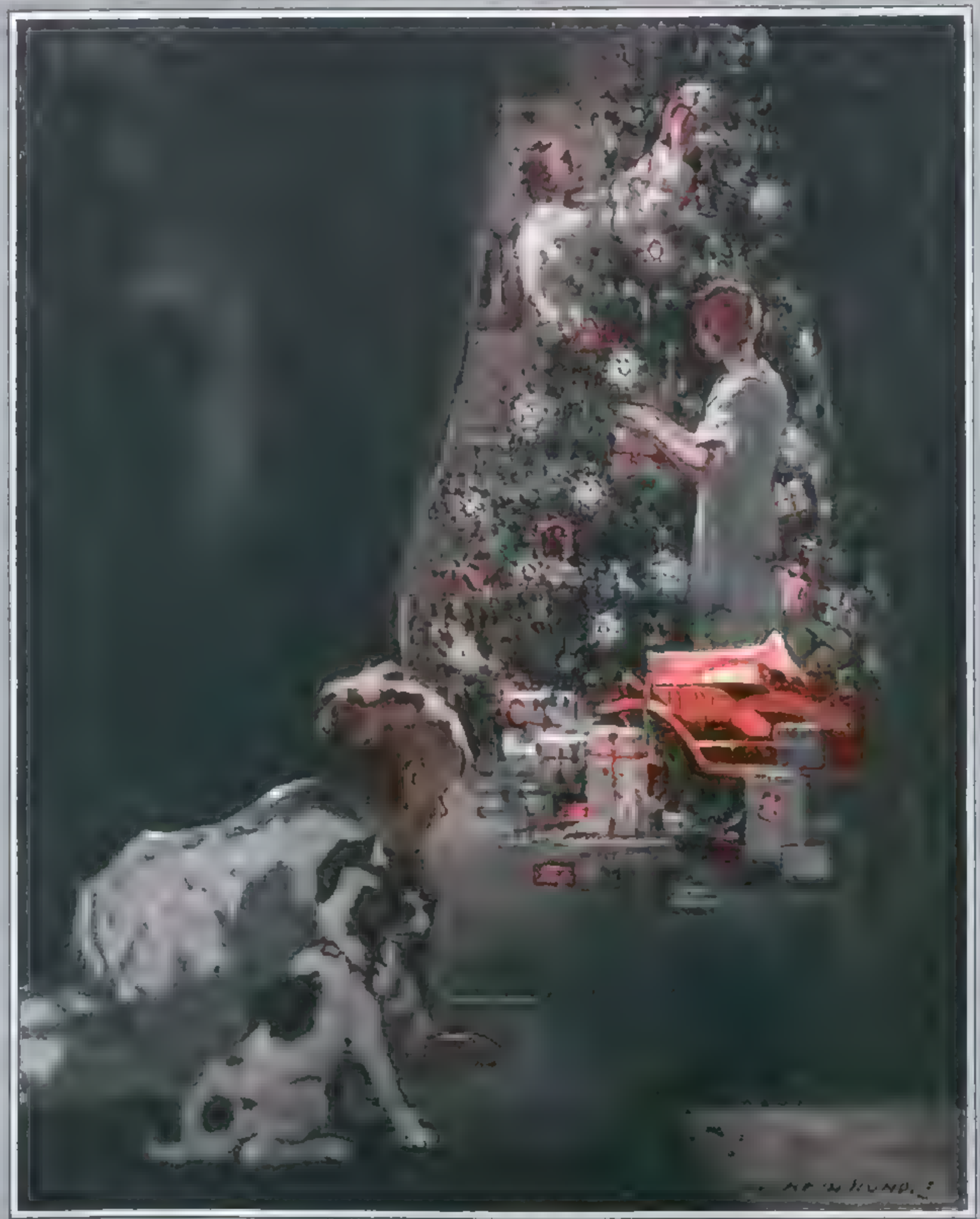
Mrs. Mount thought out tactful methods of disposing of the calculated sum about John Lexham's person, in a kind of taken-for-granted way, and was deciding to send him a ten-pound note once or twice a week and just scribble, "Dear John: So kind of you. Make this go as far as possible. Yours most affectionately, Ada," when Peach returned.

"That," Mrs. Mount was thinking, "would certainly be the way to put it; he is terribly stiff-necked. 'Make this go as far as possible,' I shall scribble in a kind of offhand way that will not catch his attention too much and give him cause for offense. 'You know how to do everything so well,' I shall say. 'I'm sure tipping people is an art, and you have it. Thank you so much for your help.' Continually I shall thank him for his help; and I must remember to tell him about the orchestra that *le duc* keeps on his yacht."

Peach dropped the check, as if it were just any old thing, on the dressing table beside Mrs. Mount.

"Thanks, darling," said Mrs. Mount with affection. "I am so glad to take all these worries off your hands. I suppose you want to look very pretty at Wareham." Peach agreed. "We will see what De Ville suggests," said Mrs. Mount.

(Continued on Page 111)



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(Continued from Page 108)

So they drove to Hanover Square to see what De Ville suggested; and De Ville's suggestions were much on the lines that might have been expected.

John Lexham arrived a little early that evening. Miss Robinwood was still dressing, said the aged butler, very grandfatherly. But Mrs. Mount was already attired for her bridge at the house of her dear Flora, and she filled the room with tact. She made the necessary arrangements in a taken-for-granted voice; she told him how wonderful he was; said tipping waiters was an art; and somehow left a ten-pound note upon his person.

It was the smallness of the amount that made it seem, somehow, so deadly. It was strange, but there it was. That ten-pound note seemed to John Lexham justification for the murder of his remote Cousin Ada. He knew—from her babblings, all of which had direct purpose, little as he or any other poor mutt knew it—that she asked Miss Peach Robinwood weekly for the total of seven days' odd expenses. He knew that it was easier and better to add ten pounds to the bill instead of saying once for all, even to this heiress, "I want a hundred pounds," and leaving it unexplained. Mere oozings accounted for ten pounds. Omnibuses almost accounted for it, collections at church, or pence to beggars. It was all strictly reasonable. But still—but still ——

There it was.

"It's so small!" he burst out.

There was no doubt but that the transaction had about it a touch of squalor that might not have been so galling had it been carried out in the grand manner.

"I know. Being myself sensitive to a fault, I know," Mrs. Mount moaned. "But you see that I cannot very well say all in a breath and inexplicably to this plutocratic child ——"

"Don't tell me! Don't tell me! Don't say it! I know it!" cried John Lexham. "But it's so small!"

Mrs. Mount was aware that either a purring cat or a singing kettle or some other sound of a homely domestic nature was held to be very soothing to a man in a frayed temper; so she commenced to purr about everything in her inimitable way, and she purred until Peach came down.

The happiness of Peach! The radiance! It stayed the hand of John Lexham just as he was really determined to crumple up that crackling note in his pocket and toss it on the fire. It was strange how the happiness and radiance of Peach flung themselves over John Lexham, too, so that all suddenly his violence became soft and muted; he was like one looking at a rose or listening to a nightingale; and they went out together to the hired limousine, looking touchingly young and undimmed.

In the car, Peach said to him, "We are going to Wareham."

And he answered her, "Of course you are."

Peach said to him, "Lord Loring rang me up five times today."

And he answered her, "Damn Lord Loring."

"In a way it is hard being a girl and in a way it is easy," said Peach as they rolled through the streets.

"Same here," said John Lexham.

"This makes the second evening that I shall have dined and danced with you, just by ourselves."

"The second of many, I hope. Peach—I mean Miss Robinwood, why not let us see more of each other? I—I should be honored if you would look upon me as at your service. Think of me as your older brother."

"I will if I can," said Peach, and a gulp came from her throat, "thank you."

"You have no brothers, I think," said John Lexham in a sepulchral voice.

"N-n-no," squeaked Peach, "and I d-d-don't want an-an-any now."

"Miss Robinwood!"

"If—if—if—your conversation was up to your dancing, it would be heavenly!"

"Miss Robinwood—er—we must dance together a great deal at Wareham, if you will." Peach inclined her head, struggling with a multitude of feelings; some of them very wry feelings indeed.

"And before we all go to Wareham—there are some two days—I would like to be allowed to monopolize your time somewhat. Have you seen the—er—sights of London?"

"Only the people in Black's Hotel," said Peach.

"I mean, the portrait galleries and the Wallace Collection and the Tower and St. Paul's Cathedral and what not, should really be included in your program before you leave for the Continent."

"Have you seen them yourself?"

"I regret to say, no, not yet. But I will make up for lost time if you will help me."

Peach thought faintly of Lord Loring.

"There is really a person who wants a long talk with me ——"

"Postpone it. The two days will be a rush, and in the evenings let's dance our feet off."

"This person—a man, as a matter of fact ——"

"—— can wait. Send him a note, quite polite, you know, but terse, and say he can wait till you get back from Wareham."

"What a splendid idea!" said Peach, thinking that anything might happen at Wareham, and she might refuse Loring without regrets for sacrificed glories after all. "I will."

"Do it at dinner. We can get paper and envelope; and then, don't you know, it will be done."

"It certainly will," said Peach cheerily.

"We've fixed him then."

"He will not be at Wareham."

"No, my dear—Miss Robinwood. Loring will not be at Wareham."

"How did you know I meant Lord Loring?"

"I guessed."

"I wish December would last forever," said Peach.

"Why, child, it's going to be all wonderful for you, December or June. Besides, think, in January you're going to Cannes."

Peach could see that bank manager looking at her with a regular tiger of a look.

"Am I?" she whispered.

"Of course. You'll have a great time. Er—Ada ever spoken to you of the Duc des Argonnes?" asked John Lexham carelessly.

"How careless he is!" thought Peach. "He just doesn't care for anything or anybody. He's got the life he wants, the position he wants, all the money he wants; and he's just being kind to me. How excruciating!" She shook her head.

"No, I've never heard of him."

"You will, at Cannes. Well, happy times to you!"

"You," said Peach, "are going to your estate in Rhodesia?"

"My —— Yes"—John Lexham looked out of the window in an idle sort of way—"I'm going to Rhodesia. Who knows but that when I come back you'll be the Duchess des Argonnes?"

"How excruciating!" Peach thought to herself.

Aloud she inquired coldly, "Why do you harp on this man?"

"Well, because he's always being dragged up by Ada."

"What about him?"

"Well, he's a regular Adonis; and has a wonder yacht and a palace in Spain and a château in France; and he's awfully rich."

"Still," said Peach, and she clenched her teeth, "there are other people who are awfully rich too." And she thought to herself, "You are."

"Oh, yes," replied John Lexham with a little weary sarcasm, "there are other people who are awfully rich too." And his mind dwelt on the aggravating pink person beside him. "In fact when two awfully rich people put their money together and have yachts and châteaux and all the box of tricks, they ought to be absolutely, perfectly happy."

"Are there lions in Rhodesia?" said Peach persistently, not following his maunderings.

"Oh, yes; a few still, I believe."

"I—I—I have a feeling I should love to shoot a lion."

"Oh, so should I," said John Lexham.

"Of course, I couldn't go to Rhodesia and shoot one unless someone took me there."

"Dear little lady, you have all the dollars you can spend, and they'll take you anywhere on God's earth."

Peach's foot began to swing, and John Lexham's hand came down on it and caught it.

"Now don't start that. Whenever you swing your foot it's a sure sign that we quarrel."

"Well, quarreling is better than nothing," Peach replied sorrowfully.

"It might not be nothing," muttered John Lexham, looking very grim.

With these cryptic incoherencies, they came to the Embassy Club and alighted; and Peach ran down into the dressing room in haste to look in a mirror, for she felt as if her face must be full of murky passions of which, until lately, she really had not known herself capable.

Her face, however, looked out at her untroubled as a baby's; a trifle flushed perhaps, the eyes somewhat bright; but there were no lines harrowed by emotions, no flashings and writhings such as the face of The Vestal Vampire had undergone on the screen.

"I am one of those women who go down baby-faced to the grave, whatever my sufferings," Peach thought to herself. And she left her wrap—the little fluffy one that she had worn that night on the Mardania when for the first and last time John Lexham had kissed her—in the attendant's hands and went out, modern and cool.

John Lexham awaited her. He was certainly an extremely good-looking man; the best-looking man she had ever seen. And they went together into the room of blended green and mauve with the soft lights and had a corner table. They dined and drank to each other.

"To your happy days," said John Lexham, touching his glass against hers.

"To yours," said Peach, with an answering clink.

They danced to an orchestra without compare, before the floor grew too crowded. Each time they were the first to go out upon that shining floor and the last to leave it.

"Is life amusing you?" asked John Lexham.

"Life's wonderful."

"Pe—Miss Robinwood, what do you most want?"

"To do what I darn well please," said Peach.

"There's no such thing," said John Lexham.

And Peach asked rather faintly, "Are you sure?" and he answered, "I am sure."

"It seems a shame," said Peach sadly.

"No doubt it's better in the end," said John Lexham.

"The end?" said Peach. "But this is only the beginning."

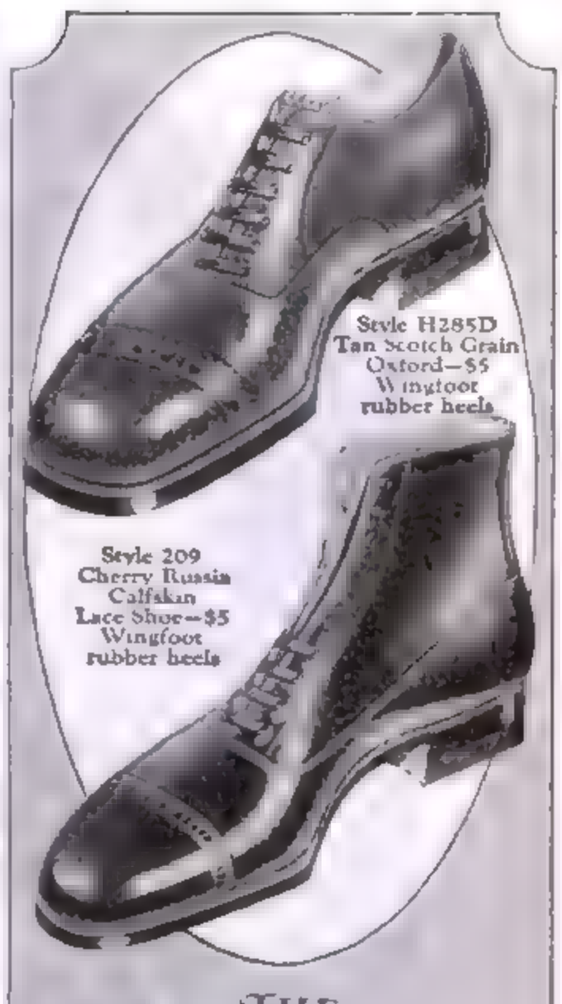
"It isn't even that," said John Lexham.

So, with these kind of cryptic incoherencies they danced through the evening, often and hectically wishing each other happy days. In fact each time each raised a glass it was, "Your happy days," "Yours," "To Rhodesia," "To Cannes," "To the lions you'll shoot," "To the hearts you'll slay," and so on.

Presently they had a little supper; a few oysters, a devilled chicken bone. Presently they drove home.

"It's awful," thought Peach to herself, "he's made of stone. Harry would have had jimjams all over him by now. Can I bear it?"

"What time shall I call for you tomorrow?" said John Lexham. "We might do all the picture galleries and the Wallace Collection, anyhow; and in the evening Ada says I can take you to a dance some



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aunt of hers is giving if you can endure it. And the next day we'll all go down to Wareham."

"You will be quite tired of me," said Peach, swinging her foot.

"Or you of me," remarked John Lexham, catching it.

They reached home.

"Good night," said John Lexham, holding her hand tightly. "I will call for you at ten tomorrow. Nothing much can happen before ten, anyway."

He was thinking of Lord Loring, a most persuasive man.

"No, nothing ever happens before ten," said Peach; "a great waste of good time, I always think, but there it is. Yes, come at ten."

"Well, good night," said John Lexham, continuing to hold her hand tightly. "You've got to look on me as your brother, you know—your elder brother."

"That is lovely," said Peach in a slightly hysterical voice.

"Somehow," said John Lexham, "you've always seemed rather like a little sister to me."

"I have not quite lost my powers of memory," said Peach, "and you are a liar."

With this the front door opened and the aged butler stood there blinking like an owl. Peach passed in, and after holding the door—but not very temptingly, for really he longed for his bed—a second to see if Sir John wished to follow, the aged butler closed it, leaving Sir John on the doorstep.

The butler bolted the door with three bolts. He could push a bolt to make it sound like a plain request to people to retire at once.

"There is some hot milk in your room, miss," he informed Peach, inferring that her room was the place for her.

"Thank you," said Peach.

But she paused just a moment to look at the telephone pad. On it the aged butler had written: "At 8:30 Lord Loring called up and said he could come round any minute Miss Robinwood could see him. At 9:30 Lord Loring called up and asked where was Miss Robinwood, as he would telephone her wherever she was. I said she was out with Sir John Lexham and I had no information. Lord Loring will call personally at 10:30 tomorrow morning."

"Someone loves me, anyway," said Peach to herself as she went upstairs. "Someone is aching to lay his coronet and fortune and everything at my feet. What is this old Wallace Collection, anyway?"

However, although in the morning she left a note for Lord Loring—a very nice note saying how worried she felt, how sorry to have missed him, expressing most certainly much pleasure in his society—yet that note was very vague; it murmured about having a little time to think, a little more time yet; a little separation, considered the note, would help the writer to make up her mind. The writer was engaged every minute all that day, and was going down to Wareham the day following.

It was a nice note, but Lord Loring saw through it; he was not only a wicked, debauched, delightful and persuasive man but he was also a man of high perceptions. The note was positively transparent to him.

And Miss Robinwood had gone, after all, to observe the Wallace Collection.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE POINT WHERE ALL SAILS SHIVER

Continued from Page 21

without actually driving him to cover. A minute later he swung the door in, and Captain Jim plowed through without acknowledging that courtesy.

He came in with brine crystals still guttering in his beard, a reeking pipe in his teeth and his big fists jammed into his pockets. He looked about him. Tacked to the walls were pictures of pale, beautiful, belted young men, elegant in the shoulder line. These faultlessly clad male beauties were exhibited in groups; coming out of theater lobbies in evening clothes, stepping into motor cars with little dogs on leash, or walking on a white beach against an ultramarine sea, accompanied by daring women whose copper-colored locks were whipped by an audacious wind.

Not the captain's style emphatically; but he could see his son daily, hourly growing like them.

"Spool silk looking up?" he roared.

"No, sir, looking well down," Paul said.

"Case of sink or swim then, ain't it?" Captain Jim pursued him. "You've mistayed. The question you got to ask is, whether you can double the point where all sails shiver. The way it is, you're going down by the head and one of these soft-landered modern women holding onto your hair."

Captain Jim jerked the end of his beard out of his vest and spat. Captain Paul's eye was bleak.

"You've made a poor fist of showing respect for my wife," he said sternly, "but some things I don't have to listen to, and this is one of them."

"Won't listen. Hah. You'll turn a deaf ear, will you, to Jim Weymouth when he puts it into your hands to make five hundred a week on a legitimate proposition?"

"Rum running, I suppose."

"No, not rum running. I've got a charter for coal to Halifax. Three thousand tons at a dollar forty a ton freight. Four trips and the Lily Whitehead's paid for, and you've got your ship, velvet. There's a strike on up there and they're angling for coal. What say? She's at tidewater now waiting for a captain."

"You know what Milly would say."

"When you showed her where there was five hundred a week in it, would she?" old Weymouth yelled. "You think she'll be grateful to you in the years to come for sticking to a starvation proposition like this? You think she will? No, sir, she won't. She's put it up to you to lick the world with one hand tied behind you, and by Mars, she'll expect to see you do it."

"I tell you I made the agreement," Paul said darkening. "You can't blame Milly. I came blundering in at a time when it was high tide for Milly Hill as far as men were concerned."

"High tide, yes," his father snorted. "That's the time to fish for flounders. Slack water. So she held it over your head, did she, that if you didn't contract to stay ashore she might throw herself into somebody's arms that would? Dave Peters', what?"

Captain Jim had a look of great craft.

"Nothing of the sort."

"Don't tell me. There was a string tied to it —— There would be," The picture of the tiger on the north wall of Paul's establishment looked not one whit more baleful than old Captain Weymouth. "What did she ever sacrifice for you?" he cried bitterly. "Nothing! Not the tip of her little finger. She bettered herself, marrying the reversion to one of the town fortunes, as she thought."

"No! No!"

"You think you will dictate to me at my age what I shall say and what I shan't say?" the captain foamed. "You try it on. I ain't too old to take you down a peg yet." He puffed fire, snorted, pinched his nose, and straddled nearly as wide as the doorsill. "You hear me out. Hear me out, I say. I know whereof I speak. Didn't I overhear her pumping Sterritt for all he

(Continued on Page 114)

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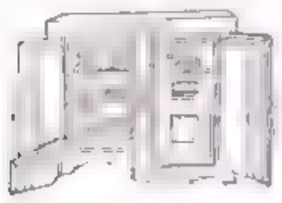
The Zone of Kelvinator is a zone of temperature that lies below 50°, which Kelvinator maintains *all the time*. This is much colder and more constant than the temperature ice maintains. It is a zone of dry, frosty cold much superior to any refrigeration you have ever known.



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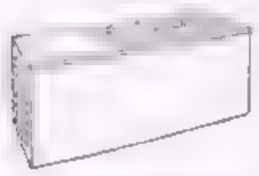

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Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 112)

was worth the other afternoon, trying to find out how much longer I was good for? I was in the men's waiting room at the time.

"Why didn't I come and live with Paul and her? Well, if it was to have the same effect on me it's had on you, she wouldn't have to worry long. She'd coddle me into my grave in jig time.

"I've fooled her. I've redrawn my will. I've willed what I've got to the Seamen's Bethel, every last dollar, conditionally, conditionally, Paul, in case you stay ashore. No woman ever had a monopoly of conditions."

"You'll do as you think best," Paul said tensely.

"Come. Think better of it. Take this ship to sea. Here you'll be one of these days, poor as dirt, and she'll say to you, 'Is this the best you could do?' Then you'll say, 'If you'd let me go to sea in the first place, we wouldn't be where we are now, Mrs. Lady. Why didn't you let me?' you'll say. And she'll say, 'Why didn't you go then, if so much depended on it as you say? Maybe you expected me to draw the breath of life for you, along with everything else.' Cold comfort, hey? And she'll have the laugh on you then, because she'll only be telling you the God's truth."

"She'd never throw it up to me like that."

"So? Not today, not tomorrow. One day you'll rub her the wrong way and she'll out with it. I don't tread on eggshells with you, mister. She ain't above making comparisons. I hear now your wife is seeing too much of this Dave Peters."

"She's a friend of Aileen's," Paul muttered, with the fierce shadow in his eye again.

"Friend, is she? They're saying now the friendship runs the other way. They're saying Aileen makes a friend of her in self-defense, so as to keep a finger on the pulse. I'll tell you what more they're saying. They're saying now that why you stop ashore you've lost your license through cowardly misconduct on the sea."

The whole building shook with the noise Captain Jim made in drawing the door to after him.

Paul found Milly getting supper. Raising her eyes, she said instantly:

"I know what's happened."

"You know —— How should you know?"

But the inexorable public quest for private facts, prosecuted by each citizen from the moment he opened his eyes in the morning till he closed them at night, made it unlikely that anything should be concealed for any length of time. People lived in glass houses—plates, sills, joists and shingles, all of glass—but not only that; their hearts beat in glass breasts, and their brains were tucked away for safe keeping in glass skulls.

"It's about Captain Jim's will, isn't it? Paul, I've lost you all that money."

"Only—in case I don't go back to sea."

There was a terrific silence. Milly began to do swiftly a number of little things. She stooped and straightened the rug, snatched down a curtain on the western side where the sun was pouring in, punched a pillow on the couch and picked up her sewing basket from the rocking-chair.

"She thinks it's a put-up job," Paul thought, appalled. A trick of the Weymouths to put her in a corner where she might have to take the responsibility for every kind of hard luck that followed. He went desperately on:

"He's bought in this ship, it seems, and got a good charter for her. But he's pretty old to go in her himself. His eyesight's failed. He'll make her over to me, tackle, apparel and furniture, in case I go master. It'll mean five hundred a week. It would make even your friend, Mr. Peters, hump himself to equal that, wouldn't it?"

Her friend Mr. Peters. She launched at him one outraged look, turned and went upstairs. He followed as far as the bottom of the flight. His father must be right. The qualities she loved him for, his ruggedness, his spirit of command, his lack of spiritual fatness, were just the ones she had barred him out from exercising. If in the first place he had been a clerk for Mr. Saltus, would he now be Milly Hill's protector? But she had thought of those qualities as an invincible fund which would keep the man sweet a whole lifetime no matter what his duties were. She would have her cake and eat it too. Her love was a magnificent contradiction, an experiment in combining irreconcilables. The man who had fired her romantic imagination was not the storekeeper—the dealer in men's furnishings. That man was her husband.

"What do you say to the proposition, Mill?" he called huskily, aware of her agitated movements in the front chamber. Her voice, absolutely colorless, floated down to him.

"You'll have to do as you think fit. I can't use your judgment for you."

It was precisely in this way, however, that she did use his judgment for him. He had a cold fear of getting far away on the sea with Milly left alone in Dave Peters' neighborhood. He was bitterly contemptuous of this mistrust; but there it was, burning at the core of him. He could see the fat twinkle in Dave's eye as he twitched out of his pocket a corner of that handkerchief whereon Milly had worked his letter with her own hand—in flame-colored silk.

Could it be that Milly really thought a whole skin better worth having than reputation? She must by now have heard this whispered account of the reason he had left the sea, baseless as it was. The best way to combat scandal, he had heard, was to take no notice of it, and let it die for lack of fuel; yet, his pride of seamanship being what it was, he had a horror of letting this dastardly allegation stalk him without his ever being able to round on it.

It had a phantom shape. No man, unless Captain Jim, would be so bold as to speak of it to his face. But they lost their tongues under his eye. They shuffled off the topic, dumb with pity for him. They understood that a marine court had looked into the circumstances of some collision or other and had banished Captain Weymouth from the sea. And for long they would never give him an opening to sink his knife into the paltry lie.

It was of a piece with the rest of his luck that when the opening came, it came as it did and where it did. It was about dusk of a warm spring day that he had gone out to roll up the awning over his shop window—he had had it down to protect some shirtings on display there from the western sun—but instead of touching the awning he had tilted back silently against the glass, watching the dusk swarm and thicken in the little square. The gray pigeons were ranged on the saddle boards, high up on the ridgepole of the Custom-house and around the iron lip of the horse trough with its ever-springing fountain; their tameness had never been more surprising than when contrasted with the wrangling flight of four or five gulls passing high over the town and going for fresh water inland.

But even the gulls, he saw, were getting fat, feeding on harbor refuse.

Windows were open everywhere, airing out; voices, inside and out, were curiously audible in this lighter and more glowing atmosphere. Captain Paul stood tilted back against the wall of his shop, in a torture of thought. The night before, passing the yellow skeleton of one of Dave's new houses, he had seen Milly Hill and Dave himself, after hours, sitting on a pile of lumber, talking. Aileen wasn't present to have a finger on the pulse. He didn't know the substance of that talk; but it had absorbed them to the point where even the grating of Paul's footsteps a dozen feet away was lost to them. He had had presence of mind enough to keep on out of hearing.

Out of hearing? He couldn't very well get out of hearing. He could hear Dave's voice now, running on, dripping with prosperity. The man was talking with a friend, in the back seat of the friend's closed car just around the corner.

"Yes, he's going behind every year," Dave was telling this friend. "He's no more good on shore than he was at sea. He lost a ship through losing his head; and then he lost his license. I pity his wife. She's one of the best. She told me only last night she was at her wit's end what to do with him."

Mr. Peters, opening the door to his friend's car, was getting out backward when Captain Paul's hand on his shoulder yanked him still farther backward.

"Now then, take your medicine," Captain Paul said, close in his ear.

Knock-down encounters at the inlet were not of such frequent occurrence as to deaden the town's electric spirit of communication on such subjects. Before the bridge lights had come on, it was known at both ends of the bridge that young Captain Weymouth and Dave Peters, the contractor, had got into a savage fight with their bare fists, and that if Dave had come out of it alive, that was all he had done.

There was a hue and cry after the motive. It was recalled that Dave had once been very thick with Milly Hill; that Captain Paul had come between them, and that Dave had married a girl who was not a patch on Mill for looks or sense or breeding. But all agreed that Weymouth must have forgotten that this was the twentieth century. The implication always was, when the twentieth century was mentioned, that force, a resort to physical force was unthinkable and out of order. A man finding himself aggrieved or put upon in any way could always have recourse to the courts.

That, it seemed, was exactly what Dave Peters had now done. He had gone to swear out a warrant, it was said. He had kept his head so well, it transpired, that he had taken all that punishment without once raising a hand in self-defense, for fear he might jeopardize his standing in the courts by so doing. But the sheriff, it turned out, was out of town, though he was expected back any minute.

Captain Paul, going down to a wharf's end to cool off, met Captain Jim swaying up a ladder there. The old man, only just ashore off the Lily Whitehead, had evidently heard, so quick, of the fracas.

Captain Jim blew through his fists one after the other, scenting a fray.

"Give you till midnight, if you ain't locked up by then," he roared. "The wind's fair to be gone now, and the tide will serve."

Captain Paul removed himself from that man's neighborhood. He went home. It had got dark, the house itself was dark all its crooked little length. He went in, found all the rooms silent, and got in under the eaves at a rotted leather trunk containing his sea belongings. Milly had packed them in there, the rough shirts, the heavy mitts, oilskins, his sextant and a carton containing his master's license. If only she could have packed his big body in along with his belongings and scattered moth balls there!

Paul looked hard into the gutted interior of that puffy yellow trunk with its scarred and rabbeted battens. Empty now, like those empty pine drawers in the bureau, bottomed with old newspapers, where she had so carefully laid away his good shirts, which he now tumbled by the fistful into his bag, almost in a spirit of loot.

He drew out a black flannel storm cap—her abomination—since she preferred for him the genteel shore touches. He settled the cap slowly on his brows. Its cool solid feel revived him and he began to think better of himself already. The cap had a hint of past struggle in it; and he half wondered that it didn't fall through this ghost of his former self masquerading as a married man with landed interests.

Then, without having heard her come up the stairs, he saw his wife standing in the doorway. She was so furiously angry with him that she actually for a moment had no eye for his ominous preoccupation. She had heard about the fight, then.

"Well, say it. Say it," he urged her. "Get it off your chest."

"What do you expect me to say?"

"What's on your mind."

"As if I could. As if any woman could that had been put in the position I've been put in—Paul."

"That you've been put in," he repeated aghast. "That you've been put in?"

"Haven't I? What do you suppose people will be saying now?" She put a hand to her throat. A fight with fists she would of course consider vulgar. "I've seen Aileen," she whispered. "It's dreadful. I can't help knowing what she thinks. How could anyone think otherwise? As if you hadn't acted strangely enough already, refusing to have anything to do with Dave, and acting as if you wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. Paul, if jealousy did have to get the better of you, couldn't you—couldn't you have gone about it another way than implicating me?"

He heard himself crying savagely:

"So! Where there's smoke, there's fire. Well, is there?"

"Oh," Milly moaned, and threw herself across the foot of the bed, "it's unspeakable. I'm ashamed—ashamed of you, through and through. You're not the man I thought you were."

The words were out like hornets, whipping his senses. He went cold along his spine. His anger was lost in a sense of amazement at his father's insight. Here was the little sentence she had been chipping at and filing at in secret, as Captain Jim had propheaied.

"Evidently not," he said in hollow tones, without taking off the storm cap, which had the magical effect of tending to return him to his former identity. "No, I'm not the man I thought I was myself. Well, I'll clear out."

He jerked up the sea bag to his shoulder.

"I'm taking a ship of my father's to Halifax," he muttered, without turning his head. In his clumsy descent of the stairs, he wouldn't look back. Milly might be still lying face down on the bed. Standing with his hand on the front-door knob, ready to open the door, he could not persuade himself to move. He was, decidedly, at the point where all sails shiver.

He made a picture of Milly lying, stricken, in the midst of that riot of pulled-out drawers, where every trace was wiped out of the unmentionable man, her husband. And he remembered acutely that Milly could not bear to be alone in that house after dark. The next neighbors were not too near; she had a way of imagining things. The woods came up close and black on the north side; and the house itself was old, with dry bones, and had a habit of conversing with itself in little yielding snaps, starting joints, rat-scurryings, cracklings of stair-risings and floor boards, which Milly translated into rampant burglary.

Like reënforcement to this thought, Paul felt a stealthy twist of the door knob in his hand, from without. He snatched open the door. Captain Jim stood there, straddling the granite step under the doorsill. The old seaman's eye gleamed; his corncob pipe had a crown of fire.

"Now or never," his father rasped. "Dandlett's looking for you with the warrant in his pocket. What about six months cooling your heels caning chairs in the county jail for an unprovoked assault and battery?"

Paul felt Milly right at his back. He was fatally weaker in his resolution to be gone. But he looked ahead of him with his black look, and didn't answer her when she faltered, "Paul, it isn't true, is it?"

Captain Jim trifled with that pink-sprigged accordion, once the property of Captain Hill, which had gravitated to the hall table from its more usual haunt on the kitchen mantel.

"Not true?" Captain Jim cried, pausing with the instrument fully expanded, like

(Continued on Page 119)

Wishing everybody a merry x-mas

TIME TO RE-TIRE
GET A FISK

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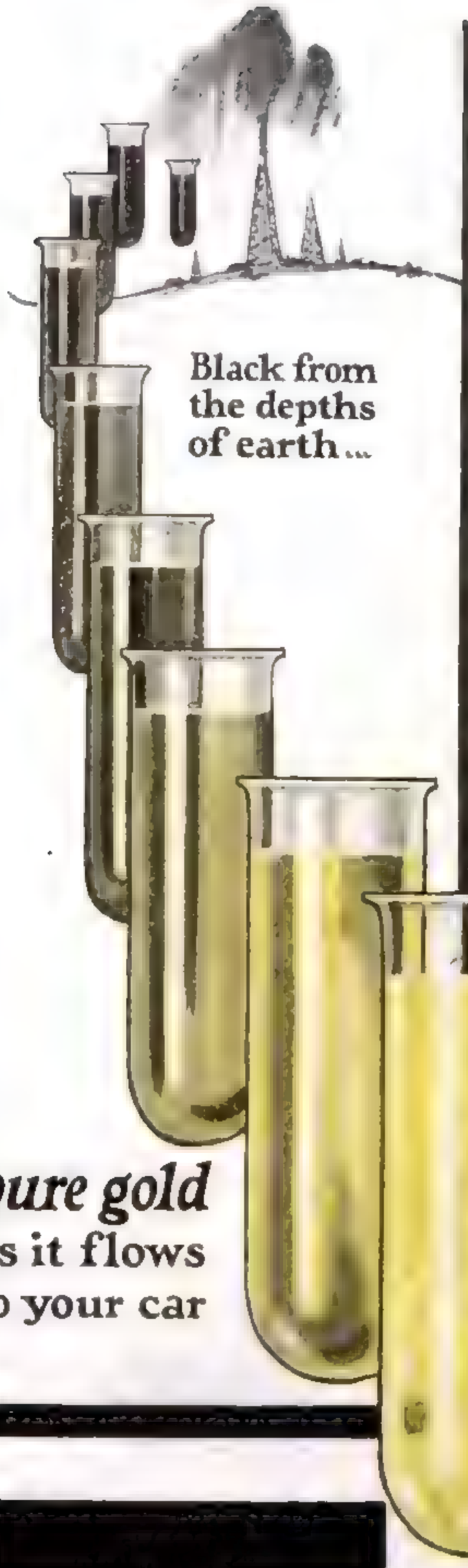
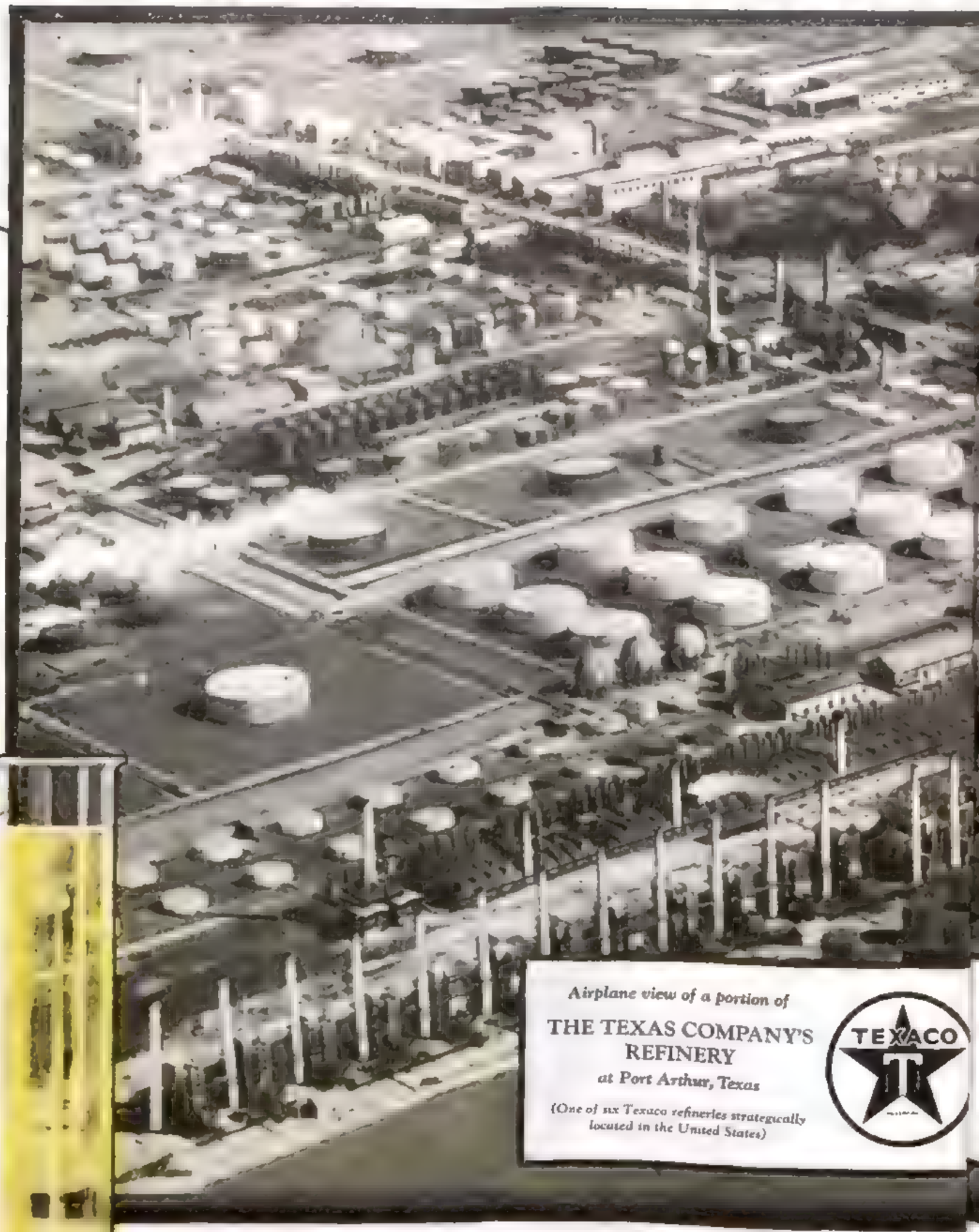


Black from the depths of earth...

pure gold as it flows to your car



Airplane view of a portion of

THE TEXAS COMPANY'S REFINERY

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TEXACO

T E X

MOTO

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Spread Cheer with Gifts from PARIS *and* HICKORY

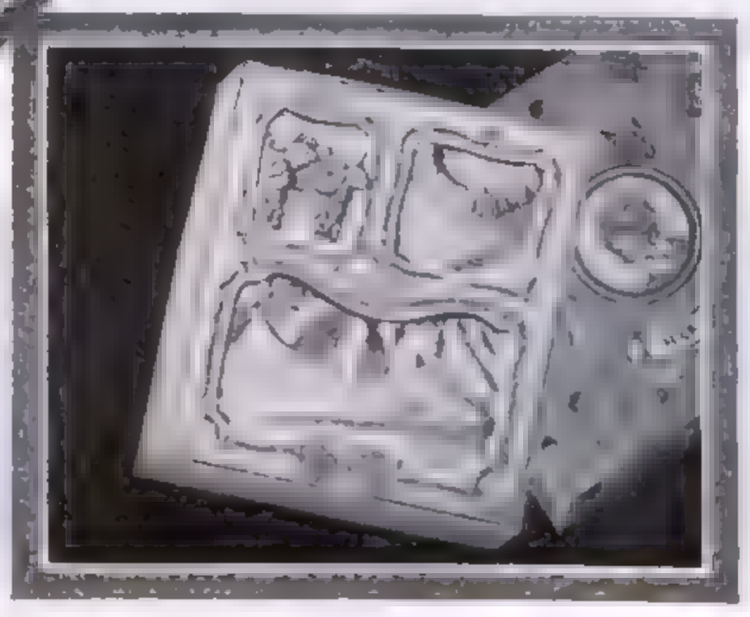
DON'T let him laugh at your choice of cigars! Here are gifts that men really like to get . . . the Paris Garter and Belt set . . . Paris Garters and Paris Arm Bands to match . . . and of course, Paris Garters—the little gift box is just right sized to hang on the tree. Paris and Hickory Christmas presents are the everyday useful kind, yet of the quality that you like to give as gifts.

WHATEVER else you give the menfolks, include a pair of Paris Garters in their clever new gift box as an extra little "surprise present". Every man can use a fresh pair of Paris Garters. In lively new colors—the smart regimental and collegiate stripes that men are so keen about. Illustrated at the left are Super-Quality Paris Garters at $1. Others at 25c and up, including gift box.

The Paris Garter and Belt Set combines an elastic, leather trimmed belt and a pair of Paris Garters to match. The color combinations are striking—high shades or the more conservative blues and browns. The set above shows single grip Paris Garters with satin shield, and live elastic belting trimmed with black or tan pigskin, $2. Other sets at $1.50 up, including gift box.

Here's another "double header" gift for men—Paris Garters and Paris Arm Bands to match. The gift box illustrated above contains single grip, satin shield Paris Garters, and silk Arm Bands with tailored satin bows. In a variety of friendly colors. This set, $1. Others at 50c and up, including gift box.

Ruffles of ribbon and frills of lace artfully combined by a French designer, describe the exquisite daintiness of Hickory Ribbon Garters. The special gift pair shown above, of shirred satin in merry colors, decked with ribbons and flower buds, in a new shaped moire or brocaded gift box to match, only $1. Others at 50c to $3 a pair, in dainty boxes.



Really two pretty gifts in one pretty box—Hickory Tea Apron and Ribbon Garters. The gum rubber apron is exceedingly smart with its contrasting frills and flowered pocket. The shirred ribbon garters match the apron and the gift box matches them both. In all the gay colors that girls love. This set, $1.50. Others in great variety at $1 and up, including gift box.

If you do not find these Paris and Hickory Christmas presents at your [illegible], send us your order with remittance and your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, [illegible] Company, 1153 West Congress Street, Chicago.

And here's Baby's Box with three of the nicest gifts you could choose—useful things that will please mother, too. Hickory Baby Pants of long-wearing rubber dam; a cunning, frilled Hickory Bib (to wear to Christmas dinner), and his first little satin, ribbon trimmed garters. The set in blue or pink, in a nursery gift box, $2. Other sets, $1 up, including gift box.

(Continued from Page 114)

his lungs, and his hands held high, as if he had it in him to dash the thing in her pale face, with its exasperating and exacting beauty. "Don't you bet a million o' dollars on it, ma'am. And don't you bet too much, either, that it won't lay at your door if he does go to jail."

"At my door?" Milly Weymouth repeated, pale to the lips under that blow.

"At your door, yes. You took a good man to start with—there wasn't a better—and you made the sum of nothing out of him, just so you could have the satisfaction of seeing him dawdle round the premises. Don't you try to argufy. Don't you ——"

"He married me, Captain Weymouth," she reminded him.

"He married you. That was one thing, and then you started in on him with a bang to give him a different education than what he had already. You cut his hair over the ears and down his neck, and shined his shoes, and dressed him pretty, and give him cake a-plenty; and you run the marrow out of his bones. He won't stand now, any more than pasteboard, without a stick back of him to prop him up. He can't look the sun and moon in the face any more."

The accordion sobbed sentimentally, and drowned her expostulation.

The old man got the bit in his teeth again, and was off.

"Don't you know it for a fact?" he shouted. "Didn't you yourself just call him a small part of a man, dragging his wife's name in the dirt, squatting the daylights out of a man that gossip was hooking up her name with, where by rights he ought to have sat quiet under it, and let it go on right under his eyes? There ain't much I overheard you telling him upstairs, missis, that I ain't already told him."

"You were listening," Milly cried, in a fury of contempt and shame.

"I didn't have to strain my ears any. There you were, giving him what-for, and it was all about your position and what he had cast on you, linking your name up with another suspect. I guess you've been brought up to think the men sort of revolve around you and everything that's done has got to have some bearing on you. What about his position? You hear where Paul made Dave Peters bite the dust, and right away you jump to the conclusion that jealousy is at the bottom of it. No, ma'am. How he come to muckle onto Peters—he's close-mouthed like all the Weymouths, and I don't doubt he wouldn't tell you—how he come to do it, he overheard him telling a man how Weymouth's license was taken away from him on account of cowardly misconduct on the seas."

"Dave said—that?"

"Said it? He was only repeating it. He was only saying what's in everybody's mouth overtown. Surprise ye some, does it? I don't know why it should. What reason did you think folks would give for him staying ashore, and going to pot the way he has? Tell me that. Wife? A time come when they looked around for other reasons. Why, you just said yourself he ain't the man you thought he was. It's worse'n that. He ain't the man he was."

Captain Jim emphasized that with a sob of the accordion. His elbows went weaving high. His pipe was going full blast. He drooled, and menaced. Captain Paul undertook to put a stop to all this. He got an iron grip on his father's arms and turned him toward the front door, which he kicked wide open.

"Now then, out you go, you old devil," he said between his teeth. Captain Jim straddled wider than ever.

"I'll go," he barked, "quicker than hell can scorch a feather. Don't think it's any pleasure to me to linger round this plantation. Let her honey the soul out of your body. Let her double-rivet your own damnation, if she wants to. Only there ain't too much to recommend that county jail. I knew a man rotted there for three months once, and he come out in considerable disrepair. Cells old style, only three feet across, and the river fog comes in every night thick as wool and sticks in a man's esophagus."

Captain Jim looked craftily at Milly Hill, in the midst of his piling it on. Her face was like chalk; and now she narrowed her shoulders, and clapped her hands against her ears.

"Stop," she cried. "Don't think there's any need of making me relinquish him. He's—he's relinquished me."

"No!" breathed Captain Paul, finding her inside his arms. "You think I'll leave you here to face the music by yourself?"

"Don't leave me! Take me—take me!" Milly cried, lifting herself in his arms. She looked dangerously past him at Captain Jim, her real antagonist.

Breath at last failed the accordion. Captain Jim's two fists sank and knocked against his knees. If he allowed this, there was an end of his spiritual surgery.

"There's a company rule excluding wives," he said feebly.

"I guess it's just come into being then," Milly flashed.

"Another thing, it's coming up to blow like hell. The glass was low all yesterday. She'll jerk the sticks out of her before morning. She's no better than a match box in a seaway."

"She's what you'd send my husband away in."

"I tell you," Captain Jim rasped, in his perplexity taking one last tack, "she stinks of that last load of bone fertilizer she had aboard."

"I'll burn incense in the cabin then."

"You're wasting breath, both of you," Captain Paul interjected. "I'm not going myself."

He looked grim and set, fixed, rooted to the soil, a householder.

"Not going?" Milly said under her breath.

"Not going. Wouldn't it simply give color to the argument that I couldn't—couldn't trust you by yourself ashore? Where I had squatted the daylights out of Dave already, as my father says, and then, that same night, to lug you off on board a ship, when everybody knows your opinion of a ship."

"As if I cared," Milly said, stormy darkness in her eyes. "Paul, you mean—you think, you couldn't trust me?"

"I could trust you anywhere."

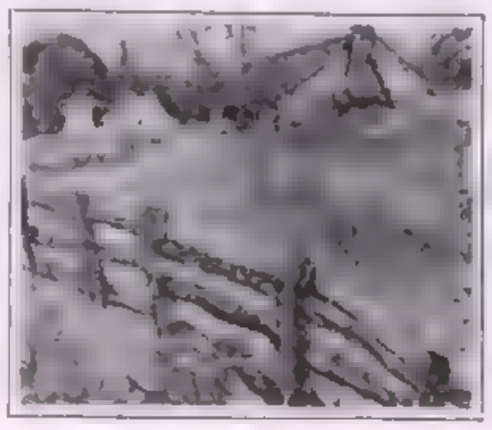
"Trust me on your ship." She ran to the hat tree, snatched at her hat and coat. "Come, I'm ready now."

But Paul had taken off the black storm cap and hung it on the peg from which she had taken her hat.

"So then," she whispered, crowded against the creaking banisters, "you'll go to jail—to humiliate me and—and rot there—and leave me here in this creepy little house with the consolation that it was me that sent you there through just my selfish hold on you. You'd punish me. Paul, I won't stick it. You—you won't find me here when you come out."

"Run away with a handsomer man, then," he said with a new rush of jealousy.

Milly had not heard that. Captain Jim had suddenly begun to play a chantey on the old accordion—Blow the Man Down. Wind was in fact coming. They could hear a snapping of canvas, a threshing of trees. And then Dandlett, the sheriff, was standing there with papers in his hand and an appearance of casualness in his sloping pose.



Dandlett said facetiously, "So, then, it's war, is it?"

"Well, God knows I hate peace," Captain Jim bellowed, and flung himself bodily on Dandlett and pinned him to the ground. The accordion was crushed flat with a sibilant ululation between their two straining chests. The old seaman, getting a new grip of his prone antagonist, raised himself up and twisted half round, crying at them over his shoulder the single word, "Skedaddle!"

And with that one word he resolved their doubts. He puffed them forth into the darkness. They had misstayed, but he filled their sails; they were away on the new tack. They were gone; and Captain Jim and Mr. Dandlett, collapsing, rolled on the ground in an agony of laughter.

"Timed it to a hair," the sheriff gasped.

"It needed timing!" Captain Jim roared. "And I ain't half succeeded now. That young woman lays over anything in my experience. There wouldn't anyone have thought when the minister was splicing 'em, that he was going to Siamese 'em. But now, where they want to go contrary ways, one of 'em has to be made miserable. I say, let the woman be miserable a while."

He locked the house door of the Paul Weymouths with a grin of Machiavellian accomplishment.

"And all the while," Mr. Dandlett agonized, "not a whisper of a warrant out against the man. Dave Peters ain't stirred. I hear he's giving out now it was just a friendly bout."

"Friendly bout! Holy old crow! Those two have been bad friends. It had got to a point long since where they could hate each other in a friendly way, Ernest. Dave has been spoiling for a month to polish my boy off. He come exhibiting a letter on a pocket handkerchief. But along with that, he had got into deep water with his building campaign. The banks had balked. He come to me and told me where he stood, and he argued that he had rather take a licking than confess defeat. That give me the idea."

"The idea?"

"The idea, yes. I put up money on the understanding that he was to drop out some such insinuation about misconduct on the seas within earshot of Paul, understand? It was a hand-picked episode, only from Dave's point of view it was drawed out to a point where he couldn't articulate and couldn't manipulate."

"I can see you are a pretty smart old man," Mr. Dandlett grinned. "Still, you had the groundwork laid for you, where it was rumored that Paul had lost his license. You could have the ship waiting for him and all, but say there hadn't been anything for him to lose his temper over."

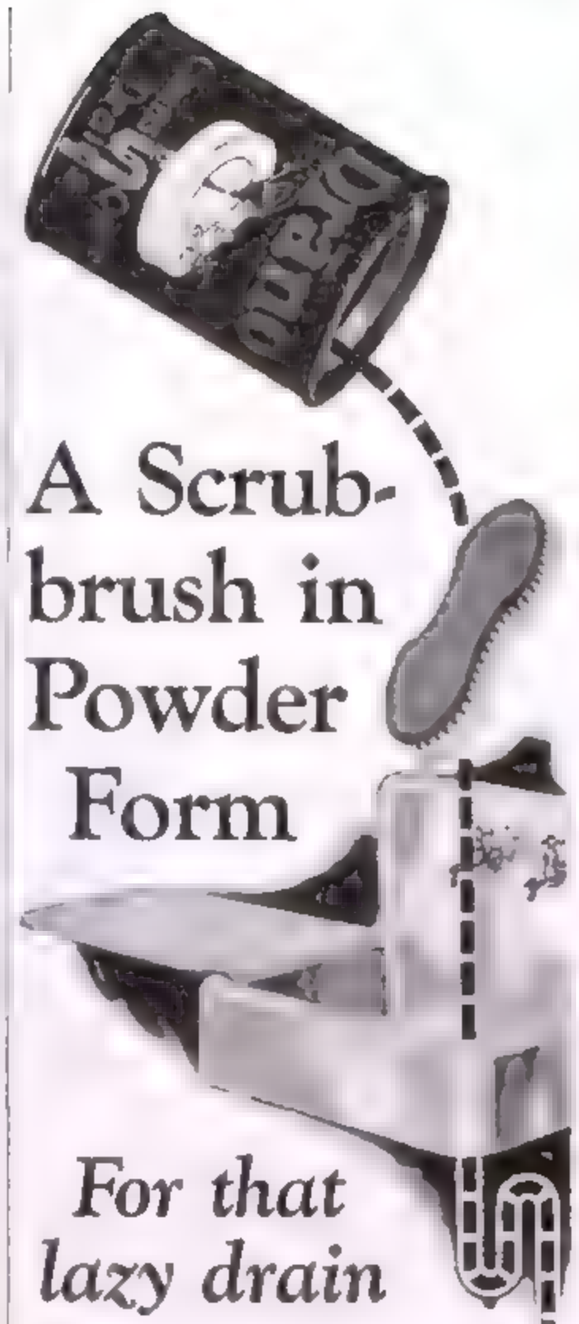
Captain Jim exhibited tushes at either end of an expansive smile.

"You take a piece of news in this village," he stated. "There ain't anything to equal the way it will take the air, give it half a start. I laid a wager with my wife once that I could go out the front door of my house and whisper something against her good name right in her own ear, and then it would meet me coming from the other direction before I had got halfway over town. There ain't a reputation in town that ain't laid on a hair trigger."

"Don't tell me ——"

"Don't need to, do I?" Captain Jim said complacently. "That boy had got civiled down a lot too far, and I undertook to scandalize him for his own good. Ain't a parent got some rights left over the child? Well, as far as I know, I was the first man to intimate that Paul had lost his license. Between you and me, Ernest, I am the biggest old liar in the county, and maybe east of the Kennebec altogether. It hurt me worse than it did Paul, see? But you keep this under your hat, or you and I will be bad friends."

"Where you have got a finger in it, I guess I will keep my hat on even in mixed company," the sheriff said respectfully, "for fear something might slide out from under it."



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For that lazy drain

That lazy drain! If you could only get at it with a scrub-brush you'd soon be rid of the bother of slow-moving waste water.

Use Drāno—a scrub-brush in powder form. Pour in according to directions on the can. It scours and scrubs down in the drain where a scrub-brush won't reach—dissolves grease, soap, hair, lint, animal and vegetable matter. Flush out with water—and the drain is clean—free-flowing.

Drāno purifies and sterilizes, too. There's nothing else like it for opening clogged drains and keeping them sanitary.

Housewives everywhere use Drāno regularly in kitchen, bathroom and laundry—keeping drains active and clean.

Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

Hotels use Drāno to keep guest-room drains free-flowing—and guests satisfied. Restaurants, apartment and office buildings, barber shops and beauty shops use Drāno to avoid expensive stoppages.

THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL — CHAPTER THREE

When we brought a new and precious obligation to John Maxwell, he increased his insurance in accordance with his increased responsibility

"My boy . . both are doing nicely!"

His first child . . infinitely precious . . proof of a love that laughed at death. . . What plans—what solemn promises—marked the hours of his lonely vigil. . . A career, fame, fortune. . . The start in life that was denied himself!

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Yet—when the time comes for your children to enter college, will you be any better prepared to meet the expenses of their education than you are today? Would they be able to get even high-school training if something should happen to *you* tomorrow?

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Life Insurance is only one of the many forms of insurance protection afforded through Ætna policies. The Ætna-izer can serve your interests with contracts of Life, Accident and Health, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

Ætna-ize! According to your needs! As you prosper, and as your obligations increase!

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE CO AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO OF HARTFORD, CONN.

A CERTAIN DEXTERITY

(Continued from Page 25)

"But at least, my friend—as one of the great critical public—at least you recognize the wonderful possibilities of—ah—ah—of my production."

"Maybe."

"Ah, yes, I knew you would!" At this, first shaking the glazier's hand, his other had confidentially stole to Mr. Kodelewski's shoulder. "A tremendous money-maker, everyone agrees," he whispered, "but while the preliminary negotiations are going on—you understand?—a temporary embarrassment—a check—a draft—draft from my London agents lost in the mail—other Professor Alexanders—they copy everything but my brain, sir, but there they find themselves utterly lost, sir—you understand me? So, in the meantime, if you could lend me, say, ten dollars until we have decided upon the theater ——"

"No, sir!" said the glazier, trying to break away.

"Five dollars then. Even five dollars might bridge a most serious gap."

"No, sir!" said Mr. Kodelewski, getting clear at last and making for the door again. "Not for me!"

"A dollar then!" continued the professor earnestly. "Come! I will sell you a quarter interest in our production at a ridiculously low price, and we will apply this dollar on account—to bind the bargain, as I believe the commercial gentry style it."

"No, sir!" said the glazier, opening the door, "I don't want no play."

"Fifty cents then. Come! For half a dollar, the price of a simple breakfast ——"

The door closed and the Great Alexander was left alone, standing there as though before an invisible audience, and presently saying in his deepest tones, "The husks—God help me!—the husks that the swine did eat."

He still had his head bent when another knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," he said, in a voice which had suddenly grown weary.

The door opened and a stout woman entered—a stout woman who combined a certain coquetry of corset with the determined visage of a grenadier.

"Ah, Mrs. Murtle," said the professor, "I didn't expect you so soon."

"I haven't come for that," she answered, still puffing a little because of the stairs. "I gave you till tomorrow. I've just come up to tell you there's a young lady waiting to see you downstairs—a real young lady, too, if I'm any judge. So instead of letting her stand in the hall, I've shown her into my private sitting room, and there she is a-waiting for you now."

"A young lady to see me?" said the professor, blinking heavily with his expressive eyebrows.

"Yes, quite young and beautiful, too, she is; a gentleman brought her in a private car, and there he is a-waiting for her now."

She shut the door and the professor summoned his invisible audience as he strode to the wardrobe and carefully lifted a frock coat from its hanger.

"A young lady," he mused, his voice and eyebrows nobly musing with him. "And apparently a rich young lady." He looked up then—looked up at the discolored ceiling and seemed to put his coat on quickly so that he could raise both his arms.

"Merciful heaven!" he murmured then in his deepest voice. "Have you answered my prayer at last?"

II

IT WAS not more than a minute later when Professor Alexander knocked on the door of Mrs. Murtle's private sitting room—a small front parlor which opened upon the hall—but in that minute he had certainly lost no time. A fair-looking pair of spats incased his ankles, a wide eyeglass tape hung around his neck and disappeared in a waistcoat pocket, a pair of chamois gloves kept his hands immaculate and at the same time gave him an unquestioned air of added gentility, and over one of his arms hung a Malacca walking stick with a heavy silver band and staghorn handle. He was wearing, of course, his black silk hat; and in the dim light of the hall, it wouldn't have been hard to mistake him for an elderly Beau Brummell just returning from a stroll in the park.

Mrs. Murtle opened the door for him.

"Oh, here you are," she said, "and here's the young lady who's been waiting for you."

With this brisk introduction, she retired into the back parlor, but failed to close the door behind her—Mrs. Murtle being human like the rest of mankind and wondering if by any chance Professor Alexander had had a romance in his life some twenty years before.

"Ah, good morning—good morning," said the professor in his most impressive manner.

"You are Professor Alexander?"

"Yes, madam; and I have the honor to be very much at your service."

If you could have been there, it would have done you good to observe the contrast between them. For Mrs. Murtle had not been mistaken—the girl was young and beautiful—beautiful of color and beautiful of hair; but above all, perhaps, beautiful of expression—the reflection of a young and happy spirit which had not yet had time either to grow sour or strong. She was dressed in white, with a coral-colored hat and scarf, and her hat had a brim from under which she looked out at the world with the friendliest air of innocence. And opposite her stood the professor, blinking a little in the light after the gloom of the hall, decked out like an army with banners and always with that curious pallor on his face—the face, you might have told yourself, of one who had more than once looked upon the wine when it was red; the face, even, of one who in his life had now and then been a bit of a rascal, but had probably never been much of a rogue.

"My name's Miss Parsons—Miss Lucy Parsons," began the girl, "and I'm visiting my uncle, Mr. Kenyard Gibbons, at Overlook Harbor."

The professor started and raised his hand.

"Pardon me," he said, "but in order to keep the record straight, you mean Mr. Kenyard Gibbons, the banker?"

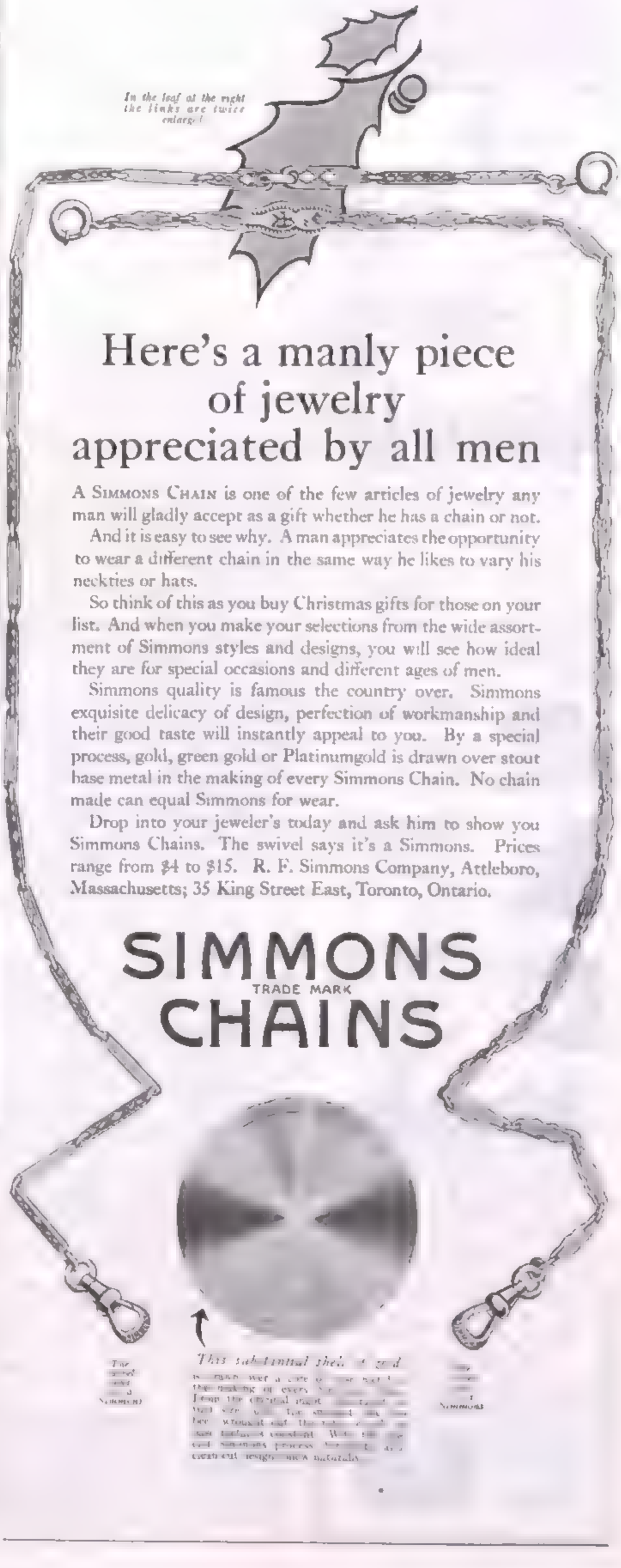
"Yes," said Miss Lucy.

"Proceed, please."

"I've been visiting there about two weeks," continued Miss Lucy. "Uncle Ken has been away, and partly to pass the time, I've been getting up an entertainment for the district nurses. Somehow it seemed such a wonderful place for it, with the big ballroom and the sunken garden and the swimming pool and everything, that I just couldn't help it when one of the nurses spoke to me about it. So I asked Aunt Grace; and Aunt Grace said that if the affair could be made self-supporting, she wouldn't mind; but otherwise we would have to wait till Uncle Ken came back. So I promised to keep it self-supporting. Please don't think I'm rambling," she earnestly continued. "I'm telling you this so you will understand that Uncle Kenyard has nothing whatever to do with the affair, either financially or in any other way. I'm the one who's planning it, and I'm the one who's responsible. I want that understood, please, very distinctly indeed."

"I quite understand you, madam," said the professor, pursing his lips. "Mr. Gibbons neither enjoys the receipts nor suffers the expenditures. He is, one might say, an innocent spectator of the—ah—ah—of the spectacle—that and nothing more."

"That's it!" Lucy eagerly nodded, and she gave him that look which nearly all men like to receive from a smiling girl—that look which seems to say, "I knew I was going to like you." This done, she continued: "We had a lot of posters printed, and one of the things which we advertised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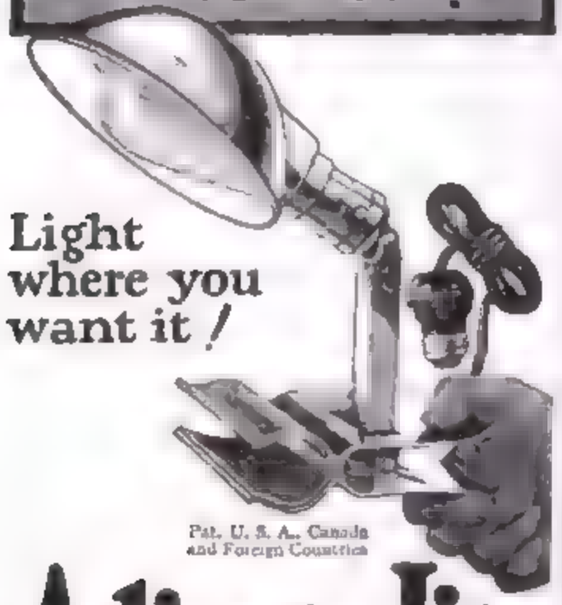

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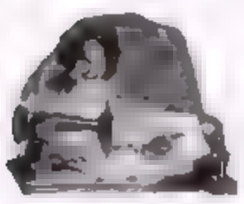

Mother will find *Adjusto-Lite* handy for dressing, sewing, reading, writing and household uses.

Brother will enthuse over *Adjusto-Lite* for studying, writing, building radio sets, electrical experiments, etc.

Sister will like her *Adjusto-Lite* for sewing and embroidering, reading, studying, writing and any household task.

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Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. Guaranteed for five years. Solid brass, complete with cord and plug.

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Bronze, nickel and white enamel finish: $4.45. West of the Mississippi, Rockies and Maritime Provinces, 25c additional.

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for the evening entertainment was a comedy juggling act, because Lloyd—because a friend of mine always likes to see juggling. But the man we engaged threw up a cannon ball yesterday and it came down on his foot instead of his neck; and when I went around to the agency this morning to see if they could send somebody else, they gave me your name and address, and said you might be able to fill the gap in the program."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes," said the professor. "Although to speak quite frankly, I am seldom—in fact, if ever—called upon to fill a gap, as you so expressively describe it ——

"'*Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,*
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

"You understand the association of ideas, of course. Still, under the conditions, the very unusual conditions, I might consider the offer, especially as it comes from you, Miss Parsons, and the entertainment is to be held at the home of Mr. Gibbons. And now—ah—ah—to a more practical matter. Did the agency speak to you upon the question of—ah—ah—my honorarium—honorarium—fee?"

"Yes," said Lucy, smilingly nodding. "They said twenty-five dollars."

"A mere pittance, of course."

"I know, and I'm awfully sorry that I can't afford to pay more; but, you see, I owe so much already, getting the booths built on the lawn, and the diving tower, and the stage in the ballroom, and engaging the orchestra and everything ——" A shadow passed over her face—the shadow which sometimes passes over the face of an amateur captain who is beginning to see breakers ahead.

"So if twenty-five dollars isn't enough," she reluctantly added.

"We will make it enough, Miss Parsons," said the professor, grandly crossing his knees and forgetting the holes in his shoes.

Lucy saw them, however—although she pretended she didn't—and if you had been there watching and listening, you might have noticed that her eyes softened a little and that her voice, though always soft to the ear, was pitched in an even gentler key when next she spoke.

"There's one other thing," she said. "The man at the agency said they hadn't had time to see your act, or look you up, or anything like that yet. And seeing that you are apparently a stranger around here, they thought it might be more satisfactory if you—if you cared to show me a little of your juggling before we came—you know—to a definite agreement."

"Ah, William Winter—William Winter!" exclaimed the professor in his deepest voice. "And yet, madam," he continued, "I, who try to be fair in all things—even I can understand the position of the agency. For one thing, it is a young establishment, deliberately chosen by me because it has but recently started in business and would therefore presumably be more active than the older concerns. And if they do not know my work, that, too, is not to be wondered at. For the lahst three years—three years and two months, to be exact—a period which I shall never forget—I have—ah—ah—been in Europe—Paris, Vienna, Moscow. In fact it was practically impossible to get out of Moscow. Still, the Russians were very kind, very appreciative, but all my reading notices being in that language—you understand?"

"You're sure it will be all right then?" asked Lucy, already feeling guilty that she had raised the point.

"My—dear—young—lady! Still, if you can wait but a few moments—a very few moments—and allow me to demonstrate that—ah—ah—I am still not without a certain dexterity ——"

He bowed and went upstairs; and when he returned, his cane still genteelly crooked over his arm, his silk hat on his head, he was drawing off his chamois gloves and looking preternaturally grave. His gloves off, he drew four small rubber balls from the tail pocket of his coat, and leaving the door open to give himself more room, he began bouncing these balls on the floor, one after the other, catching them and bouncing them off again as quickly as they returned to his hand, cascading them into the air and against the walls, making circles and ellipses with them, looking always as though he were about to forget them but invariably recollecting them just as it seemed too late.

When it seemed as though human skill could go no further, he began juggling his stick along with the balls, and that variation having reached its climax, he added his silk hat to the list.

"O-o-o-h!" cried Lucy, enchanted.

At that the professor seemed to throw everything up in the air together, and when they came down, his stick crooked itself snugly over his arm, his hat descended like a black silk blessing upon his head, and the four rubber balls poured themselves one after the other into the inside pocket of his frock coat, which he gravely held open for that purpose, apparently without looking up to see if the balls were coming down or not. In their interest in the performance, neither the professor nor Lucy noticed that a descending figure had stopped on the darkened stairway and was watching the show through the open door of Mrs. Murtle's sitting room.

"I think that's wonderful!" exclaimed Lucy, when the Great Alexander bowed at last.

"And now, madam," he said, "that I have established my skill, I feel less hesitancy—hesitancy—in reminding you—ah—ah—of the customary ten dollars which is usually paid by way of advance retainer."

"But I haven't ten dollars," said Lucy, the shadow passing over her face again. "I'm expecting to pay the bills from the money that we take in at the door tonight."

"But, madam," protested the professor, who began to see his breakfast, lunch and dinner vanishing into the thinness of air, "you say this entertainment is being held at the Long Island estate of Mr. Kenyard Gibbons, one of the richest bankers of New York, and yet you cannot afford to pay me a modest retainer of ten dollars!"

At that, Lucy told him—told him quite simply and without the least bitterness in the world.

"You see," she said, even smiling a little, "I'm a poor relation, and I only happen to be visiting there."

"And they're letting you do all the work connected with this entertainment?" he asked.

"Well, not quite all. My cousins help a little, but not much."

The professor looked through the window at the young man who sat at the wheel of the car which was waiting outside—a very tanned young man who looked as though he didn't care how long he sat there under the wheel as long as Lucy was coming out at last.

"One of your cousins?" asked the professor.

"No," said Lucy, blushing a little. "That—that's one of my uncle's neighbors—Lloyd Kimball."

Having as much as this to juggle with—the cousins and the neighbor—the Great Alexander bounced them against the walls of his mind a few times and then added a thought of his own.

"These cousins of yours," he said—"they aren't young gentlemen, I take it?"

"No," said Lucy, blushing a little more. "They—they're both young ladies."

"Young ladies, of course." Here he made that motion which he had made before, as though throwing everything up in the air at once, each article to fall where it belonged.

"Very well, Miss Parsons," he said. "You may count on me this evening." He began drawing on his gloves then. "Shall we say at eight o'clock? Will that be early enough?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "That will be fine, and thank you an awful lot."

They shook hands, and it wasn't until he had let his visitor out of the front door that the professor noticed the listening figure on the stairs—a dark little figure in horn-rimmed spectacles who looked as though he had been listening to one of the rarest jokes.

"Well, well!" exclaimed this one, making room for the professor as the latter started up to his room. "Kenyard Gibbons, eh?"

"Yes," said the other, speaking in his most important voice. "Mr. Kenyard Gibbons, the banker."

In silence the little joker began to follow the professor up the stairs—a dark and diminutive shadow, it might be said, from the past—a shadow, too, which steadily drew nearer as the professor ascended the stairs.

III

THE room of the Great Alexander was three flights up; and although he pretended not to notice that he was being followed, he must have known all the time, of course, that he was not alone. For the first flight, however, the professor preserved his air of importance, even humming the air of a stately waltz which had been popular in his youth. The second flight, however, he climbed more thoughtfully, and there didn't seem to be much music in him. And on the third flight, he even drew an unconscious sigh; but hastening his step a little, he reached his door and tried to close it quickly, but couldn't do it fast enough to shut out the one who had been following him up the stairs.

"Sorry, Midget, sorry," he said. "I didn't know you were coming in."

"Sure I'm coming in," said the little man, closing the door himself. "What do you think?"

In the light of the professor's window, this visitor could now be more plainly seen—a dapper little fellow in brown flannels with thin red stripes, the coat cut with a waistline and the waistcoat edged with white piqué which might, perhaps, have been a few shades cleaner. His shoes were of patent leather, a bit cracked here and there, but at least there was nothing the matter with his striped silk hose—a combination of brown and purple, which was repeated in his tie and handkerchief. In short, a snappy dresser, even without the derby which crowned the picture—a brown derby which was perched at an angle over a wise and wizened little face—the face, say, of one who had once been a jockey—a possibility which was strengthened by the design of his scarfpin, a horseshoe set with diamonds and crossed by a pair of gold whips.

"It couldn't have come at a better time," he began, seating himself on the foot of the bed. "I've got a red-hot tip on the first race Saturday—they're going to pull off a moider. We ought to get fifteen to one easy, and with anything like a decent stake, we'll both be on Easy Street for the next few years."

The professor made no response to this; but opening his old-fashioned trunk, he began taking out some of the implements of his profession—a trick glass lamp with a chimney that couldn't fall off, a stack of empty cigar boxes, half a dozen aluminum pie plates, a rubber roast chicken, a clattering collection of carving knives, a pack of beveled cards.

"When is it?" asked Midget, still seated on the bed. "Tonight?"

"Yes," said the professor shortly.

"Generally quite a lot of company at a time like that," nodded Midge wisely. "And they'll all be downstairs where you are, watching the show. See? And the servants—they'll be watching too."

At that the professor turned—turned with an earnestness which he hadn't shown before.

"Listen, Midge," he said, "I want you to stay out of this."

"What's the matter?" asked the wise little figure on the bed. "Going to pull off something yourself?"

"No," said the other, his earnestness growing. "But if I give 'em a good show tonight—one of my old-time knock-outs—

(Continued on Page 126)

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—painting by Andrew Loomis

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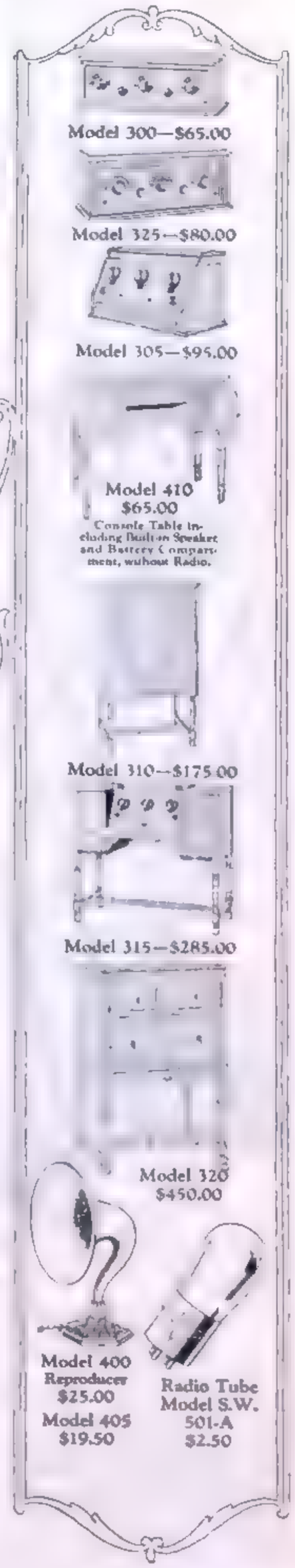

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GOODYEAR

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Those who know say "SUPERTWIST"

This past year the tire-users of America have seen demonstrated once more the traditional superiority of Goodyear manufacture.

They have seen the balloon tire, under the touch of Goodyear experience and skill, brought from uncertainty and doubt into established national usage.

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It is true, of course, that Goodyear's incomparable background of more than 75,000,000 tires supplied to the public has much to do with this performance.

It is true, too, that Goodyear fidelity to tested design and to quality material has contributed mightily to this new tire's unalloyed success.

But even more directly, it must be confessed, is the superb behavior of Goodyear balloons traceable to yet another cause.

That cause is SUPERTWIST, the now celebrated cord fabric, developed and perfected by Goodyear to solve the special needs of the low-pressure tire.

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When the Goodyear Tire made of it strikes a stone or obstruction, the SUPERTWIST cords give to and yield under the blow, stretching and recovering, like rubber bands.

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The FINNELL *ELECTRIC* Scrubber, Waxer and Polisher is proving a profitable investment to more than seven thousand of the best known companies in America and Europe. There is a right type of FINNELL for every kind of floor material and every kind of building, be its floor area that of a dining room in the home or a million square feet in the factory.

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Note to the Public! When you see clean floors in stores, hotels, factories, buildings of any kind, remember that "Clean Floors reflect clean management, clean methods, clean business." Where you find clean floors *always*, you are more than likely to find FINNELL in daily use.

FINNELL *means* CLEAN FLOORS

It Scrubs
It Waxes
It Polishes

(Continued from Page 122)

and get a letter from Kenyard Gibbons saying how good I am—why, don't you see? I'd have a chance to get on my feet again and—and forget these last three years."

It may have been that under his emotion he had paled a little; at least there was precious little color in his face as he stood there among the bizarre instruments of his trade, the trick lamp on the floor in front of him, the ridiculous rubber chicken by his side.

"Not without a make-up, you couldn't forget it," said the other derisively. "And anyhow, what's eating you? You wouldn't be taking the risk."

"No; but if anything happened, they'd look me up. And as soon as it came out where I've been ——"

"All the more reason to get on Easy Street while you can. And anyhow, the tip's too good to let it slide. We're going over there together tonight, see?"

"We are not!"

"We aren't? Who says so?"

"What's the matter with me saying so?"

"No use. Me, I can be as conscientious as anybody, see? And suppose I telephone Kenyard Gibbons this afternoon, putting him wise to the guy who's coming over to perform at his house tonight."

There was a clash of glances; but it was the professor who dropped his eyes the first.

"Thought you'd see the point if you studied it long enough," said the other cheerfully. "We'll go over in Jersey's taxi and have it parked somewhere pretty so we can get away quick if we have to. Guess I'll go over and talk to him. See you later, as soon as I get things fixed."

IV

IT RAINED that afternoon—one of those sly rains which keep-promising to clear up and then come down again harder than ever—and along toward six o'clock, at Midge Carroll's suggestion, the professor called up the Long Island residence of Kenyard Gibbons and asked for Miss Parsons.

"I thought I had better telephone you," he said, "and find out whether the entertainment has been postponed on account of the rain."

"No," said a dispirited little voice on the other end of the wire. "But I wish it had been. We kept thinking it would clear off and—hardly anybody came."

"I am truly sorry," said the professor in his deep voice. "And tonight's entertainment—that, too, will proceed as advertised?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "That's to be held in the house; so even if it rains hard, I don't see how it can make much difference."

In that, however, as the novelists say, she had reckoned without the elements; for at seven o'clock the rain began to come down in sheets, swirling the leaves off the trees and flattening everybody's garden, turning gutters into brooks and brooks into roaring streams. . . . On his way to Overlook Harbor, Jersey Joe was obliged to stop his taxi on the side of the road, the rain flooding over the windshield in such a blur that he could hardly see the radiator cap of his own car.

"Funny to me if the thing isn't postponed," said the Midget in the back seat.

"I think not," said the professor, who had long since regained his customary dignity. "Miss Parsons gave me her personal assurance that, rain or shine, the entertainment would proceed as advertised."

Before the floodgates had opened, he had asked Jersey to stop the taxi long enough to enable him to break a rose from a hedge, and, except for this in his buttonhole, his costume was the same as that which he had worn in the morning. On the floor of the cab in front of him lay a battered suitcase containing his paraphernalia, but the professor paid little attention to this, sitting there in somber dignity, both his hands clasped over the staghorn handle of his stick, looking out into the rain like another Noah who didn't think much of some of the animals in the ark.

The downpour slightly lightened and Jersey started again, stopping now and then at filling stations to inquire his way. So with one thing and another it was after eight when the car turned in at the entrance of Kenyard Gibbons' Long Island estate and made its way toward the house.

It wasn't long before they came to the ruins of Lucy's party—ruins only dimly seen in the gathering darkness. There were soggy-looking booths set out on the lawn, each bit of bunting a dripping smear of color; and one caught glimpses of camp stools which looked as though they could never be sat in again without giving someone pneumonia, courses that had been roped off for races which had never been run, archery targets which had been blown over by the wind, a gypsy tent where even a duck would have scorned to go for shelter.

"You want to hop out quick as soon as we stop in under the porch," continued Midge. "Hop out quick and shut the door so Jersey can beat it off again. Too bad this rain came, or we wouldn't have to show the car at all; but still and all, one taxi's a lot like another, and the rain's going to help us more than it's going to hurt."

They had already caught sight of a thin line of cars parked against the outbuildings, and as soon as the professor stepped out of the taxi under the porte-cochère, his stag-handled cane in one hand, his suitcase in the other, Jersey rolled his taxi over toward the line in order to catch any gossip of the occasion which might be going on among the chauffeurs who he knew would be assembled somewhere near. Back under the porte-cochère, a butler had opened the door in order to admit the professor; but seeing that the latter had brought his baggage, too, he didn't know what to make of it, and the two old boys stood staring at each other, each a perfect picture of dignity after his own kind.

"Will you please tell Miss Parsons that Professor Alexander has arrived and is awaiting her pleasure?" said the professor in his deepest orotund.

Lucy heard him, and you can guess from this how closely she had been standing to the front door, waiting to see if the public was going to come piling in and lift her out of the bog of debt in which the rain had pushed her.

"Oh, yes, the professor!" she said, hurrying forward. "I'm so glad you've come! Did you have a hard time getting here?"

"I came from the city—ah—ah—in a taxi," said the professor, partly for the butler's benefit. "And I must confess that at times we made but indifferent progress."

"Did you have your dinner before you started?" she asked, moved perhaps by something in the professor's appearance—a possible looseness of his cheeks and white waistcoat, or more probably the fact that the rose in his buttonhole reflected no touch of color in his face.

"Unfortunately, no," he said. "There is a charming—charming little hostelry a few miles from here where I had expected to make my repast—the cooking always reminding me of the years I spent in Frahnce—but owing to the condition of the roads and the lateness of the hour, I thought it better to come directly here. But—ah—no matter. We old campaigners, you know ——"

"Oh, but you must eat!" exclaimed Lucy. "Here, let Rogers bring your suitcase and you come with me. Dinner's over, but we have all sorts of refreshments ready for the party, and I think I can get you some coffee."

Nothing loath, the Great Alexander followed her, his silk hat held ceremoniously against his chest, and not unconscious of the fact that the butler was following behind—as, of course, all butlers should.

"Palatial—truly palatial," he murmured to himself as they crossed a wide hall, itself as large as many a humbler dwelling. "Oil paintings—one of my dreams—always to have oil paintings. . . . Oriental rugs, no doubt—Kash—Kashan—oh, well, whatever they are. . . . And there," he told himself, catching sight of two girls who were sitting on a davenport and looking much amused at something which one of them had just said, "there, I take it, are Miss Lucy's cousins. No one else but very close members of the family would probably care to sit there enjoying a washout so openly—dubby faces, both of them, and—ah, yes, beef to the ankle. I don't care much for Miss Lucy's cousins—if, indeed, that's who they are. . . . And here at last, the dining room, set out for light refreshments. . . . Good Lord! Did I ever see such plates of sandwiches? Did I ever see such dishes of olives and pickles?"

There was an alcove off the dining room, decorated with ferns and flowers and possibly used as a breakfast room when the weather was fair. Lucy led the professor in there and seated him at a table in the bay.

"You'll be more private here," she said, bringing him a plate and one of the dishes of sandwiches. "If the others saw you eating when they arrived, they might come in and begin eating too. Now just a minute and I'll see if the cook has any coffee left."

Instead of returning with coffee, she presently came back with a large plate almost running over with roast chicken and gravy and stuffing and cauliflower and limas and sweet potatoes which had been beautifully fried in buttered caramel sauce. At sight and scent of this, the professor's eyes shone under their bushy brows, and he caught himself just in time, or the next moment he would have been polishing his fork on his napkin.

"I found this," whispered Lucy, setting the plate down where it would do most good. "Uncle Kenyard came back today and I think cook tried to have the dinner extra nice tonight. And wasn't it miserable! I've been so worried about the rain that I could hardly eat."

And, indeed, she looked worried—her eyes too bright, her forehead wrinkled a little at times like that of a child who isn't far from tears.

"You're sure that anything is worth worrying over—ah—as against a dinner like this?" he asked, his old mouth watering as the incense of the gravy arose and wreathed around him in celestial clouds.

"Oh, but it's awful!" she whispered. "I'm nearly twelve hundred dollars in debt, and I didn't take in a hundred this afternoon!"

"But surely your Uncle Kenyard ——" he began, but couldn't say more because of the chicken.

"I'd die before I'd ask him!" she said. "It's the very first time I've ever been invited here; and when I offered to get up this entertainment for the district nurses, I promised to keep it self-supporting." Her voice broke a little. "And the worst of it is ——" she said.

She didn't finish that, but turned her head and blew her nose instead.

"Nevertheless I wouldn't worry," he told her as well as he could speak for the chicken. "Care killed a cat, you may remember, an animal with many more lives than you. Your two cousins now—they aren't worrying, are they?"

"No," she shortly answered, "they are not!"

"They are the ones who were on the davenport when I came in?"

"Yes."

He tried the cauliflower, freighting it well with gravy and lifting it to its harbor with a careful hand.

"And that young man who drove you around today," he said with a heavenly sigh—"he's not worrying, is he?"

"He doesn't know yet," said Lucy sadly. "Not that it makes any difference, though, if I never come here again."

"You—ah—ah—like him?"

"Yes," said Lucy.

"And he—ah—ah—likes you?"

"I think so," murmured Lucy, but her cheeks told more than that.

The professor's next question might have seemed wide of the mark.

(Continued on Page 129)

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"Have you any guests staying overnight?" he asked. "Any other guests, I mean, besides yourself?"

"Yes," she said. "Uncle Ken's mother's here, and Aunt Beatrice, and two people from Washington—Mr. and Mrs. Graham—that Uncle Ken brought back with him."

"Good!" said the professor. "And they are all downstairs?"

"No," said Lucy, beginning to look puzzled. "Aunt Beatrice is up in Aunt Grace's room. But of course they're coming down for the entertainment."

"Better and better!" exclaimed the professor, to Lucy's growing surprise. "And now, my child, I am going to ask you two more favors.

"The first is that I would like to open your entertainment this evening; and the second, I would like to speak to that young man who likes you so, and who has twice looked in at the doorway since we have been sitting here. You said his name was Lloyd ——"

"Lloyd Kimball—yes."

At this the professor tried a forkful of the limas—these, too, blessed well with the gravy—and though his mouth was still quite full, he nevertheless delivered himself of one of his dramatic periods.

"Then tell him, please," said he, "that Professor Alexander would speak to him, and on a matter—this tell him too—not far from life and death!"

V

IT DIDN'T take Lucy long to come back with Lloyd, and if any further proof were needed of the professor's dignity, it was furnished by the fact that, although he still kept his fork in his left hand and his knife in his right, he half arose from his chair and bowed to the young man before him as though to the manner born.

"Mr. Kimball, I believe?" he began.

"Yes, sir."

"You see before you the Great Alexander, fallen perhaps from his once high state"—this evidently from the play—"but still a gentleman, God save the mark, and not unpossessed of a certain dexterity. I wonder," he continued in a more natural voice, turning to Lucy, "if I could have private speech with this young friend of yours."

Lucy hesitated.

"It isn't," she said, "that you're going to speak to him—you know ——"

"On deeds and deficits?" quoth he mysteriously. "On halting ghosts and slender purses? Nay, nay, Miss Lucy. This is another subject, as far removed—ah—ah—as the Pole's antipodes."

"Well"—she hesitated again—"I'll go and see how many have come in since I counted last."

You can imagine how Lloyd was beginning to stare at this; yet even in his wide-eyed wonder you would probably have liked him if you had seen him there, sitting opposite the professor and waiting for him to begin. He was one of those young men to whom the fairies have given blue eyes and keen chins—those eyes and chins which are generally associated with gentle manners; and it didn't escape the professor that when Lucy left the room Lloyd arose and bowed to her, and that under cover of his formality he gave her a smile which seemed to make both their young hearts beat faster.

"Mr. Kimball," began the professor, leaning impressively over his plate, "I believe you already know that I have come here tonight—ah—ah—as a juggler."

"Yes," nodded the young man. "I was with Lucy this morning when she engaged you."

"A juggler, yes." He quickened his voice a little then, and continued again as though from a play. "Originally intended for the bar, sir, and later for holy orders—always, I might mention, under most excellent tutors—I became enamored of the Shaksperean drama—the passion of my younger years—and was cast aside by my family at an early age—was cast aside, that is, when I adopted the stage for my profession, and presently found myself with a troupe where each member of the cast was required to double in vaudeville. Having already discovered myself to be possessed of a skill in legerdemain, I developed it, at first, I must confess, with a certain measure of dislike which bordered upon contempt. And yet it wasn't long before I discovered that juggling needed no apology, sir; that in my art was epitomized nearly every conceivable activity of the human race."

He pushed his plate away from him—it was quite empty—and made an imposing gesture.

"Come!" said he. "Let us reason together! The lawyer juggles with words—does he not?—the banker with money, the artist with paint, the builder with bricks, and so on *ad infinitum*. But they, sir, do their work laboriously, often requiring days, weeks, months, even years, to achieve a desired effect. Compare their skill with mine now, who requires but a few short moments for his work! Some day, sir, I hope to have the honor of showing you my play—*apologium sua*—no, *mea*—*apologium mea vitum*—the apology of my life, sir—you have the Latin, of course. The theme, I believe, is not unworthy of the Bard himself. A juggler, broken down by circumstance and sent to prison for the merest trifle, has a final opportunity to realize his life's ambition, which has always been to juggle with human destinies instead of the customary paraphernalia of his craft—to toss up human lives, sir—human fortunes—and do it with a superior skill; to make fate look foolish and chance a sorry bungler; to play—to play with souls, sir! Was ever a greater, more dramatic ambition conceived by man?"

"Sounds like a darned good idea to me," nodded the young man approvingly.

The words were simple enough, and simply spoken; and yet, already moved more than a little by his own eloquence, Lloyd's sincerity touched the professor to a sudden chokiness of throat—a chokiness which was only relieved by two clearing blasts which might once have caused to tremble the walls of Jericho and all who dwelt within.

"Yes, sir, a whale of an idea," said the young man. "But how are you going to work it?"

The professor paused, his eyes turned inward; and then with one of his gestures as though everything was being thrown into the air together, he replied, "That, sir, I am going to show you here tonight."

Lloyd stared, almost after the manner of the cartoonists, his eyes two white-rimmed agates of deepest blue.

"You mean you're going to juggle here tonight with—with ——"

"I will juggle with human destinies, sir!" said the Great Alexander, already not far from treading with the immortals. "Aye, mark me well, I will play with human souls!"

"But who do you mean? Anybody here?"

"I think, sir, that we are all here," said the professor, rising. "First of all, I might even mention myself." And he bowed.

"But how do you mean to work it?"

"Second," continued the professor imperturbably, "there is one who waits out in the rain."

Lloyd frowned a little as he, too, arose.

"Third," continued the professor, "we have that charming young lady who has just left us, Miss Parsons."

"Here, wait a minute!" exclaimed the young man. "I don't know what sort of a show you're going to put on; but if you cause Miss Parsons the least—the least embarrassment, even ——"

He stopped, possibly because he knew that his voice was not altogether to be trusted, and the professor bowed as from a height—oh, quite an Olympus then.

"I thank you, sir," he said. "For a little while I was somewhat uncertain; but now I can see that the fourth human destiny with which I am about to juggle tonight is that of the gallant young gentleman to whom I am at this moment speaking. Four human destinies, sir, and all shall be obedient to my hand and will, the worthy ones to be caught with dexterity, but the others to fall where they may."

At that he gathered together his hat, his stick and his suitcase.

"And now, sir," said he, "if you will conduct me to Miss Parsons, I will prepare for the entertainment. After what I have told you," he added, with a quiet, indescribable play of his eyebrows, "I can imagine your curiosity to see the performance begin."

VI

THE entertainment was to be held in the ballroom, on a stage which had been raised across one end. As nearly as the professor could guess, glancing through an opening in the curtains, there were not more than fifty guests present—and chairs for at least five hundred! In the front row were the two girls whom he had noticed when he first arrived—the two who had been sitting, laughing, on the davenport; and next to the girls sat a stout matron who reminded him vaguely of Mrs. Murtle; and next to her a gray little man with a shrewd eye and formidable forehead—a forehead which reminded the Great Alexander that somewhere he had once seen Kenyard Gibbons mentioned as one of the long procession of Napoleons of Wall Street.

"That's your uncle, isn't it?" he whispered to Lucy, whom he had asked to guide him to the entrance back of the stage.

"Yes," she said, following his glance, "and Aunt Grace is sitting next to him."

Again he glanced out over the audience—few of them suspecting the scrutiny. A fashionable lot, he told himself, whose chauffeur-driven limousines had made them indifferent to the rain which was still sweeping against the windows as though it would never stop. In the back seats, the servants were beginning to group themselves.

A small audience, the professor thought, but large enough for his purpose.

Back of the stage, Lloyd Kimball was standing in the doorway, determined not to let Lucy out of his sight and wondering if he shouldn't go to Mr. Gibbons with the half-incoherent tale which the professor had told him.

"And yet," he thought, "he was probably only pulling my leg. And if I keep close watch ——"

He was interrupted by the professor, who, apparently satisfied with the stage, turned and beckoned Lucy to follow him into the empty corridor, Lloyd falling in step by her side.

"The moment approaches," said the Great Alexander, closing the door so he couldn't be heard from the ballroom. "But before I make my bow to the audience, have I ever told either of you that I enjoy the gifts of clairvoyance to a most marvelous degree?"

"No," said Lucy, trying to smile, "you never told me that."

"It is nevertheless true," he assured her. "And speaking with this mysterious power descending upon me, I see—or think I see—a prowling figure upstairs—a small figure—a dark figure—but above all else an evil figure—stealing from one bedroom to another, and seeking—ah—ah—whatever he may devour."

He turned to Lloyd then.

"Sir," he said, "my powers of clairvoyance are easily proved, and I leave it to you to verify the presence of this miscreant. One moment, please."

From his suitcase he drew an old-fashioned pistol with a bell-shaped muzzle—a fearsome weapon which had evidently recently been oiled.

"You may find it useful," he whispered, pressing it into Lloyd's hand. "And now," he concluded, opening the door and taking four rubber balls from the tail of his coat—four rubber balls with which he gravely proceeded to loop the loop—"if Miss Lucy

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 129)

will be good enough to draw back the curtain, we will let our little comedy begin."

VII

AS SOON as she could, Lucy hurried back to Lloyd in the corridor, and found him looking at the pistol with a puzzled air.

"Do you think there is anybody?" she breathlessly asked.

"I doubt it," he answered. "I'm more inclined to think the old boy's a bit cracked."

"I don't," she said, earnestly shaking her head. "I don't know why, but I like him an awful lot. And anyhow, we can easily sneak up the stairs and peek over the top of the landing. Come on; it won't take long."

They hurried through the deserted rooms together and were soon at the foot of the staircase in the hall. From the ballroom could be heard polite applause and laughter, a sign that the Great Alexander was warming to his work.

"You wait down here," whispered Lloyd at the bottom of the stairs, "and I'll go up and see."

He went up, making his way cautiously, and when he was near the top he stopped, his eyes level with the landing. Lucy stood it as long as she could and then she stole up after him.

"Do you see anything?" she breathed, seating herself at his side and peeking over the landing too.

"I don't know," he whispered, "but once I thought I saw a shadow moving—over on that door."

They both stared at the door in breathless silence—stared at it till their eyes began to play tricks and showed them shadows doing the Charleston and other spirited measures of the dance.

"Let's go and look in," she whispered. "You know—just as though we were walking along the hall."

It happened very quickly. They were nearly even with the open door when a dark little man in a wet suit appeared on the threshold, the peak of his cap almost down on his nose and a flashlight in one of his hands. Whatever he had in the other, just as Lucy gasped, "There he is!" there was a sudden exchange of shots—the professor's young cannon making a noise like a blast going off—and the next moment the dark little man was down on the floor, swearing none too sweetly; and Lucy's arm was beginning to feel numb, as though she had knocked her funny bone on the wall.

"What's the matter?" asked Lloyd.

"I—I'm not quite sure," she said in a faint little voice. "But I'm 'fraid I'm shot."

She swayed—and Lloyd had his arms around her as the advance guard reached the head of the stairs. And there they were—three human destinies fresh from the hand of the Great Alexander, two of them standing in a close embrace, and the third one lying on the floor, swearing now no longer, unconscious even of the cascade of jewels which had fallen from the open pocket of his coat.

VIII

WHILE Aunt Grace was bandaging Lucy's arm—fortunately nothing deeper than a surface wound just above the inside of her elbow—a wound, however, which had only been a few inches from her heart—the burglar was started for the hospital, still half unconscious, but apparently with nothing more serious than a broken leg. As you can guess, though, they didn't let him go until they had taken the stolen jewelry from his pocket.

"Oh, my brooch and earrings!" exclaimed Aunt Grace, retrieving them. "I wouldn't have lost them for anything. And my bracelet, Kenyard, the one you bought me in Paris. And they said there wasn't another like it in all Europe!"

At that she gave Lucy a thankful kiss, though careful, of course, not to hurt her arm.

"And my pearl necklace!" quavered Grandma Gibbons. "Oh, you brave girl! I would certainly have lost it if it hadn't been for you."

Even Lucy's two rich cousins joined the general chant of praise, Beatrice recovering a wrist watch which would otherwise certainly have gone—a work of art in platinum and black enamel and diamonds—and Florence finding her emerald lavallière, a round, flat stone, slightly convex, that might have been Nero's eyeglass.

"But you mustn't thank me," Lucy kept saying. "You should thank Lloyd. I didn't do anything, really."

"No," said Uncle Kenyard, who had evidently been listening to Lloyd's story, "you only came up the stairs with him and saw the burglar first, and shouted 'There he is!' and got shot. Otherwise, I understand, you didn't do a thing!"

For all Uncle Ken's dry way of speaking, you could see how proud he felt of his valorous young niece, and no one seemed to think it strange that Lloyd should hover around her and keep asking her in a gentle voice, "Are you sure it doesn't hurt you?" He was asking this for at least the sixth time when an important cough was heard on the stairs and a moment later the professor's head was seen grandly rising above the level of the landing. Whether or not to give himself assurance, he had found his hat and stick, and was carrying them as though they were scepter and crown of empire. And still rising grandly, his eyes fell upon the necklace which Grandma Gibbons was holding, and he walked straight over to her with the impressive tread which was all his own.

"Ah, madam, a beautiful necklace," he began. "In all my travels, I doubt if I have ever seen such perfect matching, though there is one not quite so good among the crown jewels of Russia—if, indeed, it is still at the Kremlin—the Kramlen—where I saw it lahst year."

"They're Orientals," said Grandma Gibbons proudly.

"Need you tell me, madam? You may be interested to know that in my youth, and always under the most excellent tutors ——"

His voice, his presence, was already beginning to dominate the scene, when Lucy caught sight of him.

"There he is, Uncle Ken!" she excitedly cried. "There's the one you ought to thank!"

"But why?" asked the gray little man with the shrewd eyes. "He's the juggler, isn't he?"

"Yes; but he's the one who warned us! He felt there was someone upstairs."

"What made you think there was someone upstairs?" asked Uncle Ken, curiously turning to the professor.

The Great Alexander cleared his throat, and though he was still holding his noble hat right side up against his breast, he was now leaning gracefully upon his stick, oh, easily the most commanding figure in the hallway.

"Sir," said he, "as I have already informed your niece, it is my fortune, either good or otherwise, to have been endowed at birth with the gift of clairvoyance—a gift, I may mention in passing, which figures rather happily in a play which some day I trust to have the honor of bringing to your attention—a work entitled The Juggler of Destiny, and which I have been assured on most unpeachable—impeachable authority will take its place among the rarer opuses of the American drahma."

At that he bowed with courtly grace; and it didn't seem strange at all that Kenyard Gibbons should bow back again, as though he recognized some element of greatness unseen by less shrewd eyes.

"I hardly know how to thank you," he said, hesitating a little.

The professor walked over to him, moving always as though treading the boards of a stage, with an attentive spotlight following.

"If later, sir," he said in a lower voice, "you could give me a few minutes of your invaluable time—alone ——"

As a matter of fact, when the interrupted entertainment had started again, and the professor had finished his performance—a performance which, as you can imagine, was applauded at every turn—he and Uncle Ken had a session in the latter's study which lasted more than half an hour; and as the Great Alexander finally emerged, there was at last a touch of color in his cheeks.

"I would like to bid Miss Parsons adieu before I go," he said, looking in the ballroom.

He caught sight of her in one of the back seats, with Lloyd sitting so closely to her that the professor thought it better to cough as he approached.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lucy," he said, "but I think I have brought you good news. As an old showman—I think I might almost say an inveterate showman—I have advised your Uncle Kenyard that owing to the well-nigh priceless advertising which the evening's performance will receive, both from mouth to mouth and—ah—ah—from the public prints, the entertainment should be repeated for at least two additional evenings, and thus enable you to turn a deficit into a very pleasing profit. This advice Mr. Gibbons has accepted, and I found myself unable to resist the temptation to tell you so, on my way out to the car which Mr. Gibbons has so kindly placed at my disposal to carry me back to town."

"Oh, but that's splendid!" whispered Lucy, her eyes shining. "I'm sure you have clairvoyant powers now; because it was the only thing left that was worrying me."

"Your uncle has been very generous," continued the professor as they walked out into the hall together; "he has given me a letter, commending my performance—a letter couched in such glowing terms that, coming from him, it cannot but prove to be a veritable boon. And not only that but he has promised to interest himself in my play—a promise, I need not tell you, which opens for me the gates of hope and bids me, 'Courage! Look beyond!'"

"The car is waiting, sir," the butler respectfully reminded him.

"Ah, yes, Rogers. Thank you, Rogers. . . . And now, my child, I must leave you till we meet again. Good night."

"Good night, professor," said Lucy, something like a little frog arising in her throat.

At that his voice fell to a most extraordinary depth.

"Have I told you yet, my child," he said, "that you resemble one whom I greatly loved in my youth?"

He made his exit slowly then, thinking to himself, "What a line for the play!" And entering the waiting limousine, he settled himself back among the cushions and mused still further as the car began to move, "The Great Alexander—Juggler of Destiny. I always knew my hour would strike at last!"

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Not merely good candy but joyous, bright packages that speak the language of sentiment. Gifts that deliver a message of good cheer. The spirit of Christmas expressed in *the gift universal*—candy. There's a Whitman package, and assortment, suited to every taste.

Consider the SAMPLER with bright Yuletide outer wrap of sampler cross-stitch design. See the seductive Pleasure Island package enclosed, for Christmas, in a Pirate's Chest.

Study the beauties of the Cloisonné Package, a metal box of real cloisonné design compact with selected chocolates. Admire the art study by Franklin Booth on the new package of Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, a new Whitman assortment. Observe the bright bands on the Standard and other packages—a little touch of Christmas cheer.

Think of all who would enjoy the Fussy Package, Fruits and Nuts, Salmagundi, Old Time Favorites, and the children who would delight in the Wonderbox.

Examine the fancy holiday containers for Whitman's, durable and beautiful boxes and chests.

The Whitman agency near you gets every package *direct from Whitman's not through a jobber.* It is the candy you can buy with confidence anywhere. Complete satisfaction is doubly guaranteed, by the dealer and by the makers.

Write for booklet "ON CHOOSING CHOCOLATES" and folder illustrating the beautiful Whitman fancy boxes and baskets for Christmas gift-giving.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
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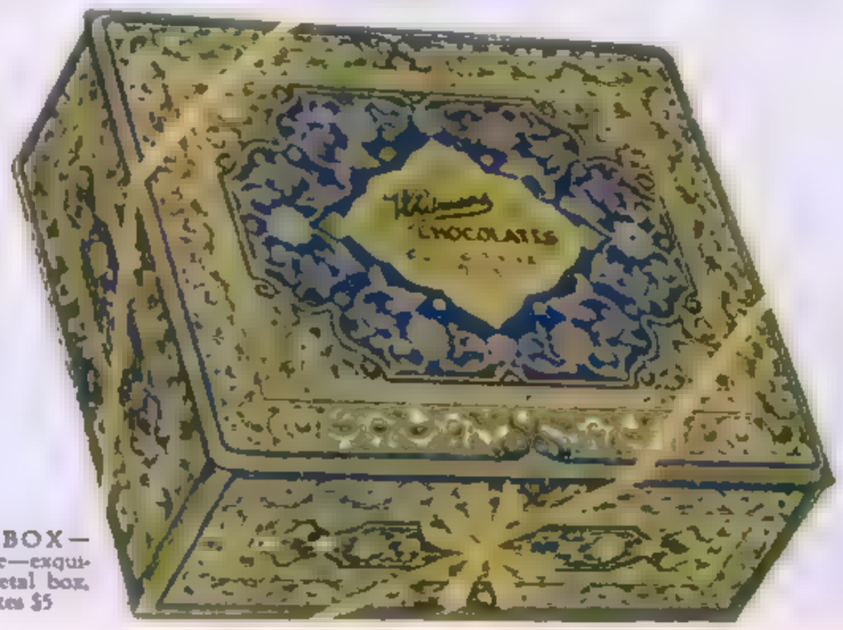

CLOISONNÉ BOX—
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Chocolates in a package suggestive of romance and adventure. Can also be had in this outer "sea-chest"

BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES—One of the newest Whitman packages—certain to please

WONDERBOX—Selected barley sugar shapes and plain sweet chocolate for children

STANDARD CHOCOLATES—Famous since 1842. With special "Merry Christmas" band

I WANT TO BE A LADY

(Continued from Page 42)

"I see," said Farlow; "you thought I'd be afraid."

"I only did it, Rand, for what I said."

"Well, I'm not afraid now," replied Farlow.

She was weeping again. The agony of her broken foot had grown excruciating; but she dashed the moisture out of her brimming eyes and flung back the hair from her face. "I guess I know why you're going. You needn't tell me. I've seen it all along. You just want to get away."

He stood up and looked at her. "Do you know what you're saying, Judy?" he said quietly; but she gave no heed.

She was again a little hysterical, her face flushed and defiant. "I don't care! It's the truth, and I know it! Any girl would die of shame telling you what I did; but I couldn't help it, I just couldn't. You despise me, I guess; and you hate me, too, for what I did. You want to get back to her now!"

Farlow started, the start visible. She was too wild now, though, to see it or, if she did, to heed it. "She's your kind—lady and all; and I'm just nothing, nobody, like I said."

Putting down the pack in his hands Farlow crossed the floor to the bunk. He gave her shoulder a shake. "Stop crying like that; and don't be a fool. D'you hear?" She went on crying; and he gave her shoulder another rougher shake. "Stop, I say!"

She gave a whimper. Pain and misery had beaten her, that was evident. "I'm so sick," she sobbed.

"I know you are, Judy. You've got to get your nerve back though. I don't know how many days it'll take for me to work my way out of the hills and fetch help for you; and while I'm gone you've got to look out for yourself. You've got grub enough to last; and I'll see that you have stove wood to last you. You're in no danger here. You've got to keep your head though. You'll be ill for a fact if you keep on the way you're doing now. Stop that bawling, I tell you!"

She stopped. Her eyes widened and she edged away from him, her lips parted. "What?"

"I told you to stop sniveling."

"I've stopped, Rand." She swallowed down a sob. She was still looking up at him, wonder in her eyes, when he spoke again, and his voice was still sharp. "I can't waste any time. It'll take four days at the best, maybe five or more, for me to get back to the Cayuse; and every minute counts. For one thing, I've got to get over that horseback before dark. I don't want to be caught there by the night; and as soon as I've cut that stove wood for you I'll push along. Now are you going to help or are you going to hinder? I want your promise—hear?"

Her promise? Heretofore it was he who'd been asked to do the promising.

"Promise you won't play the fool," he said roughly.

Judy blinked. "I promise."

Farlow went to the table and came back with a pan of water and a cloth.

"Here! For heaven's sake wash your face," he said roughly.

Two hours later, the stove wood cut and the wood box filled, he stood at the door, a sack strapped to his back. "Good-by, Judy," he said.

She didn't answer. She was sitting up in the bunk, her face white and streaked; and he spoke again. "I said good-by," he repeated.

"G-good-by," she said.

Over his shoulder as he went out he looked back at her gravely. Then he closed the door behind him.

That was all.

He was gone. She had lost him, she knew. Even if he lived, got through to the railroad alive, she knew she never again would see his face. By now at any rate she had begun to realize to the full the extent of what the mad, haphazard scheme of hers had cost her; and her face buried in her arms, she lay on the bunk, giving way abjectly to all her sense of misery and isolation. Three or four hours later, though, the fit had spent itself; and haggardly she sat up, prepared once more doggedly to go on. She had failed, but what matter did it make? What difference did anything make? And she was staring at the floor when her eye fell wanderingly on a small object lying beneath the stove. It was a piece of paper rolled into a ball and tossed there; and after peering at it for a while she struggled to her feet and tried to cross the floor. No use. She couldn't manage it standing. After trying again she got down on her knees and crawled.

A moment afterward she scooped out the paper wad from beneath the hay burner.

The paper was a page from a magazine. It had been torn twice across, then crumpled up; but she didn't have to piece it together to know what it was. The tear ran straight across the face of the girl in the opera cloak and the bare shoulders; and flinging it from her, Judy scuttled at full tilt toward the door.

A moment after the hills rang with a swift, far-reaching sound, a reëchoing cry: "Rand! Rand!" He had been gone for hours—she knew that; but as if to rend the distance and that drowning void about, she screamed it again: "Rand! Rand! Come back!"

No answer, only echoes. Down on her knees, Judy swiftly raised her face.

It was tense, passionate. Her jaw was clenched, her two hands knitted together; and she spoke, the words coming from between her teeth: "Hear me, dear God - I'm a-praying. I never asked anything before, only to go straight like I have; but I'm asking you now. Don't let him get hurt. Keep him safe, watch out for him. He's just a lost sheep going blind; only that's not why I ask. It's me I'm asking for—just Judy. Even if you won't let me have him, keep him safe and sound."

The words died on her lips. There was a crash of branches in among the timber and a little slide of gravel pitched down from the cut bank above the shack. Out of the trees a man on horseback emerged, the horse squatting and its hind quarters spread as it slid down the loose and yielding bank. Judy gave a cry: "Dozey!"

The trees swam about for a moment and it seemed as if the hilltops did a little dance all their own. She came out of it as the horse wrangler dropped the bridle reins over his horse's neck, then slid out of the saddle.

Lippitt's round red face was pregnant with gravity. "Where's that fellow, Judy?" he asked abruptly.

He had not even noted her posture, that she still was on her knees. "Gone," she answered

"Gone?" Lippitt gave an exclamation. Then for the first time he seemed conscious that she was kneeling. "Wot's wrong with you?" he demanded.

Judy didn't reply to the question. With a hand clutching the door frame she got to her feet. She had sensed already the air of concern and trouble in the horse wrangler's air. "What's happened, Dozey? Why do you look like that? Why did you come back too?"

His eyes were uneasy, lowering. "Happenin's enough, I'll say. The whole country's up out lookin' fur that feller. I've got news for you, Miss Jude, bad news." She cried out swiftly, a question flung at him, a gasp of terror, rather; but Lippitt shook his head. "Not him—anyways not exactly. It's about that money, Harbison's. You'll hev t' git yer teeth 'nd take it, I'll gal. Me 'nd Hog we got th' news right away we hit th' Cayuse; so I got a fresh horse fur me 'nd turned back. Hog, he went on to Pinto to learn what was a-doin' along of that feller. Hog ——"

"Tell me—what is it?" cried Judy

"Hit's this way, Miss Jude: Harbison, he fixed up that thur will all by hisself, they tells; 'nd he overlooks somehow to hev it witnessed. They say now it ain't worth the paper hit's writ on. Bein' next of kin, that feller you fetched here gits hit all."

Judy just stared at him.

Out of the dizzy, despairing maze of emotions that ran through her, three thoughts, commingled, drummed within her mind. The first was that he was rich now. The second was that she was penniless. The third was that she'd been right all along in thinking she had lost him. She never had had him, to be truthful; but she still remembered something else. Out in the wilds somewhere and battling his way along was the man himself; and leaving the doorway she stumbled toward the horse standing near at hand. "Here, where you going?" inquired its owner.

She was already fumbling at the saddle horn, and she turned to him a blank white face, its features pasty like a mask.

"Hoist me up, Dozey," she answered dully. "I've got to go look for him."

XVII

CLOUDS shrouded the summit of the horseback; and pouring downward through the funnels of the gulches and the gullies, the vapor spread in a leaden curtain along the slopes.

It still rained. The drizzle fell steadily, slanting along the hillsides in a persistent, soaking downpour; and Farlow had not climbed half a mile above the valley when he was drenched to the skin, shaking, too, with the cold. The knowledge, however, that he must get over the summit at all hazards before darkness fell spurred him on. He had no wish to lie out the night among the rocks and snow banks at the top; and he knew, too, the peril. The wind again had risen. Even in among the trees its edge was raw and stabbing; and once he got above timber line and faced the gale gusting and swooping along the bare, exposed cap he realized what his task would be. Even had the sun shone and there had been no cloud and rain to obscure the going, he still would have had difficulty in picking out a path to follow. There was no choice, however. It was the one way out of the Clawhammer country.

His sensations were mixed. Though he had put on a stout face back in the cabin below, inwardly his feelings were anything but what might be termed assured. Bold as he'd looked, he had no high opinion of his ability to pick a way through the ninety-mile maze of hilltops, trees and gullies. Hill country was new to him. He lacked, too, any knowledge of woodcraft; and though he hadn't even a compass to guide him, had he possessed one it's unlikely it would have helped much.

The trail to the Cayuse threaded its way through passes obscure and difficult to locate; and if he had tried to lay a straight line to the railroad he would have been blocked before he'd gone even a dozen miles. All this, however, hadn't stopped him. It was, in fact, curious to observe his determination. Responsibility and the knowledge of what depended on him single-handed seemed to have created a new man out of the waster, the one-time wreck. He'd get out to the railroad and find help or he'd die in the attempt.

The scene in the cabin had been a facer. True, before this he had begun to suspect dimly and with increasing wonder what lay behind all her high-handed, ruthless doings; but there was more in it now than just this. She had not carried out what she'd done for the sake of any material object. It was for him only that she'd done it; and in itself this alone was enough to be staggering. He had little vanity left. The shame and disparagement to which he'd been subjected had robbed him of any rags of self-esteem; but what was perhaps as astonishing as the fact that a girl of her upstanding grit and character should care for anyone as worthless as himself was the way her grit and character had cracked. The eternal feminine!—to use that threadbare phrase. All the square-jawed, raw ruthlessness had ebbed out to its lees, once she had been put to the test. She was a woman, a girl, after all. However, he had scant time now to think of that. Much less had he the time to dwell on the way she'd flung herself, her money, too, at his head. Poor girl! A change, in fact, had come over Farlow in the brief interval since that moment on the railroad. Frankly, down in the dregs then, he would have taken anyone, any woman, had it meant escape; though now, no. No woman's money could buy him. He felt he had his feet on the ground again; and that was enough, though let that go. The one point in his mind was that he must beat back somehow to the railroad. It had been put up to him to get help. What's more, he must get it in a hurry. He had seen at a glance that her foot was crushed, the bones perhaps shattered; and he had enough knowledge to realize what must happen if she were left to lie there, writhing in agony, delirious perhaps when the fever came.

Farlow hurried. Three hours after he had left the shack the trees began to thin out, and he knew himself to be nearing the open slope that led up to the summit.

The gale whipped slantwise across the wide, bare mantel of rock. That was a blessing in disguise though. The mantle of vapor caught by the blast was rent into tatters now and then, and flung aside; and through the momentary rift he caught at last a fleeting glimpse of the high shoulder of rock around which he had swung the day before. It still was a long climb above him, but what was more to the point was that it was nearly a mile farther to the west than he had figured. In other words, already he had strayed out of his course; and heading back to it, he hurried, the fog shutting down again as he picked his way out through the last stretch of stunted trees at the timber line. A few hundred yards above that, though, he came to a standstill. A fresh bank of cloud had closed in; and thick, gray, greasy, the vapor blotted out the rocks ten feet from him.

For two hours after that, nearly three in all, Farlow felt himself lost in a particular and peculiar kind of hell that must have been devised for his sole benefit. It could have been night for all the good daylight was to him. Dusk he knew, too, was drawing near. It was now six hours or more since he had left the shack; but where the shack was or in what direction lay the cap of rock above he could hazard only a guess. There were times when he dared not move. All around him, as he remembered, the ledges were cleft with deep fissures and chimneys; and a misstep into any one of these would prove a swift ending to all his efforts, to himself as well. He had no thought, though, of turning back. He wasn't beaten—far from it. He was in no particular peril, either, if he kept his head. Aside from that, however, it gave him a blunt, impressive notion of what the ninety miles of travel before him involved; and crouching in the shelter of a rock he gasped with relief as a sudden shift of the wind cleaved asunder again the wall of smoking vapor, and just above him he saw the summit.

It was all right now. Wasting no time, he scuttled along at full tilt, almost running on the more level stretches of the rock. In half an hour he would be over the top and heading down the opposite side; and he gasped in conscious relief. It had been pretty bad, but it could have been worse, and ——

It was a sharp, unexpected sound ringing above the shouting of the gale that brought him all at once to a halt. The vapor again had closed in, and above him, somewhere near at hand, was a clatter of loose stone

(Continued on Page 139

The Gift of a Man's Choice

THE GIFT of a HICKOK Belt, Buckle and Beltogram—made by men who know exactly what men like—is sure to please HIM. ¶ HICKOK Buckles and Beltograms, wrought in Hickok Plate, Sterling Silver and Solid Bronze by the skilled fingers of expert craftsmen, present a jewel-like appearance especially attractive in combination with the rich, durable leathers of which all Hickok Belts are made. ¶ His initial, fittingly displayed on the Buckle, will please him too. ¶ Such a gift will express your Christmas sentiment in a very nice way. Give him a belt to match the color of every suit he wears. ¶ Be sure the name HICKOK is on the Buckle, Beltogram and Belt. He will look for it. Enclosed in rich boxes of exclusive designs and striking Christmas color combinations. ¶ It's just the gift he would choose for himself. Why not select it for him? ¶ Complete Hickok assortments will be found at all stores that sell the better dressed men and boys of your city. ¶ Prices $1.00; 2.00; 3.00; 4.00; 5.00; and up.

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BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

Rochester, New York

Could any gift be finer than

for Christmas

. . . and then—
the big surprise!
Up the stairs, the family
gaily troops . . .

This new mattress has won instant success everywhere. It is transforming the nation's sleep habits . . . . Only—

$39.50

WRAPPED in a sealed, dust-proof package, the *Beautyrest* is untouched by human hands from the time it leaves our sanitary factory until it is unwrapped in your home on Christmas morning. Owing to freight rates, the price of the new *Beautyrest supermattress* in the Southwest and the far West is slightly higher

THE SIMMONS COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA
SAN FRANCISCO

SIMMONS

a lifetime of luxurious sleep

Christmas morning! Gifts . . . happy faces . . . the joyful spirit of giving . . . and then—the big surprise! Up the stairs, the family gaily troops . . . into the bedroom . . . a cry of gladness! . . . the finest gift of all . . . a new *Beautyrest super-mattress!*

Could any gift be more expressive of your thoughtfulness? Could any gift provide a more lasting reminder of the wish for "health, wealth and happiness," than this, the most luxurious of all mattresses—the new *Beautyrest?*

Resilient inner-springs, surrounded with new felted cotton, give restful support to the tired body . . . induce deep, sound sleep—the sleep that builds health, renews energy, contributes to the virile power so necessary in present day life. What finer gift than that?

Twenty years from this Christmas—yes, and even more—your gift will still furnish a nightly reminder of your thoughtfulness for someone . . . will still be providing the most essential and vital of all human needs . . . deep, sound sleep . . . for some loved one.

Give a thoughtful gift this Christmas. None better and none finer, than the new *Beautyrest.* That's *one* gift that will never be forgotten! Order it today. Any reputable furniture or department store can demonstrate and deliver the *Beautyrest mattress* in its attractive package.

Note how evenly every curve is supported in the most restful position. Every muscle and every nerve relaxes completely.
See how the body compresses the resilient springs and buoyant cotton to varying depths, keeping the spinal column in a natural position.
SIMMONS COMPANY
TRADE MARK
4
5
6

Remember 1/3 of your life is spent in bed

Study these comfort features

① *More than 625 small, buoyant springs, each in a separate fabric pocket, yield gentle support to the body.*

② *Open view of fabric pockets shows tempered coil springs under tension.*

③ *Sides and ends are of same luxurious construction as both the top and bottom.*

④ *Eight ventilators at sides and ends keep interior as fresh and sweet as daily airing in the sun.*

⑤ *Attractive, durable cover. Generous roll edge gives bed neat and tidy appearance.*

⑥ *Deep cushions of clean new felted cotton add comfort at the top and bottom.*

Beautyrest Mattress

2 *for* 15¢

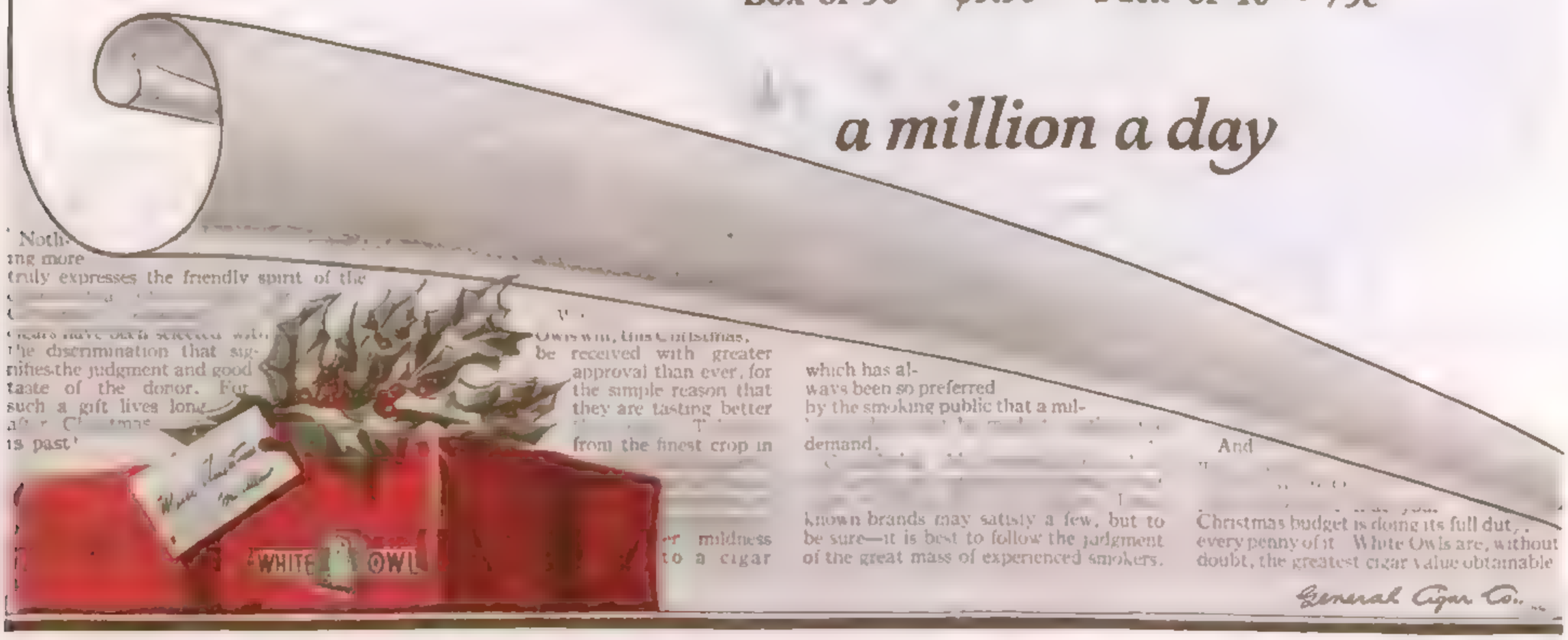
Make it a White Owl Christmas

IT'S too far ahead to predict a "White Christmas," but, beyond doubt, it will be a White Owl Christmas for many of the millions who smoke these cigars day in and day out, throughout the year. This remarkable preference should prove a safe guide in the selection of a gift that will be appreciated — and remembered.

White Owl

Box of 50 ~ $3.50 Pack of 10 ~ 75c

a million a day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truly expresses the friendly spirit of the
The discrimination that sig-
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approval than ever, for
the simple reason that
they are tasting better
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of the great mass of experienced smokers.
And
Christmas budget is doing its full dut
every penny of it White Owls are, without
doubt, the greatest cigar value obtainable
WHITE OWL
General Cigar Co.

(Continued from Page 134)

falling. It ended as the shower of fragments sluiced with a crash into a near-by valley. The sound was repeated; then silence, save for the voice of the gale, fell on the mountainside. Sheep, Farlow told himself—a band of bighorn probably. There were, at any rate, sheep in these hills; and pressing on he had gone fifty feet perhaps when he halted with a jerk.

Twenty feet away stood a man looking at him.

His hat was dragged down to the level of his eyes, but Farlow knew him at a glance. It was Truby Cole; and on a level with his waist Truby dandled a gun, its muzzle pointed at Farlow.

"Stick up your paws," said Truby.

He gave the gun a flirt to emphasize the command, and Farlow put up his hands. Truby spoke again: "I been a-watching you a long ways, feller. I sawn you down below; and I let you keep a-comin'. Now wot you been up to with my gal?"

"Your girl?"

Truby's voice had been slow, drawling. He had not raised it. Farlow, however, had seen the eyes beneath the hat brim. They were narrowed and hard; and on Truby's mouth was a snarl, an edge of his teeth showing beneath his lifted lip.

"Like I said—my gal, feller." Then he added, "Me 'nd you, now, we settles this here, understand?"

Farlow understood.

XVIII

HE UNDERSTOOD with no suggestion of a doubt. The look on Truby Cole's face made that clear; and there was the gun, too, Truby dandled in his hand. Its muzzle kept on poking back and forth venomously, as if the man behind it itched to pull the trigger. Farlow gave a growl. "Put up that gun. I'm not armed." He drew down his hands as he spoke. "If you're planning to murder me in cold blood, go on, shoot!"

Truby Cole didn't shoot.

His jaw out, he curled his lip a little higher. "Got grit, ain't ye?" Farlow's answer was another growl; and Truby Cole eyed him for a moment, his eyes vengeful. "Wal, you'll need it afore you gits through with me, hear?"

"What d'you want?" rasped Farlow sullenly.

He knew, however, without asking; and though he had said nothing at the time—back in the valley when Judy Caswell had slipped out of sight while Cole passed—he had begun to remember stories he'd heard. He recalled, too, a night at Sim Fessenden's when in a swift fury of violence Cole had flung himself on a knot of men standing at Sim's bar. It was something said about a woman that had roused him—a word or two and a derisive laugh; and though Farlow had had no part in it, the man's savage, silent frenzy was something to be remembered. It was so, too, though Truby Cole had stood no chance against that rabble. Before a well-aimed bottle from behind the bar stretched him out he nearly had killed the man who'd raised the laugh. And now, his upper lip drawn back and his eyes narrowed and glinting, Truby took a step or two forward.

"You knows what I want! I saw you yistriday, her 'nd you; 'nd I laid out then to flop a bullet into you. Back in Pinto a feller lets on you was shinin' up to her; 'nd I laughs. Wot'd she be a-doin', I sez, her mixin' it with any pup of a dude, a boozy bum besides! I was fooled, it looks; 'nd that's wot gits my insides!"

Farlow was white. It all was true enough, but he kept his head. "Never mind about me, Cole. You and I can settle this later; but she's back there in that cabin, hurt. That's why I'm heading over the mountain here. It's to get help. You've got a horse—you stole ours too; and you know your way out of this hell. Now are you going to do anything, or aren't you? If you're not, I ——"

Truby Cole gave the gun a sudden flirt. "Stay where you are, feller! Move yer foot again 'nd I'll lam you!" He peered at Farlow from under his hat brim. "Hurted, you say—her?"

Farlow could see his face. It had altered somewhat, though it still was wried in hate. "Yer lyin'!" snarled Truby Cole, though his tone broke uncertainly. "Yer layin' to wiggle out o' wot you 'nd me's a-goin' to settle. Hurted or not, if she is, us two has business together; 'nd I'll tell it to y' again. On'y one of the two of us is a-goin' off this yere mountain; so say yer prayers, feller, if ye've got ary."

Farlow could have cursed. Dusk already was falling. Before he could speak, though, Truby Cole leaped a step toward him, his mouth working, the leap as active as a spider's. The gun was thrust again at Farlow's waist, though Cole still didn't jerk the trigger. "Are her and you married?" he snarled.

Farlow's face was white. "What's that to you?" he growled.

The gun gave another savage jab at him. "Answer, you hear?"

Farlow answered "No."

"You a-goin' to?"

"No."

The hillsides crashed as a spurt of flame leaped from the gun in Truby Cole's hand. Farlow, though, had kept his wits. His eye on Truby's face, he had seen the quiver that shot over it, and he leaped aside. But again the dusk was lit with a stabbing jet of flame, the hills boomed once more with the crash, and Farlow felt something sear his side like heated steel. Before Truby Cole again could pull the trigger, he closed with him; and in the gathering darkness they fought.

By luck more than otherwise, as Farlow leaped forward, he had managed to knock aside the gun; and as it exploded a third time the bullet sped by harmlessly. Knocked off his balance, too, the man he struggled with, though more lithe and stronger than himself, was momentarily at a disadvantage. Farlow clutched the hand that held the gun, shoving it aside; and with his elbow crooked about the man's neck he thrust him backward. Stumbling, Truby Cole sought to save himself; and the gun flew from his hand. Then, locked together, the two crashed to the earth.

There was no science or skill in the way they fought. They struggled silently, striving savagely to get at each other's throat. A maniac now, Truby Cole raked Farlow's face with a claw, his fingers fumbling as they tried to reach Farlow's eyes. Though Farlow could have screamed with the pain of it, he gritted his teeth and fought back. The loose rock on the slope was steep and yielding; and legs and arms meshed together, they rolled like a log down the incline. "You filthy dog!" cursed Farlow, sobbing. Again Truby Cole had gone at his eyes; and the blood streaming from him, he battered blindly at the white, venomous face pressed close to his. He was on top at one time, Truby Cole at another. They went on rolling.

How long they fought nobody knows. They were alone, the fog screening them in its blinding folds, while beyond that was only the desert of silent, houseless hills. Farlow's breath came from him in sobs, his lungs scalded as it whistled from him. He had only one thought—to conquer. He was battling for his life—that must have been clear to him; yet the fact was not uppermost. It was to conquer, then go on. His head swam, and though he was weakening rapidly his courage still was unbroken. To fight, to win, then to go on again! With a heave he got himself uppermost again; and one hand knitted in the other's throat he lashed madly at the white, savage face snarling up at him. Then, in the midst of it, all at once Farlow felt the ground give beneath them.

They were falling, falling. A scream wrenched itself from Farlow. The slope they struggled on ended abruptly in a drop; and where the drop ended, he could only surmise. He clutched wildly at the air. Then, for the moment he had the sense of turning over and over; and with a crash they struck, Truby Cole beneath. To Farlow's wonder he found himself still alive.

In a haze he crawled to his feet. His eyes were blinded with blood; and tottering drunkenly, he clung to a bowlder for support while a spasm of sickness left him still more giddy and spent. Truby Cole had not moved. Screaming once when they struck, he had rolled over on his face; and he lay still now, his arms and legs sprawled. Whether he was dead Farlow didn't know; and he cared little. Only one thought was in his mind—he must get on. Darkness was drawing down, the night grew near; and wiping the blood from his eyes he turned and lurched back up the slope. Overhead the gray scud again had obscured the high shoulder of the horseback; but he plunged along blindly, stumbling against the rocks and falling, only to get up and go on again. In his side the wound made by the bullet burned like a coal, but he still went on.

He still was going when night came, the rain and the darkness shutting in on the mountain.

XIX

NIGHT, darkness and the rain. Rough weather out in among the hills. Down in the valley, bank-high now and spreading, the Clawhammer boomed along, its voice sullen and ugly; though here above the timber line the roar of it dwindled into a hollow murmur, then was lost. There was only the shouting of the wind—that and the clink of the horse's feet as it heaved itself over the ledges or gingerly picked a way across the slides of trap rock. In the growing dusk the going was slow and dangerous.

"Rand!" Raising herself in the saddle Judy shouted it again, "Rand! Rand!"

Every little while she had done that. In the bustling wind, though, drowned out by the gusts that whooped and whistled in the rocks, the cry was flung back into her face. She still had kept on shouting though, calling, calling.

From under his hat brim Dozey Lippitt watched her. He shook his head doggedly. "'Tain't no use, I'm telling ye. In this yere blow a man couldn't hear no further'n you c'd heave a cat by th' eyebrows. We'd best turn back, then tackle it again by daylights."

Judy's only answer was to raise herself in the saddle and shout again, "Rand! Oh, Rand!"

The horse wrangler's round face was dark with concern. He kept glancing about him uneasily. Only once before had he been in the Clawhammer country; and a plainsman entirely by experience he had a hearty respect for the hills, for the Clawhammer region in particular. Back at the cabin, there had been a rough time of it before he had given in. Her haste feverish, Judy had demanded fiercely to set out at once; and Lippitt sullenly had refused. There was but one horse—his. Judy, too, was in no shape to travel. Her foot was crushed; and she might be otherwise injured too. The thing for him to do was to make a dash out to the Cayuse for help. "And leave him?" she cried.

Lippitt had tried to argue. She would not listen though. Instead, she was striving to clamber into the saddle when he caught her by the shoulder. If she was bound to start, at least let him take time to scout around and see if he couldn't find the horses Truby Cole had run off. No go, however. She wouldn't wait even for that; and his face sullen, Lippitt cast a glance up the slope down which he had just come. It would be dark by the time they reached the crest; and he would be damned if he stirred foot till daylight. "Be damned then!" she gritted between her teeth; and she was in the saddle, her face pasty with the agony it had cost her, when he caught the horse by the head. "Let go!" she shrilled.

With the loose ends of the reins she struck at him. Lippitt, though, clung fast. The horse reared, frightened by the struggle; and Judy lashed out with the reins again. They struck Lippitt across the face, the

(Continued on Page 141)

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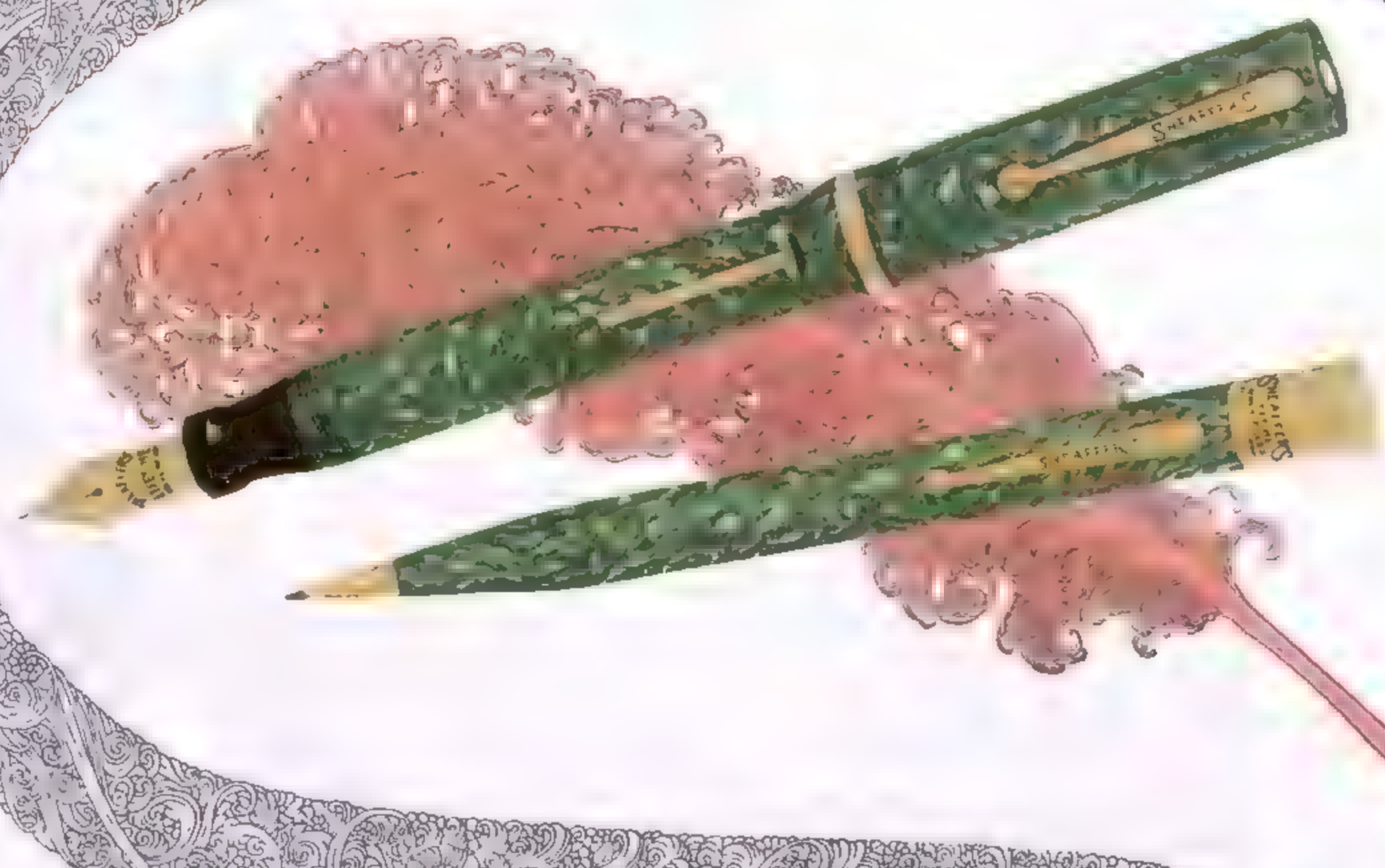

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(Continued from Page 139)

leather raising an angry welt; and his hat off and his face white he looked up at her. "Hit hain't me I'm a-thinkin' on; hit's you as I've knowed senst you was so high. I'd go to hell 'nd back fur you, Judy gal; o'ny gimme breath. If we goes we gotta git grub ready 'nd a' outfit."

As he spoke Lippitt had drawn a hand painfully over the welt on his face, and all at once she broke. "Help me down, Dozey," she'd gulped.

He had helped her down. She clung to him passionately, her arms wound about him and her head buried on his shoulder. Racked by a storm of dry gasping sobs, she reached up and stroked his face. "I didn't mean it, Dozey!" she wailed. "I didn't go to hit you like that! Forgive me. I'm so miserable!"

Lippitt awkwardly had patted the unkempt head on his shoulder. "Now thur, thur," he'd soothed.

She'd gone on sobbing. "You're so good to me, Dozey," she wept; and Lippitt had given her head another reassuring pat. "Me 'nd Hog figgers t' be so," he returned. Then, once she was quieted, the horse wrangler had gone hurriedly to work. Half an hour later they had set out on the way.

In that interval, the time hurried, a new spur had come to goad her on to haste. It was the discovery made in getting ready that the man they set out to follow and find had taken only a fragment of the food. The bulk of the stores he had left for her; and he would be out of food long before he got out to the railroad—if he ever did. "Hurry!" Judy had urged, her face white. "Hurry, Dozey!" On the way up the slope, though, she had hardly spoken. Her broken foot dangled limply from the stirrup, and her face twinged with pain as the horse lurched over the down timber and the rocks; yet she made no complaint. A mile from the camp she had begun to raise her voice and shout. The echoes, however, were the only answer to that iterated cry, "Rand! Rand!"

It all was futile and forlorn. It was futile, too, in more ways than one; even if her cry had been heard by the man astray there in the hills and he had turned and come back, what good would that have been to her? She had lost him, hadn't she? At any rate, the news the horse wrangler had brought back with him was true enough. Crack-brained to the last, Harbison had, in fact, neglected to have his will legally witnessed; and as Lippitt had said, it was not worth the paper it was written on. However, though it wasn't, and though Judy Caswell, too, again was nothing but a penniless nobody, her mind hardly had dwelt on that. Out astray there in the hills was the man himself. He never would be hers, but he mustn't die there. Whatever befell her she must find him; and her mouth working, she raised her face to the gray, dripping skies. It was not to pray though. She had prayed once; and if her prayer had been heard, it would be answered. It was to shout again, "Rand! Rand!"

No answer.

She led. Urging on the horse, she never halted. At all hazards Rand Farlow must be found before he got over the horseback and went astray in the blind tangle of gulches and box cañons that lay beyond the other slope. Afoot, Dozey Lippitt had to urge himself to renewed effort to keep up with her. Walking, too, was a painful novelty for a man like him, born, it might be said, in a saddle; and he had on besides his high-heeled range boots, poor gear for the business of scrambling over mountain tops. But only once did Lippitt utter a protest. It was after they had left the timber line and were crawling along over the bare rock toward the crest—that moment when he begged her to turn back and try again at daylight. Darkness had shut down, and even to get back to the cabin would tax all his resources; yet her only reply had been to bend forward in the saddle and shout again against the wind.

Lippitt knew the truth now if he'd had any doubt of it before; and he glanced about him fearfully, frightened by the dark and the peril in which he found himself. Peril or not, she would keep on going till she dropped.

After that he no longer wasted breath in remonstrances. He had need for his breath. Though the dark hid all, blotches of white stood out rawly on his burned wind-bitten face; and in that high altitude the thin air came wheezing from his throat, his lungs burning. All at once he stopped. "I'm tuckered—all gone!" he gasped. "I—I ——" Then he stopped again; and his head jerked back, he glanced about him wildly. "What's that?" cried Lippitt sharply.

The girl on the horse had heard it too. She snatched at the reins, dragging her horse to a standstill; and a cry, shrill and frantic, leaped from her. It was the same cry she had gone on shouting all the way up the mountain; but now there came an answer. Small and broken, a sobbing whimper, it rose from among the rocks almost underfoot; and tossing the reins over the horse's head, Judy slid to the ground with another cry.

In the lee of the bowlder Dozey Lippitt struck a match. Then the match went out, its flame expiring in a gust that whipped along the slope. However, the brief spark had served its purpose. A huddled shape was propped up against the bowlder; and out of the dark a battered face, pasty white and smeared with blood, stared up at them.

It was Truby Cole.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE PASSING OF THE RANCHES

(Continued from Page 29)

subject; a few illustrations are enough. In Utah there are somewhat more than 52,500,000 acres of land, of which 1,715,000 acres, or about 3.5 per cent, are improved. According to a circular, Number 49 of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, "it does not seem likely that more than about 2,500,000 acres will ever be devoted to crop growing.

"With only 5 per cent of its total area capable of being tilled, Utah may just as well face the fact that 95 per cent of all its land must be utilized, if it is ever to be economically utilized, in some other way than crop production.

"Countless ages ago when the land rose out of the sea and was left in its present position both as regards latitude and topography—ever since that day Utah was predestined to obtain the agricultural income from more than nine-tenths of its area through the grazing of animals."

The best way to visualize the future land uses of Arizona is to look at a relief map. Even when the Colorado River is completely harnessed and Arizona gets its full share of water, one-seventh of the total area of the state is a large estimate of potential farming land. The remainder is too lofty and rugged for agriculture. At present only a few hundred thousand acres are under cultivation.

The Tillable Areas of Texas

Texas has much larger tillable areas than most Far Western states, but in one county of 962,000 acres it is estimated by the Agricultural Experiment Station that only 12 per cent of the land will ever bear crops. At present half of one per cent is cultivated.

Nevada is among the largest states in area, but probably none has less rainfall or fewer sources of water supply, except for potential waters of the Colorado. The Sierra Nevada Mountains rise up between Nevada and the wealth that is carried in the clouds and fogs from the Pacific Ocean. Besides, Nevada is ribbed by a dozen mountain ranges, and most of the state is at a high altitude. Of its nearly 71,000,000 acres not much more than 500,000 are as yet cultivated. As to the future, one of the leaders of affairs in the state said to the writer:

"If all the available water were impounded and perfectly distributed, we might some day have 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 acres under the plow. That is the most we can expect fifty or a hundred years hence. There remain 68,000,000 or 69,000,000 acres good only for grazing until the end of time, whatever you may think of the buccaneer who rides in the saddle and hits on the head the little fellow who tries to raise turnips."

When we come to California the problem is more complicated. Already a large population is settled there, supported to a considerable degree by its great cultivated valleys. But California has a coast line of more than 900 miles, almost as far as from New York to Chicago, and an average width of more than 200 miles. Such are its extent and topographical variety that if we consider the state as a whole it is correct to say that only a fraction is settled, and not much over 10 per cent can ever be made fit for human habitation. Taking the most optimistic, the maximum figure, only one-twentieth of the state is now under cultivation.

Even at the present time, with so many of the old cattle ranches subdivided and with such an intensive cultivation of valuable crops, it is estimated that more than 94 per cent of the state is devoted directly or indirectly to the livestock industry. This includes, of course, the grain and alfalfa fed to stock, and all branches of the industry.

A glance at a relief map will show that by far the greater portion of California consists of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and their foothills, the Coast Range, the Mohave and Colorado deserts in the south and certain forested areas in the north. Some part of the two great deserts will be reclaimed when the Colorado River is harnessed, but none of the mountains will ever be leveled by man's effort for crop cultivation, and even if they could be, it would be sheer suicide.

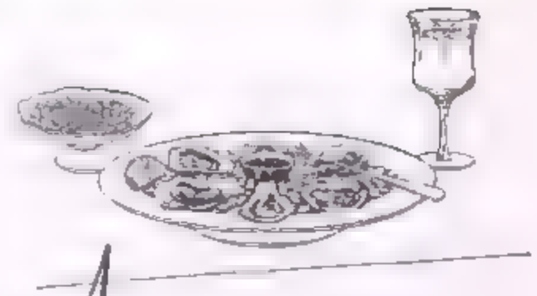
The high country and the forests thereon must always remain as the sole means of water conservation for the great population along the coast and in the valleys. It takes nearly 90 per cent of the state of California to produce water for the small but thickly settled areas, and every forest fire increases the sum total of lands which can never be given over to any crop except forests, with livestock and recreation as side issues. And there have been years when more than 500,000 acres were burned over.

A World of Big Ranches

Every fourteen newcomers, it is estimated, who settle in the state take for domestic purposes water that is needed for an acre of crops. Under these conditions it is not strange that the extreme optimistic estimate of the ultimate cultivated area, assuming that every drop of water is impounded, is 18,000,000 acres, or less than one-fifth of the total.

"But we will be lucky," said a foremost agricultural authority who is exceedingly favorable to the state, "if a hundred years from now we have 12,000,000 acres. In the great mountain areas cattle will range as long as they will in Wyoming, or as long as the moon will shine."

So it may be said that with its rough and prodigious mountain steeps, not only in the eastern or Sierra region, but for 500 miles along its coast the passing of the ranches, even in California, is relative only, and from the very nature of its climate and topography can be only that. Thus a world of big ranches, often of 25,000 to 60,000 acres, is still to be found within the state,



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and in a few cases there are even larger holdings.

But ranching, like any other industry, is subject to change, and it would be idle to deny that economic forces are pressing hard upon the greater cattle holdings in California, especially where the land is in the fertile valleys or close to centers of population. For curiously enough numerous frontier ranches have hung on right up to the present, with cities actually clamoring at their gates.

Twelve miles north of Santa Monica, one of the seacoast suburbs of Los Angeles, stretches the Malibu Ranch, some twenty miles long and from a half to two and a half miles in width, washed by the shores of the Pacific its entire distance. Efforts to build highways through the property resulted for a long time in seemingly endless litigation between the owner, a woman of great wealth, and the authorities. Some 1500 head of cattle at last accounts still were ranging on this old and, despite its nearness to large cities, inaccessible Spanish grant. But also at last accounts the owner had engaged an architect to transform it into a residential beach center, and the dispute with the county seemed to hinge largely on whether the land wanted for a highway was worth $1,000,000 or so more or less.

As population increases, grazing property at high altitudes or on shore fronts becomes of value for recreational purposes. One of the historic ranchos of the southwest is that founded at an early day by the pioneer, Capt. J. J. Warner, in the mountains back of San Diego. For years it was a way station for the settlers, the only house in the long desert stretch between Yuma and San Diego. Although still a ranch, this property is today a valuable source of water supply for large cities below, and will probably become in course of time a great game preserve.

The large holdings are sometimes found to contain in their mountain areas valuable medicinal springs, to which no one paid any attention in earlier days, but which may become great spas when population catches up. I visited one such place, where on the porch of a residence across the street from the enormous hotel building, sat the aged pioneer who first ran cattle in that region, dreaming of the old days, while his up-to-date, businesslike nephew showed me all the modern improvements of a first-class hotel.

Another ranch controls an entire mountain pass through which runs one of the most important of the state highways, and revenue from camping and resort concessions is not only an important but a steadily growing item. Far more important, however, than any of these details are the renewed efforts about to be made by a banking syndicate to sell at least a portion of the Miller & Lux holdings, which shares with the King Ranch of Texas the distinction of being the largest in the United States.

Wealth Grubbed Out of the Grass

Early in October, 1925, Miller & Lux, Incorporated, owned 786,600 acres of land in California, in addition to about 200,000 acres in Oregon, Utah, Idaho and Nevada, and leased very large additional areas. Around this corporation, formerly the individual holdings of one Henry Miller, has raged, as much perhaps as anywhere else in this country, the whole controversy as to what is the best utilization, from the standpoint of public welfare, of large holdings of rural land.

Numerous old-time residents of California have told the writer that in their opinion Henry Miller was the ablest man that has ever lived on the Coast. There is this much to be said for Miller, and another similar figure in California history, the late Henry Jastrow, as well as their counterparts in other states, that if they had not grubbed wealth out of the grass there would have been no beginning to the institutions of the Far West.

"They have made the country safe and possible for other folks," said one modern and rather embittered cowman, "and these others came in and took it away from them."

Miller was a youthful immigrant from Germany at the time of the gold rush, but instead of hunting for gold, he decided to feed the miners. He started a little butcher shop in San Francisco, and from that small beginning got his start in the cattle business, buying land until the time of his death at an advanced age, well along in his eighties. Always when possible he purchased or acquired through homesteading the river lands avoided by others, so it is said, because of a supposed malarial threat. Always he sought for grass and water, and ultimately came to control more water rights, including whole rivers, probably than any other man in the United States.

Land was to be had for absurdly low prices or none at all. One of the early cattle barons acquired the title of "Commodore" because he sat in a rowboat and had himself pulled by horses over land which could be acquired under the Swamp and Overflow Act only provided one went over it in a boat.

Another great landholding, that of Tevis and Haggin, early mining pioneers, was growing up coincident with Miller's. Ultimately the two groups clashed over the control of whole rivers, and their titanic quarrel was finally settled in the famous 199-page Supreme Court decision of April 26, 1861, in the litigation of Charles Lux—Miller's one partner—versus James B. Haggin. This, one of the most famous of all water decisions, left both the great holders in possession of immense water rights.

Legends About Miller

When Lux died Miller bought out his heirs. He would not sell any of his land to raise the funds, or rather, when his bankers insisted upon his selling, he would dispose of an acre in one place only to buy ten elsewhere. Ultimately he came to own slaughterhouses, packing plants, sheep as well as cattle ranches, hog, chicken and turkey farms, vast fields of grain, and hay, banks, stores, lumberyards, warehouses, waterworks, and a system of dams, canals, ditches and the like for supplying water to irrigate 300,000 acres. At one time there were fourteen affiliated corporations, and many towns and settlements had to be provided for.

Miller was a real land baron and made no bones of the fact. Evidently he was not the owner of whom this story is told: Receiving a letter from one of his superintendents to the effect that "the real cause of our trouble is this fellow who adjoins us on the north—or south or east or west—and I suggest buying him out," he replied:

"I don't see the use in buying him out, for I guess I'm always going to have neighbors."

Miller was more like W. L. Vail, who went out to Arizona when the Apaches were on the warpath and subsequently acquired great holdings in both Arizona and California. He settled first on those superb grassy uplands around what is now Patagonia, in the southern part of Arizona, and called his place the Empire Ranch.

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Because," he replied, "it will be an empire some day," and the present Vail holdings in the two states, under the ownership of four sons, are little short of that.

Pioneers of Miller's type had no other outlet except land ownership. Today they would be captains of industry owning a controlling interest in various companies. But land was their only form of expression in early Western days. Practically speaking, there were no bonds or stocks. In any case Miller was more than equal to his task. He was of the type of James J. Hill, with the larger vision and at the same time an aptitude for infinitesimal detail. He could go instantly from the largest subject to the smallest.

Miller was a king who needed no prime minister or court chamberlain. Most of his time was spent in traveling from one ranch, or one headquarters, to another, inspecting every detail. Sometimes he traveled by railroad, but usually on horseback or in a buggy behind a fast team. He covered enormous distances in this way, surprising his superintendents and foremen by appearing unexpectedly on the scene. It is said he would almost reach his ranches at nightfall, but instead of going in would sleep in a hay stack and show up at four or five the next morning to see if the day were starting right at that particular place.

One legend regarding the devotion to his vast interests of a cattle baron of the Miller type is to the effect that he was married in the evening, but got up at one in the morning, leaving his bride, to start on an inspection trip, from which he did not return for a month. It may not be true, but a leading Californian told me that this man would even descend at an early hour upon the Chinese cook in one of his hundreds of ranch houses and complain because the potatoes were not peeled close enough.

"Why waste my money?" he exclaimed.

Thrifty and unyielding to the last degree in business matters, Miller was kind and generous to his employes. Possessed of no book learning, he had an uncanny memory for details. Regarding Miller, as well as Jastrow and other early cattle barons, a thousand anecdotes are to be heard, if one cares to listen. Many of these are too legendary to attach to any name, but too good not to repeat.

In the old age of one such man, it is said that the heir to the property reported regularly that all was going well. The old man could not leave his bed to look after things for himself, but finally he sent for one of his experienced foremen to check up on the information he was getting.

"I sent for you," he told the foreman, "because they tell me everything is going well. I know they are lying, because I never knew everything to go well."

"Is it true, Mr. Blank, that you own half of California?" is the question which tradition says was put to one of these cattle barons by an interviewer.

"Yes," was the blunt reply. "And if my son were any d—— good I would own the other half."

Miller was the object of countless attacks, both to the title to his lands and the rights to the water of the San Joaquin River, which his corporation still substantially controls. No concern has ever been involved in more litigation, in large part no doubt the inevitable result of owning such extensive property.

"Miller and his heirs have given the lawyers on this coast more work than anyone else," said a defender of the company. "Miller bought grass cheaply in the early days, when every one else was asleep, and grass meant water. Naturally when they woke up they raised the devil."

The Tejon Ranchos

For a long period Miller's heirs have tried to retain the property intact in memory of its founder, but increasing taxes, the difficulty of managing it as he did and the unwieldy size and variety of the operations have forced at least the beginnings of efforts to liquidate. With the improvement of adjoining properties and the multiplication of irrigation districts, it becomes less economic as time goes on to retain valuable and irrigable valley lands for grazing purposes.

To the outsider it seems passing strange that Miller & Lux is not one of the world's richest corporations as the result of oil. It owns much land close to some of the richest oil fields in the state. But Miller was looking for water and grass, not for oil. He began his acquisitions before oil was thought of, and much of the oil is found in sections which have little or no water available for stock. Miller, Lux and Tevis could all have bought the richest oil counties in the center of the state for fifty cents or a dollar an acre if they had known anything about oil.

But though Miller & Lux has not become a great oil company, the fact remains that large landholdings in or near populous valleys contain fascinating possibilities of wealth which are always dangling before the owners. The three largest ranch holdings in the state, next to Miller & Lux are those built up by Tevis and Haggin—the Kern County Land and Cattle Company—the Tejon Ranchos, belonging to a group of Los Angeles business men, and the personal holdings of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the publisher. Each of these holdings amounts to about 300,000 acres.

The Tejon Ranchos consist of a group of original Spanish grants acquired by General Beale of the Union Army, who was sent to California by President Lincoln at the time of the Civil War. It was General Beale who went across the desert with the famous camel corps. He camped in the Tejon Pass through the Sierra Madre Mountains, and became familiar with the Spanish grants in the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley just to the north of the Pass.

Every Type of Climate

Among his duties was that of surveyor-general of the territory. After a time he decided to buy, at nominal figures, several of the great holdings in the lower end of the valley from their Spanish owners. When Lincoln saw the maps that Beale had made of the territory, he noticed the name of the general on so much of the land that he remarked:

"He is evidently monarch of all his surveys."

It is doubtful if any landholding of similar size presents such great variety as the Tejon. The altitude varies from 600 to 5000 feet, and consequently there is every type of climate and a score of never failing streams. There is even a village of very primitive Indians, who have lived on the property since before the white men came and now reside in a huge oak grove.

The present owners, who bought the property from General Beale's heirs some years ago, naturally would like to find not only oil but many other kinds of minerals on their land. They frankly express their hopes of boundless wealth to come, and in any case know there is much timber in the higher altitudes. They believe also that because of the water and variety of soil and climate almost any crop can be made to grow.

Although a variety of fruit has been grown near the ranch headquarters for use of employes, the great bulk of the land has never grown a crop except the native grasses. First conducted as a sheep ranch and at the present time solely a cattle ranch, for a century or more it has been managed in the old-fashioned Spanish style with never a thought of agriculture, the present manager being a courtly member of that nationality.

The present owners, however, are the men responsible for much of the growth of the metropolitan area of Los Angeles, and it is only a question of time when they will at least attempt to subdivide part of their ancient holdings. The report that a settler adjoining the great estate has made as large profits in one year from cotton on 320 acres as the 300,000 acre domain had made from cattle in the same time is one reason why the owners are considering from every conceivable angle the more intensive uses that might be made of portions of their property.

"I am not sure," said one of them, "that we are doing the right thing by the state to keep such increased wealth from being made."

But whatever the agricultural or subdivision possibilities of this ranch may be, the owners control one of the few passes between the mountains that separate Southern from Central California. The main state highway between the two sections bisects their property for fifty or sixty miles. No power line, or oil-pipe line, of which there are several, or new railroad, can get through without paying tribute to the present owners of this old Spanish rancho.

Mr. Hearst is the only cattle baron in California who seems to be swimming directly against the current. Though others

(Continued on Page 147)

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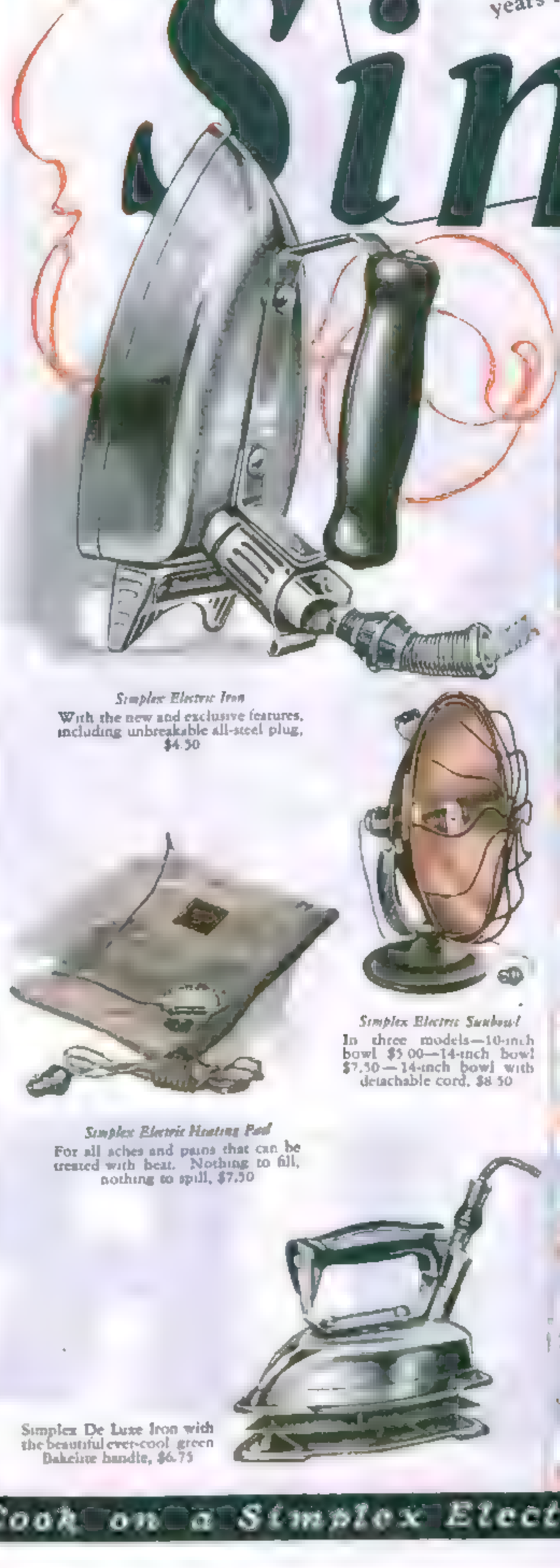

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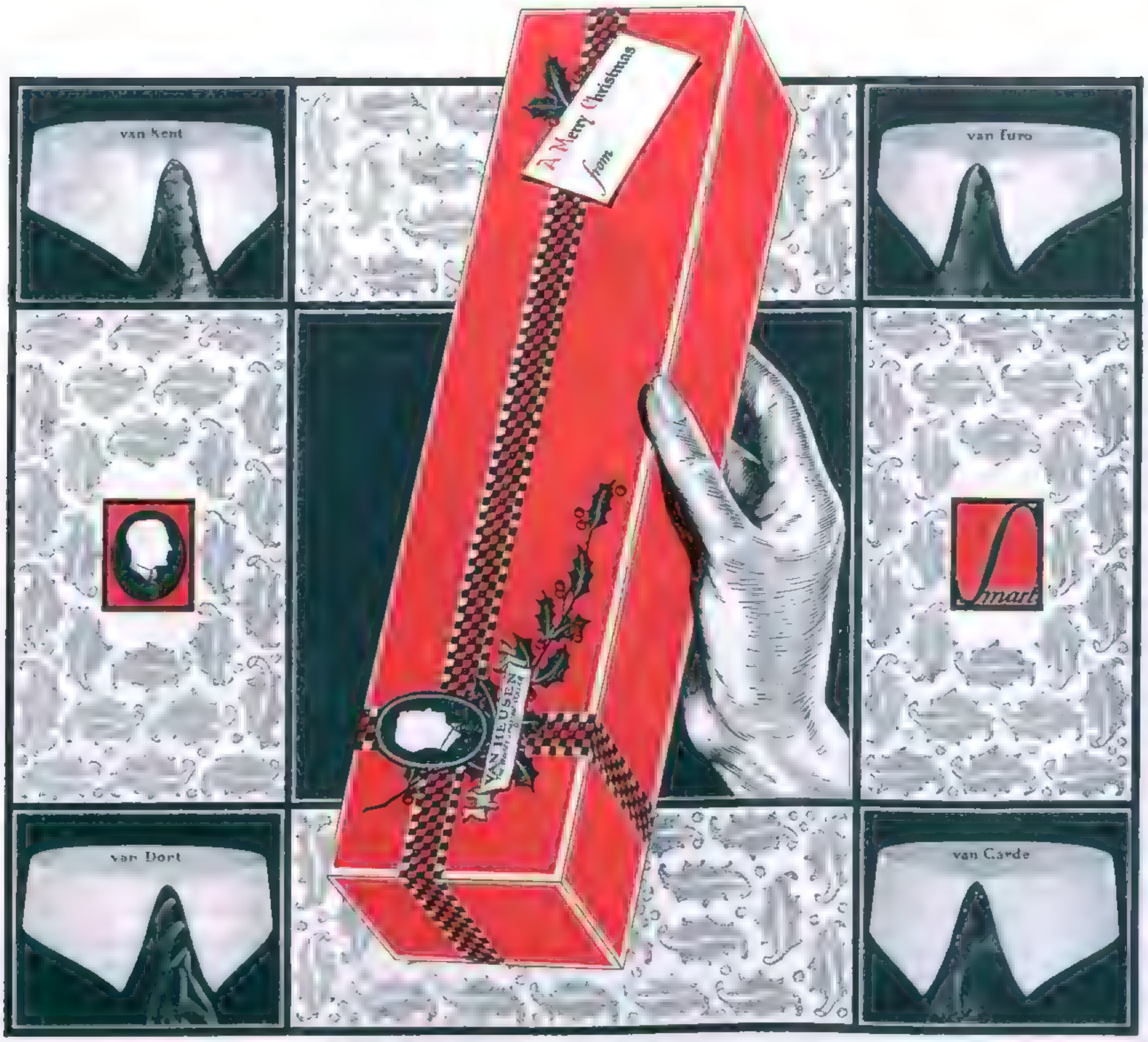

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(Continued from Page 142)

are selling and subdividing, or planning to make some such future disposition of the more tillable portions of their land, or to turn parts of it into residential uses, the newspaper publisher is apparently always in the market for more. If the statements of responsible cattlemen are to be believed, he never sells and continually buys at prices often double those considered profitable from a technical grazing standpoint.

Mr. Hearst owns some sixty-five miles of ocean front, his immense holdings comprising the mountainous wilderness south of the Monterey Peninsula. Practically no roads penetrate this virgin country, and its roughness is so accentuated that the total number of cattle run cannot be anything like as large as on areas of similar size but consisting of land of a more mixed character. But though the immediate return upon such an investment in a period of extreme depression in the industry cannot be large, the possibility of future increment on such vast landholdings might well appeal to a man possessed of ample resources.

Romance That is Bunk

To assemble an immensity of virgin range when others are engrossed in the perplexing and far from romantic details of subdivision and irrigation-district promotion must be a fascinating occupation. What the future value of the scenic magnificence of this country may be when pressure of various kinds forces highways into its fastnesses, no man can guess.

From time to time the large landowners of California have come in for much criticism on the ground that their failure to subdivide more rapidly has hindered the development of the state. This controversy is of more than local interest because the issue involved, varying only in degree and not in kind, is to be found in every part of the country.

Even if covered briefly I think the subject can easily be given a much closer scrutiny than it usually receives. There is no denying that the grazing industry has its glaring defects. Large cattle and sheep holdings present for solution a dreary sociological problem. Much of the romance that attaches to the cowboy is bunk. He is in reality a workman who lives and works under such gruelling conditions that he grows old ahead of his time.

Besides, the movies, short stories and novels all falsely assume that cowboys are the whole thing. Relatively speaking, in the range country sheep are in the ascendant over cattle, and therefore the sheep herder is a more important social and economic factor than the cowboy. But not even the most exaggerated picture ever attaches any romance to a Basque sheep herder.

Naturally there are comparatively few women on a great cattle or sheep ranch, and production is not intensive enough to enlarge the tax base to a point where extensive public improvements can be made. On the other hand it is a question whether artificial pressure to break up such holdings really brings about the desired result. What the cattleman says is that if his land is really fitted to produce asparagus natural forces will in time see that asparagus is grown there.

What he objects to is having real-estate boomers induce settlers to come in and attempt to raise crops, at which occupation they so often fail. For of course the subdivision has raised the price of land and the tax rate, making the cattleman's task that much harder thereafter. No one knows better than the cattleman that the whole Far West is filled with wrecks of dry farmers, homesteaders of the desert and other varieties, colonies and colonists, and settlers of every description, even of the irrigationist variety. But always the price of land and taxes have been shoved up.

Just because a piece of land is not occupied for the moment does not mean it is not used. A ranch is almost always a group of tracts of land at varying altitudes and having different climates and types of feed. One is summer range, another is winter range and a third may be used only in spring and fall.

Frequently the rancher might sell a choice piece of well-watered land suited for growing this or that crop, or he might plant it himself.

"Why should one firm own all this wonderful alfalfa land?" asks the unthinking traveler. But the whole unit goes to pieces if the owner sells out the core or puts it to another use. He may keep his cattle on desert land in a wet season, but they have to go to the green spot in a drought. It is as if the owner of a teaming outfit sold or subdivided his harness and then expected to do business as usual with the horse and wagon, but without the harness to hold them together.

Because a farm of 160 acres supports a family in the Middle West, or a much smaller area of irrigated and intensively planted land will produce the same income in California, some people jump to the wholly illogical conclusion that a cattleman is a baron because he uses thousands of acres. But the necessary family unit in grazing is practically always well up in the thousands, where it is in the tens in irrigation and a hundred or two in Middle Western farming.

With the presumable exception of Mr. Hearst there is not a large landowner in California who has not on numerous occasions for years past had his lands studied with a view to more intensive use. But such owners know by experience as well as observation that ranch land cannot be turned into farms by the mere act or gesture of subdivision, a common fallacy which has been responsible for untold misery.

No Spontaneous Migration

It is one thing to take a trainload or automobile caravan of clerks or superannuated professional men to a tract of raw land, and under the influence of free barbecues, high-powered salesmanship and many signs and banners, induce them to make a small payment down. But it is another thing for them to become successful farmers and for the landowner to get all of the payments due him.

It is easy to sell land, but it is hard to make it stay sold. From the very nature of the case also it is difficult to attract settlers who have ample resources, and there is a long record of failures of land projects because the inexperienced farmers do not have the necessary reserves. Nor is it possible to sell large tracts of land without burdening them with the overhead expense of the selling. As L. C. Gray, economist in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, has said in a recent official publication of the Department of Agriculture:

"Land settlement no longer consists of the spontaneous migration of population to virgin public lands of high quality. At present it is largely induced by the ceaseless activity of various classes of land-selling agencies seeking to profit by the sale of land. Owners of land, however unsuitable for farming, are strongly impelled through the constant pressure of taxes and other carrying charges to sell it if possible.

"Local communities appear to benefit by the immigration of settlers, even if they are unsuccessful in maintaining themselves on the land, and the unsuccessful settlers themselves are often eager to unload on another wave of immigrants. If outside investors or public agencies can be induced to undertake works of reclamation, there results at least a temporary increase in community prosperity, as the result of the expenditure of funds in the community."

The manager of one of the largest land and cattle companies in California said that owners like those he represented should be regarded by the public as philanthropists.

"It is far better to let natural conditions govern the breaking up of these holdings. The moment you try to force development too many farmers plant a crop and then there is overproduction and prices fall. We can sell only a limited amount of land legitimately for agricultural purposes. If these great holdings were all thrown upon the market it would only depress the value of farm products. Farmers in California couldn't possibly succeed if every acre capable of growing crops were suddenly devoted to that purpose."

Another Side to the Story

New settlers are supposed to bring wealth to the real-estate agents, builders, merchants, banks and professional men in a community. They are eagerly sought in many thousands of communities, but the fact is sometimes overlooked that such prosperity as the community now enjoys is based upon the prices received by the farmers already there. A cattleman who lives in one of the desert-and-mountain states that lie east of California, made this salient comment:

"Why not let natural laws govern the development of agriculture? If there is a demand the crops will be produced. Why must we always have this cramming in of production in advance of the market for it? This state will get nothing out of the new X reclamation project except the construction money. The only large reclamation project already in the state is the Y project. You know what a hard time they have had, and how they have turned from one thing to another, finally to dairying. Yet what will the X project do except throw in another bunch of dairymen to compete with them?

"They are always running after a new crop in these land development projects. The market becomes overcrowded with one project, so they are obliged to try another. Yet one of our senators actually filibustered against the Interior Department appropriation bill at the last session of Congress until he could get favorable consideration of the new X project!"

There is another side no doubt to the story of reclamation and agricultural overproduction. But whatever sins the cattle and sheep rancher may be guilty of, and no doubt he has them to his debit like the rest of us, he is nothing like as culpable of not using the lands of the West as the superficial observer seems to think. He may abuse them, which is quite another story, but the assumption that our natural resources are not being employed unless they are devoted to intensive town-lot or small-farm development is the result of shallow reasoning.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Atwood.

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THE CHILDREN OF MONSIEUR

(Continued from Page 38)

Joseph smiled. His irritation was gone. If Monsieur dined with children—it was not bad, that! The voice was kind. Moreover, it was a pleasure to hear French—the pure French of France—spoken, instead of the muttered, half-articulate Canadian French, which on paper is exactly the same language, but which in speech is so utterly different. Joseph himself spoke as his compatriots did, scarcely moving his lips, and mispronouncing habitually. But he was capable of appreciating the fine, crisp articulation of Monsieur Beaudry. A sudden desire came over him. He wished to enter that dark room, to listen at the door, to hear not merely Monsieur Beaudry's clear, penetrating voice, but the softer prattle of the children. If one might see the children—that would pay amply for a weary journey!

He did not reflect. Boldly he squeezed through the opening between the doors and shut them after him. He tiptoed toward that farther door. Once he stumbled over a large chair, but luckily without noise. He reached the shut doors which were his goal.

"Louis," said Monsieur, "I have perhaps been harsh with Pierre. True, he is only ten. But when I was ten I was permitted to have a little wine. It is best to cultivate a fine taste early. You may pour out a very small glass of wine for Pierre, just a brandy glass, you understand."

"Yes, Monsieur," said Louis.

"You think I am acting wisely?" asked Monsieur, with an anxious note in his voice. "You understand, Louis, I wish my children to grow up as they should. You have some knowledge of the world; is it discreet, this which I do?"

"Most discreet, Monsieur," said Louis. "A young gentleman of ten should be taught to value fine wine and to despise strong drink. But as to the young lady, I should say ——"

"Precisely!" said Monsieur. "It is no use for you to pout, my pretty darling! Little girls like you are better without wine! Pierre, do not gulp. Sip it slowly—thus! One drinks a precious wine slowly, in order to savor every drop! What, my little Marie! You are weeping, my poppet? Has papa been cruel? Come here, *ma petite!* Kiss papa! There—a big hug! *Allons!* Now we are lovers again! Louis, you may go. I shall ring. But, one moment! What is the dessert?"

"An ice, Monsieur, with fruit and little cakes."

"Aha! You hear, *mes enfants!* Clarice has been very good to us, down in her kitchen. Is it not so? Marie—little rogue—remember you ate too many cakes yesterday evening! You lacked little of being ill. Tonight you must be careful—you too, Pierre, great glutton! *Chut!* You have spilled the wine on your jacket. Marie, my pet, what in the world has made that great scratch on your hand? The cat? Did I not warn you? All the same, it is a pity! How soft your little hands are! Let me kiss the place—so ——"

Joseph, listening, smiled. To think that one had reviled this good man who chattered so amiably to his little ones! That went to show how one misjudged people one did not know.

"The dessert, Monsieur!" said Louis deferentially. "Possible that these portions are too large for the children. I can take them back and have Clarice make them smaller if you prefer."

"*Dites donc*, Pierre and Marie!" cried Monsieur gayly. "Are these *glacés* too large? You see the answer in their pretty eyes, Louis. Let them be as they are—you were young once yourself, *n'est-ce pas?* To the young, dessert is all of the dinner which matters. Regard, my Pierre! You have your sleeve in the plate. Observe how Marie eats. It is a gentle art, this of dining, my children. One is not civilized until one learns to eat properly. You understand, my dears, I do not scold because it is a pleasure. *Non*, it is because I wish you, Pierre, to be all that there is of a gentleman; you, *ma petite* Marie, must be a lady, *comme pauvre maman!* Ah! If she were only here ——"

Joseph heard him sigh deeply. His own eyes filled with tears. He was deeply touched.

He had long since forgotten that he was in a sense an intruder, an eavesdropper. It was as if he were in the bosom of a charming, high-bred family.

"*Mais, parbleu!*" he thought. "What are they like, these children who are talked to and do not talk? My 'Toinette and Jeannot—fancy their being silent when an ice is being served! It is incredible!"

His eye was close to the door. He wished to see these two children. He wished to see their father. He had forgotten discretion. He pulled the two sides of the door apart, ever so little. Ah! That was Monsieur! A beautiful old man, white haired, white bearded, in evening dress. What a benign face! One could not wish it different. His face was like a cameo, sharply cut, with keen blue eyes and pink skin. But he had, too, in addition to this look of race, which meant gentleness and kindness and courage, something more. Joseph searched his mind for a phrase for it. "*Noblesse oblige: c'est vrai, ça! Mais noblesse exige aussi!*" That was it. Monsieur was generous and kind, but exacting also! He gave, but he also expected to receive. He was satisfied with nothing short of perfection. Joseph, peering in through that narrow slit between the big doors, saw Monsieur frown, then say sharply:

"Regard, Louis! Take the wine bottle away from Pierre. So, rascal, you thought you could have more while papa was not observing? *Eh bien!* You shall go to bed; without finishing your dessert too! I want no small thieves at my table—nor small drunkards either! Mayhap I was foolish to let him have it, eh, Louis?"

Joseph saw a strange expression come over the old face—an expression of blank sadness. Monsieur seemed to speak as from far away.

"What folly, Louis!" he exclaimed wearily. "I deceive myself to no purpose. You are good, my old one. You fall into my mood. *Mais hélas!* When I speak of *les ivrognes*—the drunkards—I remember, and my heart is very old."

Joseph was touched without knowing why. But he was also curious. What sort of children were these who said nothing when the dessert was brought, who made no outcry when sent to bed with the dessert uneaten?

Imagine 'Toinette and Jeannot behaving so. Was it that the rich children were not permitted to talk at meals?

"Thousand thunders!" he murmured to himself. "I must see with my own eyes what such paragons are like!"

It was imprudent, no doubt. But Joseph was consumed by curiosity. He gave the folding doors a little jerk, so that the space was several inches wide. Then he stared. His mouth gaped. "*Bon Dieu!*" he whispered. There were no children there!

On either side of the old man's chair, at the table's end, were two small chairs, with seats built high. In front of each, on the table, were plates and silver and shining glassware. On one side was a small glass of wine. At the other plate, lying carelessly on the table, was a child's doll. This was Marie's place; the other Pierre's.

But the desserts had not been touched. Louis quietly removed the plates from the boy's side of the table. Monsieur had buried his face in his hand, or rather, he shielded it, as one might do at prayer.

"Does Monsieur desire ——" began Louis. Then he stopped. His eyes, suddenly lifted, had caught sight of Joseph Berthelet, the lawyer's clerk, gaping at the two of them, master and man.

"*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed. "Monsieur's little play has an audience!"

Monsieur looked up quickly. His eyes became points of steel.

"*Canaille!*" he said. The word was a challenge and a threat.

"Monsieur—" began Joseph, whose heart was in his throat. "I implore pardon, but ——"

"*Canaille!*" repeated Monsieur. "Rubbish of the street! *Va-t-en!* Get out! Louis, will you kick him out? If not, I'll do it myself."

Louis caught Joseph's arm roughly. "Come away, eavesdropper!" he cried in a furious voice. "I had forgotten about you. But I should have known by your hang-dog look that you came for no good purpose. How long have you been going through the house a-tiptoe? And what have you bagged? Let's have a feel at your pockets, my fine fellow!"

Louis was more than a match for Joseph physically, but his insults infuriated the lawyer's clerk.

"Thief yourself!" he shouted. "Monsieur, I demand to be heard! I came here an hour ago, bringing papers to you from my firm: Clouet, Clouet and Regnier! I was told that I must wait! It is very well to be told to wait in a cold room, when your feet are wet, when you have had no dinner—is it not? But perhaps Monsieur has never had such an experience in his life. He is of the fortunate ones! *Eh bien*—that is all very well. *Le bon Dieu* has made some of us rich, and some poor. I do not complain of my fate. I have my Ninette, my 'Toinette and my Jeannot. One who has wife and children is not all unhappy. But, Monsieur, I do implore your pardon. I was looking to find a telephone, so that my Ninette should not be frightened. It is true, Monsieur! And then, I heard talk, pretty talk to children. Am I to blame if I listened, Monsieur? I am a father. I find pleasure in children. I did not see your little ones, Monsieur. That was a misfortune. But Monsieur has reason; I committed a fault. I should be shown the door. But, Monsieur, I am not *canaille;* I am not rubbish of the street. I have my little home—my family. I respect myself. *Alors*, I have finished. I go. The papers for Monsieur I shall leave on this chair. *Pardon*, Monsieur!"

Perhaps never before in his life had Joseph made a speech so long, or so impassioned. But he was roused to resentment by Louis' words. He was not used to being called a thief, and he drew away when Louis said:

"Come away now. You have annoyed Monsieur enough." Louis tried to catch his arm to hurry his exit. Joseph struck away the hand.

"Very well, I come. But do not touch me, lackey!"

"Louis!" Monsieur spoke sharply, firmly. "Leave us alone—this gentleman and myself!"

The fire of battle died out of Louis' eyes. He bowed and went out.

"You desire to telephone, Monsieur?" said M. Beaudry. "There is the instrument. I demand pardon for keeping you waiting so long."

Eagerly Joseph went to the telephone. In his own little house was no instrument. But next door, in the store of Madame Couture, one might leave a message. He took up the instrument and called that number.

"'Allo!" he said eagerly, over and over. Then, in English: "I weesh to talk wis—*comment? Parle-t-on français?*" His voice almost choked with relief. "It is you, then, Ninette? You were waiting *là-bas?* You have telephoned to the office—everywhere? I am desolated to make you suffer, *ma mignonne.* But the affairs are the affairs. An important errand has brought me to Outremont. I shall return when I can. But give the children their suppers, and kiss them for papa, and put them to bed. They are well? *Que Dieu soit loué!* And you, my little one? Eat also, and go to bed; do not concern your little self about me. I shall arrive when I arrive. You understand; the affairs. *Au 'voir, chèrie!*"

He was like a man bursting with pride and pleasure when he put down the telephone. But the glow faded from his countenance as he saw Monsieur sitting at the table and watching him keenly.

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur," said Joseph. "You understand—these women worry. Usually I come home as if by clockwork. You could set your watch by me as I come up the street. But this does not interest Monsieur. If Monsieur will accept these papers ——"

"The papers can wait, Monsieur ——?"

"Joseph Berthelet, Monsieur," Joseph supplied.

"Very well, M. Berthelet, I humbly ask you to forgive me my harsh words, a few minutes since. I lost control of myself. I am ashamed."

"It was nothing," said Joseph. "I intruded."

"You have two children, then," said Monsieur. "Their names are ——?"

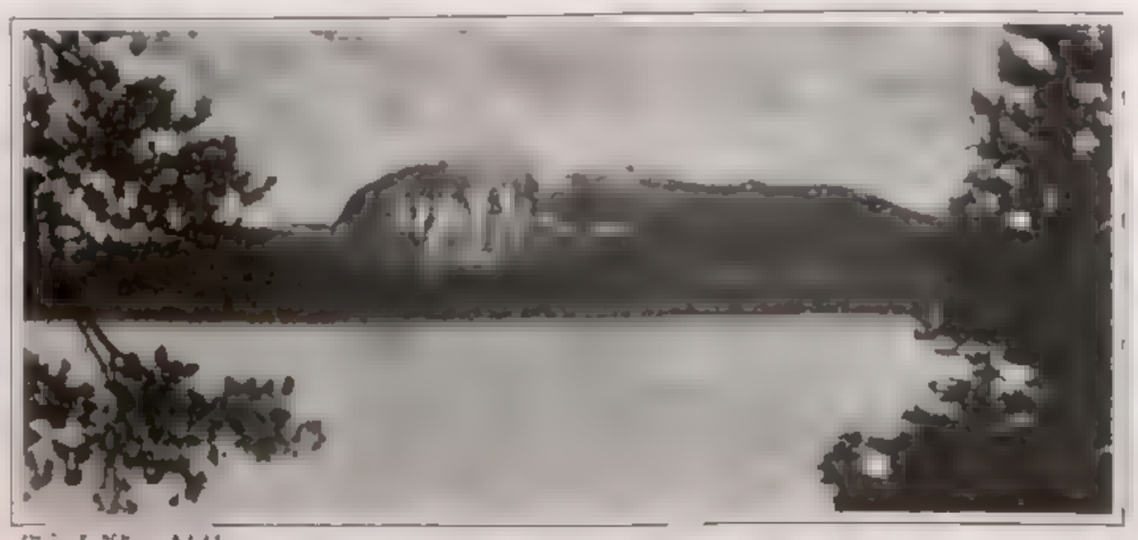
"'Toinette, Monsieur—that is to say, Antoinette. She is ten. She has yellow curls and red cheeks. A strong, helpful child. Her hands are so willing—you cannot guess, Monsieur!"

Joseph's weak, pale face brightened. His eyes were shining.

"Then the boy?" suggested Monsieur.

"Jeannot? He is seven. He is not like 'Toinette. Yet he is a beautiful child, a dreamer, Monsieur, with dark eyes and thin cheeks and long slim hands. Already, Monsieur, he can play a little on Madame Couture's piano—ah, so beautifully! He is the artist, he has a soul. 'Toinette is all heart. Jeannot has a sweet nature, but wild, like a bird's. He has a soul—*vous savez, l'âme d'un artiste*, Monsieur! But again I ask pardon, Monsieur. A father is *bavard*—a regular chatterer, Monsieur, when he talks of his children. Monsieur will understand; he has children of his own."

Monsieur smiled gently, sadly. "I have no children, my friend."



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(Continued on Page 153)

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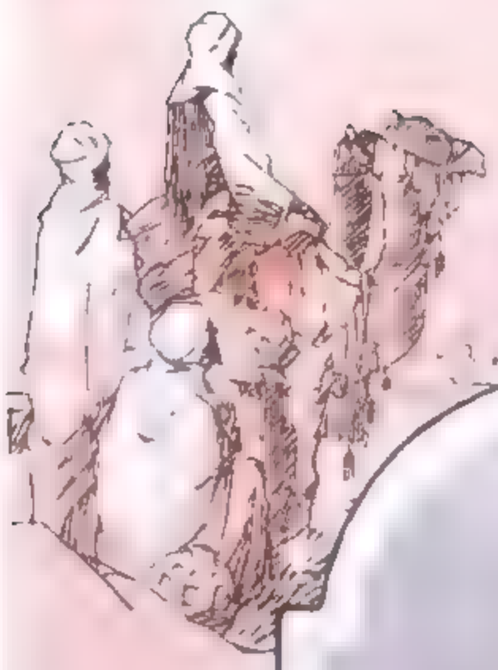

Hotpoint

The Spirit of Christmas

What joy there is in giving—in this expression of our love or esteem on the anniversary of the greatest gift of all to men. The pleasure is increased when we know our gifts will be of daily *service*, and for all the years to come will be tokens of the quality and depth of our affection.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

Immersion Heaters *Curling Irons* *Table Stoves* *Soldering Irons* *Chafing Dishes* *Ranges* *Tea Pots*

SERVANTS

Gift Suggestions

Hotpoint electric gifts may cost even less than you have planned to spend for some of the names on your Christmas list. They will be used and appreciated every day. They are *beautiful* gifts—for a *lifetime*.

Near your home there is a Hotpoint dealer. You will know him by the "Hotpoint Servants" sign on his window or door—or by the Hotpoint appliances and display cards in his window.

Go there and see the economical and beautiful Hotpoint gifts from which you can choose. Here are a few you'll find:

Curling Irons . . .	$2.95—$7.50
Toasters	$5.75—$8.00
Waffle Iron	$15.00
3 lb. Traveling Iron Set in handsome case . . .	$7.50
Percolator Sets . . .	$17.00 up

Ask for "Hotpoint" by name. Reliable dealers will not substitute. They are glad to sell Hotpoint electric appliances because for over 20 years they have given perfect satisfaction.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

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A WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH EVERY HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE

Toasters *Percolators* *Hedlite Heaters* *Fireless Type Cookers* *Heating Pads* *Irons* *Grills*

HOURS for friends —gay events— hobbies! A gift of the Premier Duplex brings all these

Its quick, thorough cleaning lengthens leisure. With double action, it accomplishes double work at each stroke The motor-driven brush picks off the matted threads and loosens the encrusted grit And the powerful suction draws up all the dirt!

The Premier Duplex needs but little care. Its ball bearing motor and brush run for long years without oiling. And they cut down the hours of work—and pile up the hours of pleasure!

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc
Dept 512 Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co. Ltd. General Office Toronto and distributed over by the Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd. General Office, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co. Inc. Schenectady, New York

Premier Duplex

(Continued from Page 148)

Joseph stared. "But—these infants to whom Monsieur talked? I do not understand. A thousand pardons, but—they are not Monsieur's children?"

"They were mine," said Monsieur gravely. "Long, long ago. But that is past and gone. I lost them both, many years ago."

Joseph thought of many things he might say, but he refrained. One might talk of some things. But of the death of children, what might one say?

There was a long silence. Monsieur took up an empty glass from the table and with his own hands filled it from a cobwebby bottle.

"You will have a little wine with me?" he questioned. Then, as an afterthought: "But you have not eaten at all! Louis! You will bring M. Berthelet some of Clarice's excellent pea soup and some slices of the roast. I am forgetful, my friend. You should have reminded me."

"Monsieur," said Joseph, thoughtfully poising the glass in his hand, "you are too kind. But I no longer drink wine. It is a principle."

"I respect it," returned Monsieur promptly. "But I—I drink because it helps me to remember."

"It has the opposite effect with me," said Joseph. "It makes me forget. And to forget, that is not well. One should always remember, even—pardon me, Monsieur—that which hurts. I have not lost my children, *que Dieu soit béni!* But if I had, I would wish to remember every little thing about them—their talk, their play, their gestures ——"

Monsieur was smiling gently.

"And have I not done so?" he asked. "Regard; here is the little game I play every evening in my loneliness. A stranger, seeing me, might think me mad. But I am not mad. It is only that in my loneliness I have invented a diversion. And Louis helps me with the illusion. Here, on this side, sits my curly haired Pierre! You are not to laugh, my friend. You cannot see him—I can! *Parbleu!* It is no hallucination if I know that it is only a game ——"

The telephone buzzed sharply. Louis went toward it.

"It is for Monsieur," he said. Monsieur frowned.

"Who is it, then?" he asked. "Madame ——"

"Madame Robert," said Louis. "She seems to be in a hurry."

"She always is!" said Monsieur, compressing his lips. "'Allo! *C'est toi, alors?* I am occupied, you understand. I have company." He listened, frowning, for a long time. "Very well," he said at last. "I shall send it to you in the morning. But I am not at all pleased ——"

The telephone seemed to have been disconnected, for he hung it up without finishing the sentence. His face was flushed, as if he were angry. But he took up the thread of the conversation.

"Time goes; we go along," he said. "All changes, my friend. What is this miracle of time which takes away, one by one, the things we most cherish? Perhaps you are no philosopher, *mon ami*. You will have a cigar, at least. *Bien!* But I was speaking of time. Which is the reality, do you say—that which was or that which is? The past was as least as real as today now is. Then why should I not try to bring it back? Sitting here tonight, I created for myself that which was reality—say twenty years ago—perhaps nearer thirty. The present is very sad. I am an unhappy old man, my friend. To have love in one's heart—and no one to give it to—that is a misfortune. That I have money does not matter. I give to charity, but there is not the thrill of love in that. Money is not love. You agree, my friend?"

"Truly," said Joseph, who was a little out of his depth.

"*Alors*, here, once, my little Marie sat. This is her doll, observe. A charming little creature, light-hearted, gay, perhaps a little vain. I tried to correct that vanity of hers. But it is hard to correct faults in children. One must begin young. It may be that I spoiled mine ——"

There was a sound as of an automobile—the front door opening—voices—a sort of scuffling of feet, with incoherent murmurs. Monsieur stopped in his talk to listen. He was frowning again. Presently Louis came to the door apologetically.

"Well?" barked Monsieur. "What now? Who was it?"

"It was ——" Louis looked at Joseph doubtfully. "It was the gentleman who comes here sometimes."

"Was he ——" asked Monsieur. Louis nodded.

"He was. Under the circumstances, Monsieur, I thought best to ——"

"Precisely," said Monsieur. "That will do, Louis." He sat down again. He seemed agitated. But Joseph could see that he wished to preserve appearances, and to save even an uninvited guest like himself needless annoyances. "You have two nice children, you say?" he asked rather dryly. Joseph nodded, but wonderingly. Had he not already told Monsieur, distinctly, that he had two children? He had given their names, he had described them. Was Monsieur, in fact, really a little bit touched, as M. Regnier had suggested?

"It is a pity," said Monsieur.

"*Comment?*" exclaimed Joseph. "A pity to have children?"

"*Vraiment!*" said Monsieur bitterly. "For you will lose them. Make no doubt of that, friend. You must surely lose them."

Joseph scratched his head. "Possible," he returned. "But is it not more likely that they must lose me and their mother? The new leaf clings; the old one flutters away. Because Monsieur has been unhappy does not prove that 'Toinette and Jeannot will not outlive their parents. Heaven grant that they may! While they are young, they need us. When they are old—well, Monsieur, I am not of those who would live on, year after year, a burden to my little ones. But the good God will attend to that."

"*Écoutez!*" thundered Monsieur, banging the table. "It is not death I speak of. No, death does not change its victims as life does. Their *maman*—she died when Marie was four! But I do not have need of phantom dinners for her sake! She is with me always—always ——"

His strong voice broke and quavered. Joseph fingered his hat.

"*Excusez*, Monsieur! I thank you for all you have told me. But it grows late. Ninette expects me. If Monsieur will take these papers ——"

"Just a few minutes more," replied Monsieur. "I have still something to say. Because you are a father, M. Berthelet, I wish to say it to you. Fatherhood is a bond. Do not misunderstand me when I say I have lost my children. I have lost them—*Dieu le sait!* But ——"

He paused. He looked sharply into Joseph's eyes.

"You heard me answer the telephone. It was Madame Robert. You do not know who Madame Robert is? I shall tell you. She is a woman utterly without heart, without conscience, without affection. She went her willful way; she married a man—a worthless, charming fellow, who drinks and gambles, who plunges ever deeper into debt, and laughs, until his creditors get too urgent. Then he has his wife telephone to me. It is the only time she ever notices me. She has forgotten me, save as someone from whom she can demand a thousand—two thousand—five thousand dollars—as tonight! What is she to me? She thinks more of her lap dog! Yet she is my daughter. She is Marie!"

He had spoken harshly, shrilly, until he came to the last words. Then he sat down heavily into the chair from which he had arisen. His voice ended almost in a sob. He held out a shaking hand toward the doll.

"Do you wonder, monsieur, that I prefer to remember her as she was when she needed me, when she clung to me? Is it not natural?"

Joseph drew in his breath. "And Pierre?" he asked softly.

"He came in a few moments ago. He does not live here ordinarily. It is too far out. He prefers his club. There he may drink himself stupid; he may gamble away his last cent. So long as he has money, he is content without me. Tonight it is probable that he was put out of his club for not paying his room dues. He had money for whisky, but for nothing else. Being very drunk—*salement ivre*—he permits himself to be brought here. He has Louis pay the coachman and then help him get upstairs. *Que Dieu me pardonne!* For here, at this table, I gave him his first taste of wine! Not that it mattered, perhaps. I tried to teach him to drink his wine like a gentleman—not like a *gros cochon*."

He put his head down on the table, resting it on his arms. Joseph felt a queer feeling. It was as if he wished to cry. Why, he did not know. But that silvery hair, that pink forehead of a gentleman—and in trouble—these things hurt him. Very gently he said:

"I think I must go, Monsieur. But as man to man, I thank you. It is perhaps, as you say, the lot of every father to see his children go on the wrong path. With my own, God knows, Ninette and I have done what we could. But we are poor. Perhaps some day 'Toinette will have to go in service. Jeannot will possibly be a mechanic. I had hoped for better. But it is true; to be a father is a burden and a sorrow. Here are the papers, Monsieur. I have the honor to wish you a good evening."

"A moment more, my friend," said Monsieur, lifting his head. "I have opened my heart to you. But I have also blamed my children. In that I was wrong. I see now that I was weak, that I spoiled them. I gave them too much. I was responsible. Louis! Speak to Richards. He is to have the closed car at the door in five minutes, to take M. Berthelet home. Now ——"

"*Mais*, Monsieur!" protested Joseph. "It is not needful. I can go back by the tramway, as I came."

"I am an old man," said Monsieur, smiling, "and used to being obeyed. But you will give me your address, my friend. Why, you ask? Because I have a mind to look at that pink-cheeked 'Toinette of yours, that dreamy-eyed Jeannot. It is an idea, eh? The children who are no longer children—*dis-donc, mon ami*—is it not after all a folly to waste tears on them? For there are always new children whom one may know and love, and perhaps—who knows?—aid a little! I promise nothing. But if 'Toinette has a useful ambition, if Jeannot wishes to play the piano—these, after all, are little things. They can arrange themselves. Tell Madame your wife that I shall come Sunday afternoon. She will doubtless wish to have her infants proper, is it not so? *Alors—jusqu'au dimanche!* Good night, my friend!"

It was something to talk of. Ninette sat on Joseph's knee. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks very pink.

"It was nothing, my plum," said Joseph loftily. "I saved car fare coming home. That was well enough. But why not? Did I not represent the firm of Clouet, Clouet and Regnier? One expects some consideration. Of course, he invited me to dinner. One dines well at that house."

"How you are getting on!" she cried. "You hobnob with the great ones of the world, and yet you are not proud! You are not ashamed of your wife and your children ——"

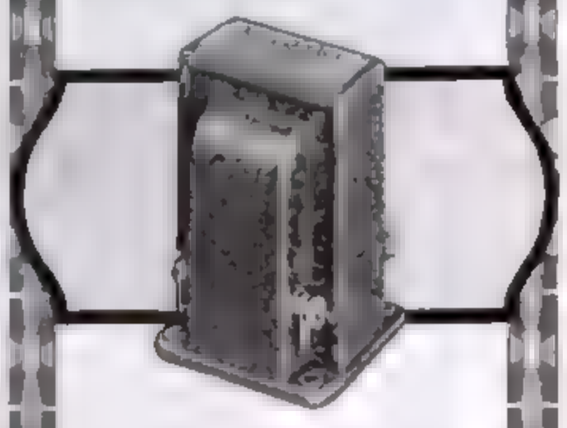
"On the contrary," said Joseph, importantly, "I spoke of everyone. And—but perhaps he was jesting—he said that he might come around on Sunday afternoon. Probably he did not mean it. These aristocrats ——"

He shrugged his shoulders with his usual gesture of incredulity. But deep down in his heart he knew that Monsieur did mean it. After all, was it not natural? Those who had children—were they not always envied by those others?

Carol

Radio-Sung

Far out over hill and valley—into the homes of rich and poor alike—come the waves that carry the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. Little does it matter whether the set is of new mahogany and gold or of humble cardboard coils. *Tonal beauty* in the amplifier is the one indispensable need for the real joy of radio. Happy indeed is the owner of Rauland-Lyric!



Probably all your set needs—

to give it tone quality equal to the best of the present day, is the careful installation of Rauland-Lyric—a laboratory grade audio transformer designed especially for music lovers. It is carried at all the better-class radio stores. The price is nine dollars each.

A New Gift for Every Radio Listener

Two Rauland Lyrics in this beautiful holiday box (fully sufficient for any radio set). See it at your dealer's!

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4285 W Belmont Ave., Chicago

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AN ALL-AMERICAN TRADE MARK
TRANSFORMER

The Choice of Noted Music Critics

Servel for A Superb

THE crystal-clear ice cubes frozen from purest water of your own selection—the delicious frozen desserts—the unique and savory dishes of the new electric cold cuisine—the crisp, firm freshness of fruits and vegetables—wholesome food free from impurity or contamination—the convenience—the cleanliness—the dependability—the economy of Ideal Electric Refrigeration make SERVEL a gift appreciated by every member of the family, every day, for years to come.

SERVEL quickly pays for itself by eliminating loss from food spoilage and because electricity costs LESS than ice nearly everywhere.

SERVEL may be purchased on the deferred payment plan.

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Christmas Gift

Standard SERVEL Units, complete with tank, ready for installation in any standard refrigerator, are priced at

$195.00 and up f. o. b. factory

Refrigerators with built-in SERVEL, ready to operate from any electric light socket, are priced at

$295.00 and up f. o. b. factory

SERVEL maintains unvarying predetermined temperatures ~ quietly ~ positively ~ without attention ~ standing guard day and night ~ summer and winter ~ preventing bacterial development ~ keeping all foods fresh and wholesome. Electricity is always available ~ there is no estimating the amount required ~ one is never over or under-supplied ~ no effort is required to get it ~ or to use it ~ there is no waste ~ it is measured by the accurate electric meter ~ and you pay only for the quantity actually consumed.

Your Electric Service Company will direct you to your nearest dealer.

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SERVEL ICE BY WIRE

Our trade marks registered in U. S. and applications for registration pending the world over.

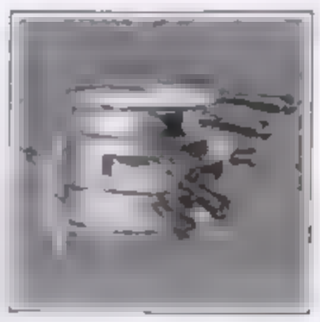
A Queen could well be proud of them

NO ROYAL setting ever held a piece of tableware of more classic grace than this newly created Manning-Bowman electric percolator set.

If you are a home-maker whose heart loves beauty, could any gift please you more? In your mind's eye haven't you already unwrapped the glorious package and placed the set admiringly upon your own table? . . . How softly it blends with the snowy whiteness of your fine linen! How it gleams! How it seems to challenge the appeal of your china and glassware!

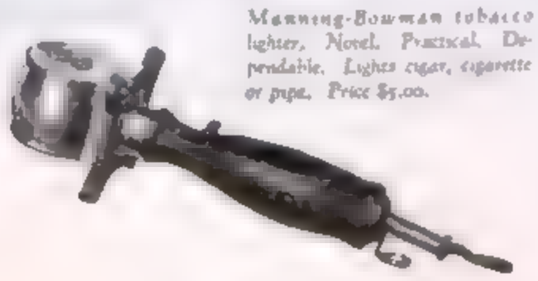
And how you picture the occasions when the percolator's bubbling song shall tell of wonderful coffee—rich brown, aromatic, just right—being made within! For, be it remembered, Manning-Bowman appliances are just as efficient as they are handsome. They are designed—every one of them—from the viewpoint of the woman who not only displays them, but *uses* them.

A Manning-Bowman electric toaster, waffle iron or table stove is a thing of beauty, but it is also a thing of duty. Crisp, crunchy, golden-brown toast made in a jiffy! Thick, tender waffles evenly done on both sides!



This Manning-Bowman electric table stove has many features you'll like. Handsomely designed and durable. No. 1410. Price $12.50.

The conveniently reversible doors make this Manning-Bowman electric toaster extremely handy, quick and efficient. Handsomely designed. No. 1225. Price $8.00



Manning-Bowman tobacco lighter. Novel. Practical. Dependable. Lights cigar, cigarette or pipe. Price $5.00.

Well-cooked dishes! These tell of Manning-Bowman quality from the culinary standpoint.

And each Manning-Bowman appliance is made with the latest electrical and mechanical improvements for convenience. In fact, everything about it evidences the thoughtful attention to details that has characterized Manning-Bowman products for more than seventy years.

Let it be hoped that *he* or they who are pondering the selection of a Christmas gift may read this wish of yours: to receive, above all things, a piece or set of Manning-Bowman tableware. There is a wide variety of pleasing styles at most any of the stores selling electric appliances of the better kind. All handsomely designed, superbly finished, highly efficient—and reasonably priced.

Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron No. 1606. Handsome and compact. Price $15.00.

"Alluring Luncheons" and "Bright Breakfasts" are two interesting booklets which every home-loving woman will be delighted to receive. A postal request brings you either or both. Send today. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Connecticut.

Trade-mark

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

OUR CAPACITY TO RECEIVE DEBT PAYMENTS

(Continued from Page 35)

There is some contradiction between these views of debt payment. If international debts are not paid off but merely change their form, there is no problem as to the effect on merchandise trade except for the payment of interest; the problem concerns the steps whereby our nationals take over the foreign holdings of our Government. If these international debts are to be paid off ultimately, then the problem includes also the transfer of goods in payment of principal. Quantitatively, the difference is not great, interest charges being 3.5 per cent, and repayment of principal by amortization would be only .5 per cent more. One may question the likelihood of payment of the debt with goods, without doubting the likelihood of transferring the foreign loans from our Government to our nationals. Our capacity to receive debt payments may mean little else than our capacity to enlarge the present foreign investments of our nationals by a like sum.

There are also those who doubt the ability of the foreign countries to pay even interest charges. To a large extent, objection to the payment of the debts of European countries to the United States is not really directed at the form of payments, or based on considerations of ability to pay, but to the very fact of debt payments.

The fact that current interest payments are so much heavier than current amortization payments makes it important to emphasize the disparity between the rate of interest on European obligations due the United States Government and the rates being paid to American nationals. For illustration, one European debtor country that recently funded its obligations to our Government at 3.5 per cent interest is floating a large loan in this country at 7 per cent interest. In strict logic, it is scarcely possible to plead for cancellation or reduction of debts to the United States Government on the basis of predicated incapacity on the part of debtor European countries and make no reference to the rising volume of European obligations to American nationals. If debtor countries are to find it difficult to raise and transfer the payment of 3.5 per cent on $12,000,000,000 due the Government, they would find it difficult to raise and transfer 7 per cent on $6,000,000,000 due the American nationals. And if there be difficulty in absorbing goods in payment of 3.5 per cent interest on $12,000,000,000 due the Government, there will also be difficulty in absorbing the goods representing payment of 7 per cent on $6,000,000,000 to American nationals.

The Cancellation Cult

For the present, the discussion of our capacity to receive debt payments is based on the assumption that the official debt settlements between the United States and the several debtor countries mean repayment of principal with interest in something like three-quarters of a century.

John Maynard Keynes wrote, in 1922, in Revision of the Treaty, as follows:

"It is fashionable at the present time to urge a reduction of the Allies' claims on Germany and of America's claim on the Allies, on the ground, that as such payments can only be made in goods, insistence on these claims will be positively injurious to the claimants. . . . That it is in the self-interest of the Allies and of America to abate their claims, I hold to be true. But it is better not to use bad arguments, and the suggestion that it is necessarily injurious to receive goods for nothing is not plausible or correct."

When one surveys the technical, popular and propagandist writings that have since appeared, it is evident that the warning of Keynes has been commonly disregarded. In the sense of the word as used by Keynes, it is still fashionable to urge an abatement of the American claims on the European countries; and cancellation has become almost a cult. This has only intensified the rugged determination of the average American taxpayer to have these debts paid.

A discussion of the to-be-expected course of debt payments is a treatise on probabilities, at the best; to some extent, a treatise of possibilities; and only occasionally a statement of certainties.

Our Close Trade Balance

The ultimate payments of international obligations must be in the form of goods, gold and services. But this general doctrine of economics need not, and does not, hold for the time being. And the time being is not merely a year or two; apparently, it may be a decade or two. The postponement of the application of the ultimate rule is the result of the influences of several important items in our balance of trade. These important items, called invisible items, are prominent in the table of the international trade account of the United States. Since the data of this table are the basis of the discussion and will be referred to frequently, it is best to set out the table at once. The Department of Commerce issues, annually, a tabulation of the international account of the country, an innovation of the present administration. As printed below, the table is condensed and changed in one item to show the debt payments as distinguished from other payments of interest and dividends received.

TABLE I

ESTIMATED BALANCE OF INTERNATIONAL PAYMENTS TO THE UNITED STATES, 1924

(MILLION DOLLARS)

CURRENT ITEMS

	CREDIT	DEBIT	BALANCE
Visible Current Items:			
Merchandise	4621	3651	+970
Gold and silver	172	394	—222
Invisible Current Items:			
Government payments	159	5	+154
Interest and dividends on foreign holdings	455	150	+305
Ocean freights	76	68	+ 8
Services to tourists	100	600	—500
Charitable and missionary expenditures	....	55	— 55
Immigrant remittances	....	300	—300
Total Invisible Items	790	1178	—388
Total Current Items	5583	5223	+360

MOVEMENT OF CAPITAL

New foreign loans exclusive of refunding	....	795	—795
Sale and purchase of outstanding securities	319	114	+205
Foreign bonds paid off	45	....	+ 45
Principal of interallied debt	23	....	+ 23
United States paper currency	....	50	— 50
Total Capital Items	387	959	—572
Add increase in foreign bank deposits	216	....	+216
Total, all Items	6186	6182	+ 4

The close balance is, of course, a coincidence, since many of the items are approximations; but this renders the table none the less useful.

No one can forecast what will be the annual payment due the United States when the debt negotiations are completed. Of the total debt due us from governments, $12,084,000,000, some $5,230,000,000, representing the debts of Great Britain, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Hungary, Lithuania and Poland, are funded; the unfunded remainder corresponds to some $6,808,000,000. To date we have received payments of $124,000,000 on account of principal and $646,000,000 on account of interest.

If all the debt settlements were like the settlement with Great Britain, the annual sum to be paid would amount, apparently, to something like $480,000,000. For one reason or another, with different countries, some of the paper debt will be written off, as in the case of Belgium; and out of consideration for existing economic conditions in Europe, the earlier payments may be expected to be smaller than the later.

However, for the sake of discussion, let it be assumed that eventually under the cumulative terms of the debt settlements $400,000,000 are to be received annually. Accepting the settlement with Belgium as it stands, if the other unsettled debts are given the same moratorial consideration as was tentatively offered to France, the annual sum to be received in the next five years would be less than $300,000,000, probably about $270,000,000. For a time thereafter the annual payment might be nearer $400,000,000. Such a figure would then appear as credit item in the future balance sheet; and the figures for the other items in the account would be modified in order to produce a balance. Large as the figure for debt payment is, it does not look threatening in an international account of such magnitude. Merely as a piece of bookkeeping, what figures for other items might be raised or lowered in adjustment to this hypothetical item representing the credit of the debt payment?

Leaving aside smaller items, the raising or lowering of which is not to be expected and would in any event not materially contribute to the outcome, adjustment might occur through the following items:

1. Sale and purchase of outstanding securities. The credit item might be lowered and the debit item increased, expressing a net diminution in foreign investments in the United States. Investments of foreign capital in the United States continue. In 1924 we apparently sold to foreigners outstanding securities to the value of $319,000,000, and purchased from them outstanding securities to the extent of only $114,000,000. Investments of foreigners in the United States, calculated in another way increased $274,000,000 in 1924! European investments in this country are supposed to be in the neighborhood of $4,000,000,000. With continued improvement of economic conditions in Europe and restoration of confidence in the security of their home investments, with the cessation of the flight of capital from Europe to the United States, we foresee the gradual decline in the volume of European investments in the United States by maturing of some securities and sale of others to American nationals.

Future Possibilities

A reversal of the figures for 1924—namely, a credit item of $114,000,000 and a debit item of $319,000,000—would make a heavy difference in the international account; but it would represent only a small liquidation of outstanding foreign holdings in the United States. Whenever European money can work as safely in Europe as in the United States, the European investor may be expected to recall it by sale of the American investment. This means, in effect, that Europeans will exchange investments in this country for government securities in their own countries.

With the continued improvement of conditions in Europe, we anticipate the gradual extinction of new European investments in the United States and the maturing of outstanding securities, thus wiping out a corresponding amount of debt to this country.

2. American investments abroad might be increased.

Foreign investments have the effect of transferring to our nationals the debts due our Government. American investments abroad have been large and rather regular during the past six years, except that the figure for 1920 was heavy and that for 1923 light. For the past six years the average of new foreign bond issues in the United States and other foreign investments of American capital was around $950,000,000 a year.

Miami

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29 years old and growing faster each year, with ever increasing popularity

There's a Reason—

Climate:	"Yes. It is ideal."
Beauty:	"Yes. It is enchanting."
Outdoor Sports:	"Yes. World's greatest variety."
Business:	"Yes. Opportunities in every branch of business."
Agriculture:	"Yes. Our back country affords many diversified crops which pay well.
Stability:	"Yes, and the same is amply proven by the investment and improvements being carried on by the Big Men and the Big Companies of the country."

Florida East Coast Ry. expending for improvements	$15,000,000
Clyde Steamship Co., new ships for Miami service	5,000,000
Florida Electric Light & Power Company (a subsidiary of General Electric Company)	25,000,000
Seaboard Airline Railway extending to Miami	5,000,000
Bell Telephone Company, extensions	2,000,000
New buildings in the Miami zone, 1925	100,000,000
New School Buildings financed	2,000,000
New Courthouse and City Hall	2,500,000
Street and Sewer Construction	2,500,000
New Water Works	1,100,000
New Causeways and Bridges	2,200,000
Expending on Realty Developments within ten miles of Miami	300,000,000
Investment of the United Cigar Stores Company	5,000,000
County and State Road Departments expending on Dixie Highway	3,000,000
City of Miami on Park improvements	1,000,000
U. S. Government on Harbor improvements	1,665,000
City of Miami on Harbor improvements	500,000
Total, $4	4,465,000

Transportation facilities being greatly increased.
Florida East Coast Railway being double tracked.
Seaboard Airline Railway being extended to Miami.
Clyde Steamship Company operating five lines of ships from New York direct to Miami.
The Baltimore and Carolina Steamships from Baltimore and Philadelphia.
The Merchants and Miners "Berkshire" direct from Philadelphia to Miami.
The Admiral Line operating the steamship "H. H. Alexander" on a five day schedule direct from N. Y.
Also service to the Bahama Islands by a number of ship lines.

Does the above look like a "Bubble"?

Bank Deposits, November 1st, 1924	$37,000,000
1925	$211,000,000

Gain, 570 percent.

Does that look like a "Bubble"?

We expect to entertain 300,000 visitors this winter.
We invite YOU to be one of this number. We'll do our best to give you good accommodations and also to provide entertainment for you.
46 new Hotels and 315 new Apartment Houses completed for this season.
Write for free handsome booklet, full information.

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA

THERMO coats and vests have always been popular and practical Christmas gifts and now we have added Thermo knitted knickers to the list of practical gifts for men.

Any man will be glad to get a Thermo coat and a pair of Thermo knitted knickers for year 'round wear. Men, young and old, like Thermo knitted garments for style, freedom, comfort and service. The fabric throughout is guaranteed virgin wool. Many Thermo garments have given three to six years' service, proving the superiority of Thermo quality.

Thermo knitted knickers to match Thermo coats and vests are obtainable in a variety of colors, including the latest shades, to suit all tastes.

Look for the Thermo hanger in each garment. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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345 Broadway, New York

Decline in this figure would make absorption of debt payments difficult; maintenance or enlargement of this figure would facilitate debt payments.

There is no way of forecasting the trend of future American investments abroad. The gold shipped to us by Allies and neutrals has furnished the basis for a goodly part of our recent foreign investments. There is a great need of capital and credit in many foreign countries—intensified by high taxation; savings in the United States are on a high level and the public is becoming familiar with foreign investments. If the investments of the past six years hold their values, there would seem to be no reason why new foreign investments should not continue for some time on a large scale.

Invisible Items

For various reasons, some of very doubtful validity, American investors seem just now more willing to buy bonds of foreign governments than bonds of American railways. There can be little doubt that the debtor countries intend to use the prestige of debt settlement as the basis for selling new bond issues in this country, and settlements will tend to enhance their credit here.

It is assumed that failure to agree on programs of debt payment may have the result of checking American loans to Europe, and this not as a result of governmental interference but merely as the reaction of the American public. Should this come to pass, it might subsequently react on American exports to Europe. In short, paradoxical as it may seem at first sight, it is possible that American trade with Europe might be injured more by the cessation of American loans to Europe than by debt payments of European countries.

3. Immigrant remittances. Before the war, immigrant remittances were in the neighborhood of $150,000,000 per annum. The remittances of 1924, $300,000,000, were only half those of 1920. When the figure for 1924 is converted to 1913 dollars, the current immigrant remittances are seen to be not greatly in excess of the prewar volume.

It is to be expected that these remittances will decline slowly as a result of the operations of the immigration law and the amelioration of conditions in Europe that have prompted heavy remittances. To the extent that immigrant remittances decline, the absorption of debt payments will be made less easy.

4. Tourist expenditures. Tourist expenditures are on the increase, particularly in the outward direction. It is not to be expected that expenditures of foreign tourists in this country will rise rapidly or notably above the present level, estimated at $100,000,000 per annum. It is to be expected that expenditures of American tourists abroad will rise progressively and notably above the present level of $600,000,000 annually, contingent, of course, on the continuation of prosperity in this country. The war aroused in large classes in the United States the desire to see Europe; what might be termed the technic of travel has been greatly perfected by developments in transportation and banking. Any increase in expenditures of American tourists abroad will facilitate the absorption of international debt payments.

5. Imports of gold and silver may be reduced or increased in a manner not yet predictable. We are supposed to be in for a period of export of gold, but this may be opposed by debt payments made in gold. There is considerable sentiment in Great Britain that her debt payments should be made in gold in order to drive up prices in the United States.

Gold is likely to be required by European countries for the stabilization of currencies; India may continue to make heavy demands for gold in return for goods; new production of gold may not keep pace with the demand outside of the United States. This would favor export of gold—in itself quite definitely regarded in the United States as desirable—and export of gold or the nonimport of gold is facilitated by the active investment of American capital abroad.

6. Imports of merchandise may be increased or exports of merchandise decreased.

These possible variations are discussed below. It is necessary clearly to realize that wide variations in the balance of merchandise trade occur from year to year because of varying abundance or scarcity, and higher or lower prices with different commodities. Our positive balance of exports was $734,000,000 in 1922, $388,000,000 in 1923, and $970,000,000 in 1924. If one were to assume that an increase in debt payments to $400,000,000 would immediately result in a reduction of the net export balance of merchandise trade by $100,000,000 or $200,000,000, such a result might be nullified or exaggerated by fluctuations in our foreign trade such as have occurred in recent years without the occurrence of debt settlement.

There are so many other factors involved in the volumes and values of exports and imports that one must be careful in attributing any variation directly to the influence of debt payment. Reparation payments may have the effect of enabling the creditor country to secure from the debtor goods that would otherwise be secured, possibly at higher price, from another country.

Looking over the figures of the past three years, one is unable to find specific indication that the British payments of $160,000,000 have had any demonstrable effect in the reduction of the figure for balance of export trade in 1924. Certainly no one could undertake to prove as a specific proposition that if the British had not paid us $160,000,000 in 1924, our export balance of merchandise trade—that was $970,000,000—would have been larger by $160,000,000, or by $100,000,000, or by any other figure, or at all. There is no sure way of determining if British payments have made any difference in the merchandise trade between the two countries, directly or triangularly; that she has sold us more or bought from us less in consequence of debt payments. Probably the best way of interpreting their payments is to say that sterling, that would otherwise have gone into foreign investments, has been used to make the payments to us, and would in any case have left Great Britain.

Shifting Factors of Trade

One can picture, with predicated debt payments, three adaptive and overlapping positions in the international account. They are:

Exports and imports sustained or increased, and debt payments compensated for by foreign investments, tourist expenditures, immigrant remittances and reduction of the volume of foreign investments in this country.

Invisible items relatively unchanged, exports sustained, but imports increased.

Invisible items relatively unchanged, imports sustained, but exports reduced.

The items will shift from year to year, with different combinations of adjustment appearing in the corresponding balance sheets.

One important qualification to the effects of debt payment is commonly minimized or totally disregarded in the discussion, and this is the factor of time. When one surveys the international account of the United States during the past five years, one may agree with the theoretical dictum that, ultimately, the Allies' debts must be paid in goods, gold or services and at the same time insist that current payments will not be made in goods during the next five or ten years or possibly longer.

On the basis of recent experiences, it is possible to affirm that invisible items and movements of capital may for a decade, or possibly longer, compensate for debt payments to the United States to the extent of $400,000,000 per annum without the predicted effect upon our merchandise trade. The ultimate method of payment will be deferred by temporary methods of adjustment. Our foreign investments, tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances have for years sustained a heavy excess of exports over imports of goods; they will also, for a time at least, sustain the debt payments of our ex-Allies. There is no reason why the circumstances and occurrences of the past half dozen years should not be extended another five or ten years or possibly longer. Just as long as Americans are willing and able to make large new foreign investments, as long as tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances take into foreign countries $1,000,000,000 or more per annum, debt payments can be absorbed and a positive balance of merchandise trade continued. The maturing and sale of European investments in the United States will effect debt payment and help maintain a continued positive balance of merchandise trade.

Eventually, with the rising tide of interest on our expanding foreign investments, the time will come—disregarding the items of gold movement and services—when our exports must decline or our imports increase, or both, relatively to each other. But none can forecast when the transition will occur. It is possible, however, to suggest, for other reasons, that in about fifteen years a transition may be expected to occur in imports and exports, parallel to that to be expected as the effect of debt payments and the interest and dividends on foreign investments.

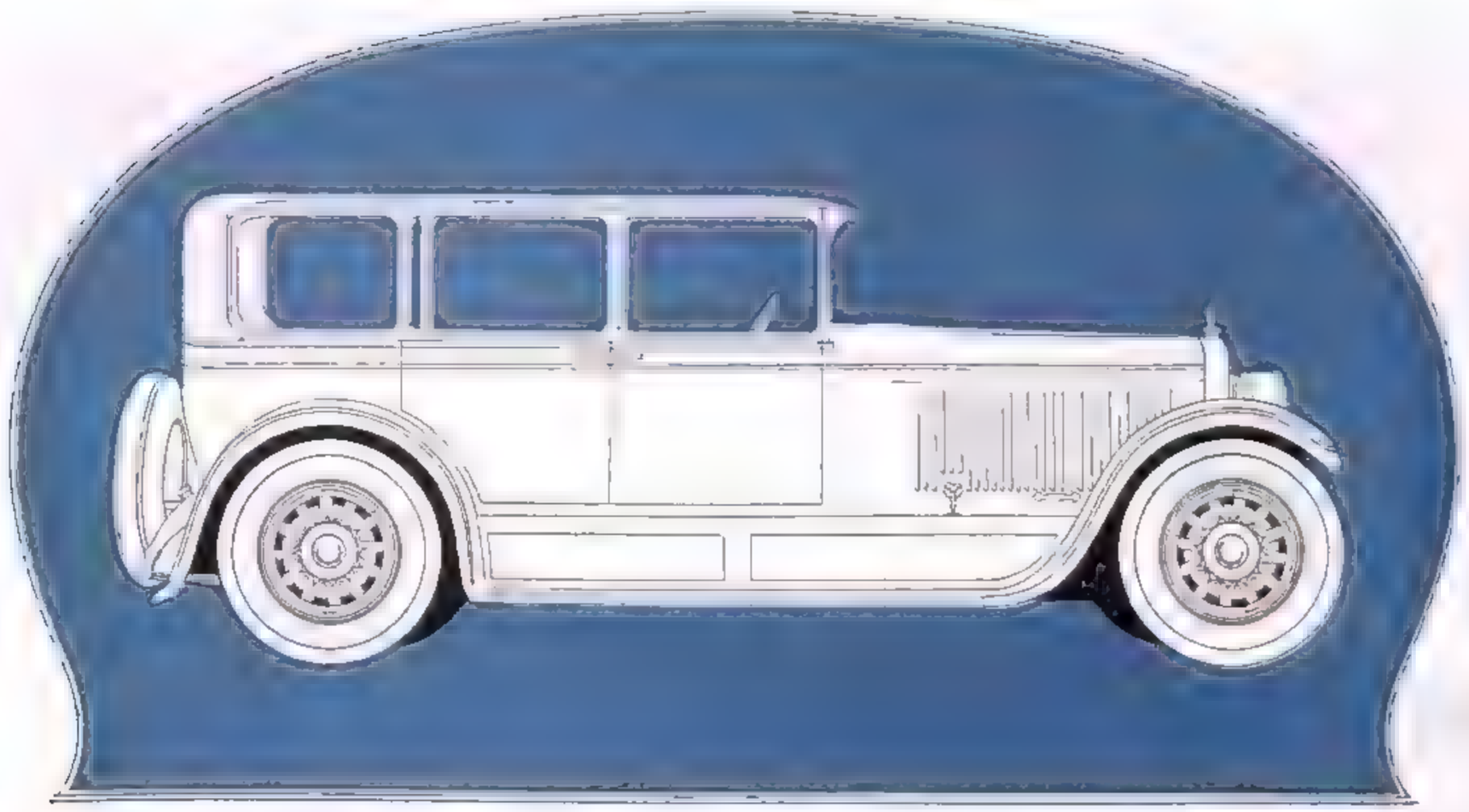
After Fifteen Years

The relation of our population to our agriculture suggests that we may expect a definite change in the ratio of imports to exports in possibly fifteen years. Before the war our exports of agricultural products were declining. The war brought about an artificial reëxpansion of our agriculture. This war expansion is being gradually corrected. We have been exporting foodstuffs sufficient to sustain 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 people. It is a reasonable view of the trend of our agriculture to suggest that in about fifteen years our population will have caught up with our agriculture; that, thenceforth, our agriculture will expand with our population; and that after fifteen years we shall, for agricultural reasons of our own, have discontinued any notable export of staple grains. This means a gradual decline of our exports as the result of increase of population, with a comparatively stationary agriculture.

It is important to stress the fact that we face the decline in the export of this group of commodities for internal reasons, and this is in the same direction as the action of debt payments. One must, therefore, be chary in the future in ascribing to the influence of debt payments the decline in agricultural production that is to be anticipated entirely outside of the influence of debt payments, and would occur in any event. Accompanying this decline in exports will be an increase in imports of foodstuffs not produced in the United States.

The international debt problem is thus primarily the question of the capacity of debtors to pay, to produce a surplus and transfer this to the creditor country. It is only secondary, quite inconsequently, the problem of our capacity to receive. In so far as debt payments are to be made in terms of goods, these are for some time expected to be the smaller part. Other things being equal, we expect to pass through the transitory stage of the coming decade or two without domestic disturbances due directly or indirectly to the goods representing the debt payments. The transition ought to be gradual, almost insensible, with the new equilibrium relatively easily attained. The later situation may hold some risk for the next generation, politically perhaps more than economically.

(Continued on Page 163



Women who have been frightened

Women who have been frightened while driving a car with bulky wooden corner posts that hide an approaching car only two seconds away, may feel perfectly safe in the new Jordan Observation Sedan.

The new all steel body makes you feel as if you were riding in an observation car. That's vision.

Besides, it is quiet just as a steel Pullman is more quiet than the old wooden kind. And it's safe.

The new Jordan Line Eight Sedan is the lowest priced eight cylinder enclosed car in America.

New style—new comfort—new economy—great simplicity—the first quality light eight in the market—a new leader among motor cars.

People once thought eights were complicated—but not the line eight. Some thought they were extravagant to operate—not this with seventeen miles to the gallon.

But the wonderful thing is the feeling of smooth, flowing power and great reserve. That's what all experienced motorists love.

Sedan $1845. Playboy $1695.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Prices quoted, f. o. b. Cleveland. Add Federal Tax

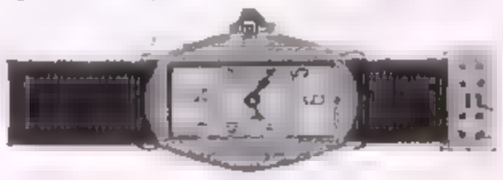
JORDAN

A marvelous day in late December—a splendid tang in the wintry air—a holiday spirit and a wonderful girl home from school. Well—father has to have a good time—and that's that.

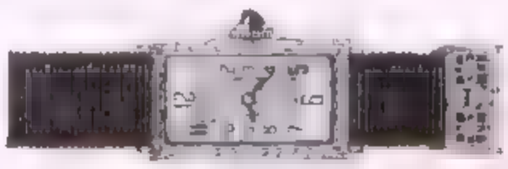
BULOVA

SULTANA
Solid platinum hand carved case; 70 diamonds and 18 sapphires; 17 jewel $750.00

HELENE
18 kt. solid white gold, platinum top; 12 diamonds and 8 sapphires; 17 jewel $175.00



PRUDENCE
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $37.50

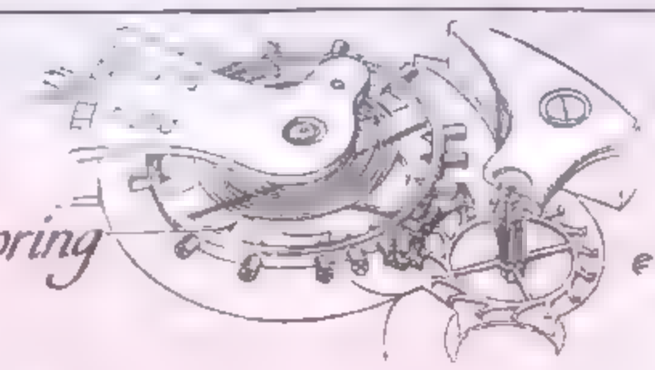


JOAN
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel. $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $40.00

MERMAID
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel $40.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $35.00

PRISCILLA
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $37.50

STEEL—*More Costly than Platinum!*

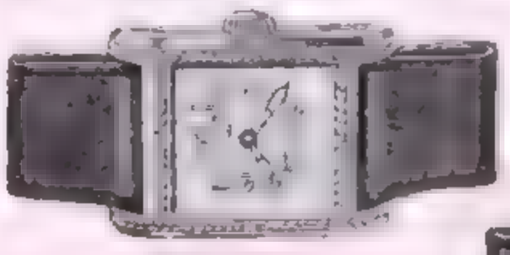


Hair Spring

YOU wind the stem of your Bulova Watch between your thumb and index finger—slip it on your wrist—then, for twenty-four hours, it ticks away each moment with absolute precision.

In all weathers—in sunshine or rain—indoors or out—it dutifully goes on. It knows no excuse for inaccuracy.

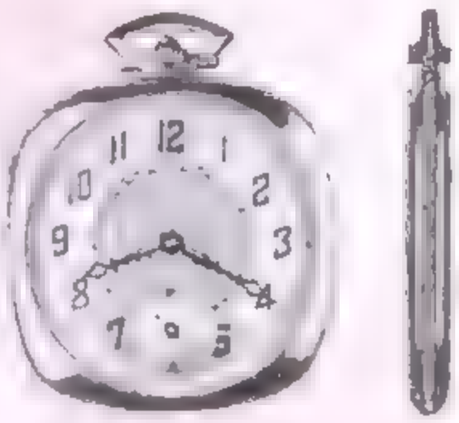
Beneath its dial, mechanical genius has reached its highest degree of perfection. Each minute part is so skilfully balanced that in place of the clumsy, yet fragile watch of old, we have the beautiful, yet durable, BULOVA.



EXECUTIVE
14 kt. gold filled, handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial $45.00
With 15 jewel movement, $40.00

BANKER
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel; radium dial $28.50

Banker



DEXTER
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; very thin; 17 jewel $125.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel $50.00

Aristocrat of Beauty

WATCHES

Of vital importance is the General of all the parts—the hair spring. For every other part is an obedient soldier to its commands. It releases with uncanny precision the twenty-four hours of time made prisoner within the movement.

Generations of painstaking effort developed the BULOVA hair spring. It is made of Premier steel (the heart of the ore), tempered and re-tempered, refined and re-refined, until it is finally drawn through a series of holes in genuine diamonds, reducing its thickness little by little until it is as fine as the finest silken thread. So costly is this process that each little spring costs more than it would were it made of platinum.

When you buy a Bulova Watch you buy unfailing reliability. The name BULOVA on the dial is outer assurance of its inner worth. It will do its duty conscientiously, loyally, year after year, generation after generation.

Whether you select a man's pocket watch or a ladies' wrist watch—whether you pay $25 or $2500—the name BULOVA on the dial is your assurance of a perfect timepiece. Bulova Watches vary in price only as they vary in design. They are identical in dependability.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY • *Since 1875* • Fifth Avenue, New York

Ask to see these Beautiful Watches at the better Jewelers

DUCHESS
Solid platinum, hand carved case; 12 diamonds and 8 sapphires, 17 jewel $250.00

PENELOPE
18 kt. solid white gold; 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires, set in platinum, 15 jewel $75.00

REGENT
14 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; with triangular cut sapphires; 15 jewel $65.00

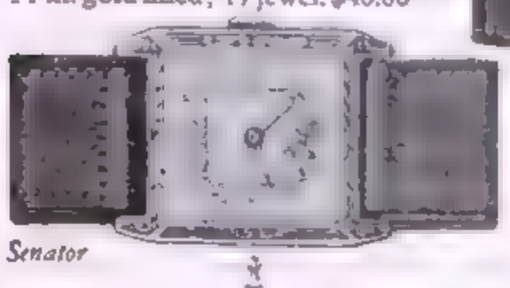
BEVERLY
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $40.00

PATER
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel $37.50
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $28.50

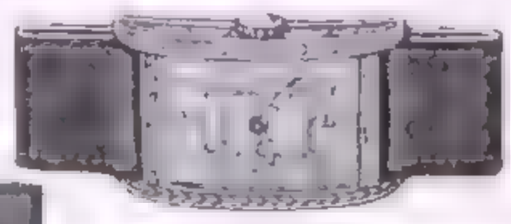
PRINCINE
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $28.50

CAVALIER
14 kt. solid gold, hand carved; 17 jewel $85.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel $40.00

SENATOR
14 kt. gold, handsomely carved, 17 jewel; radium dial..... $75.00
14 kt. gold filled, 17 jewel. $40.00



Senator



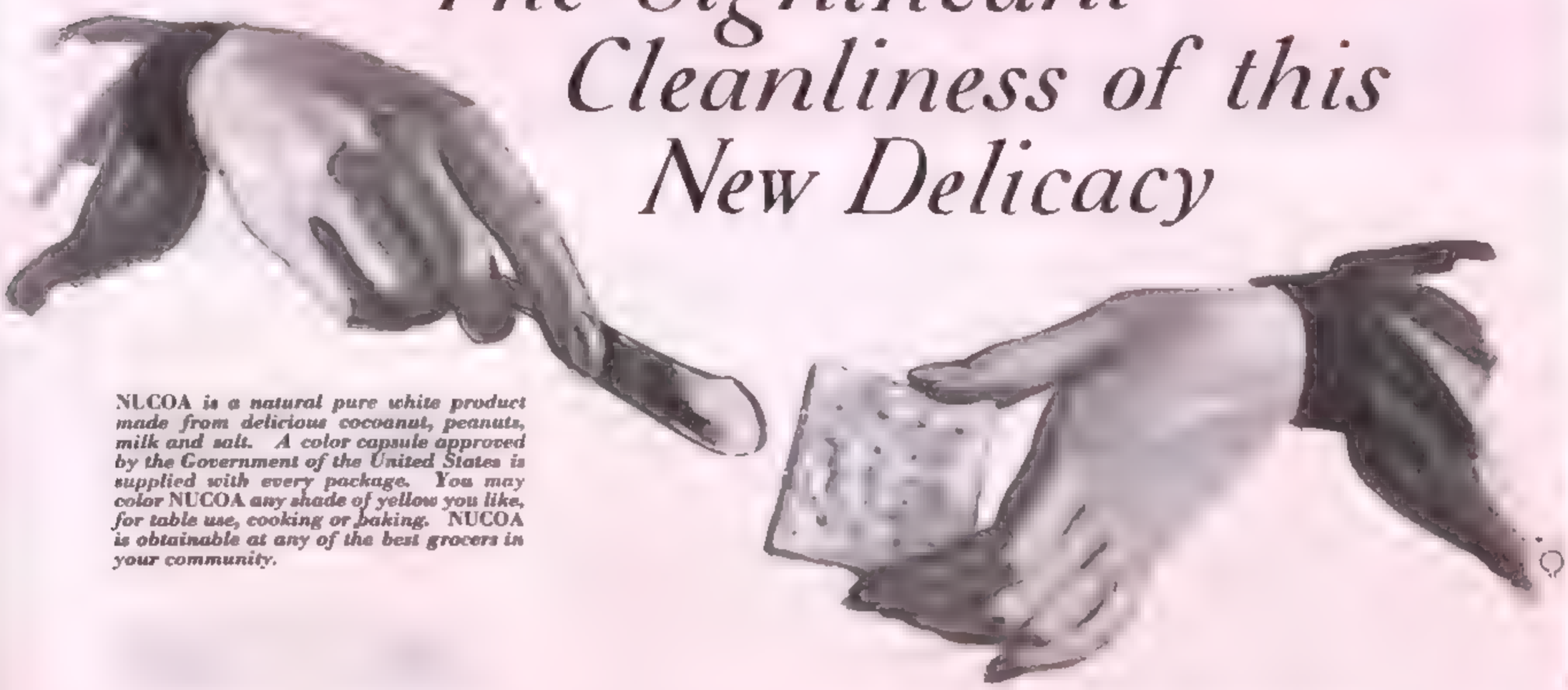
PRESIDENT
14 kt. gold, handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial $85.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel. $50.00

Autocrat of Time.

For your protection the name Bulova is stamped on the dial and the Bulova mark indicated inside the case.

WDT

The Significant Cleanliness of this New Delicacy



NUCOA *is a natural pure white product made from delicious cocoanut, peanuts, milk and salt. A color capsule approved by the Government of the United States is supplied with every package. You may color* NUCOA *any shade of yellow you like, for table use, cooking or baking.* NUCOA *is obtainable at any of the best grocers in your community.*

PARDON our pride as we tell you about Nucoa, because this pride protects you. (*The food manufacturer without pride gets careless about details.*)

Some people think we are foolish to spend around $100,000 extra per year just for the glassine wrapper on the outside of the Nucoa package.

But we leave you to judge if it isn't worth it—as your final protection of all that's gone before.

Nucoa is naturally wholesome—a preparation of cocoanuts, peanuts, pasteurized milk, salt—*and nothing else.*

First it is mixed in *sterilized* and *sealed* white enamelled containers.

Then it is drawn off into a continual cascade of pure iced-water which solidifies it.

After that it "rests" and "ripens" for 36 hours in spotless, cool tempering rooms.

Then the pure salt is added and worked through it. Then mechanical dividers shape the full-pound squares.

It is automatically wrapped and shipped in its original packages. (Nucoa is never sold in bulk.)

Every 24 hours all the equipment used in making Nucoa is cleansed and sterilized with live steam.

Each morning all workers and attendants put on freshly laundered white uniforms.

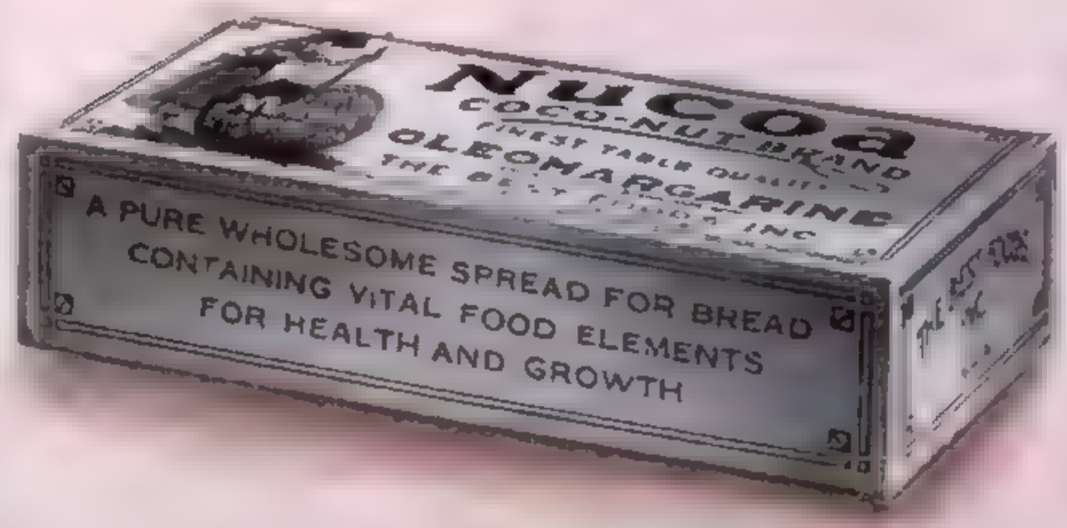
Every modern appliance to replace human hands is in use.

In view of all this, who wouldn't be glad to spend $100,000 extra for wrapping paper?

And where is the family that wouldn't welcome dainty little Nucoa Pats served on the table with bread and the use of Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods?

THE BEST FOODS, Inc.

New York • Chicago • San Francisco



Nucoa

—"the FOOD of the FUTURE"

Serve dainty Nucoa Pats on the table with bread and use Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods

(Continued from Page 158)

The effect of debt payments is different on a debtor country with a positive balance in the international account from that on one with a negative balance. In a country like France, raising by taxation a revenue to be employed in international debt payment is held to tend to depress consumption and facilitate export trade. In the case of Great Britain, on the contrary, diverting money from new foreign investments to international debt payment is held to have the effect of depressing export trade. Because we are able to find no definite sign that the British payments to date have worked injury to American industries, one must not dispute the clear fact that they have worked injury to British industries.

It is important for the creditor country to realize that capacity to pay, in the sense of reflecting the domestic earning power of the debtor country, must be contrasted with the capacity to transfer payments, in order to avoid the error of assuming that countries whose capacities to pay are equal are in the same position with respect to their capacities to transfer.

Britain's Vantage Ground

The capacity of Great Britain to transfer payments rests on a different basis from those of France and Italy. Great Britain stands on vantage ground through the possession of large foreign holdings that are not at the disposal of France and Italy. According to the British Board of Trade, the net invisible exports of Great Britain were more than $1,400,000,000 in 1922, nearly $1,400,000,000 in 1923, and more than $1,600,000,000 in 1924. Despite the fact that the British regard their imports of merchandise as having been excessive and their exports of merchandise depressed in those years, the excess of invisible exports left each year a large positive balance in the international account available for investment overseas. This balance may be fairly adjudged as having averaged close to $500,000,000 annually in recent years. This is confirmed by the fact that new oversea issues appeared on the London market to the extent of $598,000,000 in 1922, $622,000,000 in 1923, and $592,000,000 in 1924.

The debt payments of Great Britain merely mean, so far as the transfer is concerned, the subtraction of the amount paid us from the amount passing annually overseas for investment, some of it into our own country. In fact, the annual interest and dividends on British holdings in the United States are probably sufficient to carry the largest part of annual British debt payments to the United States. The foreign holdings of France are not measurable in the sense in which the foreign holdings of Great Britain are known—the holdings of interest-bearing foreign investments have fallen below $3,000,000,000 probably—but it is certain that the income from French foreign holdings is small in comparison with that of Great Britain. The Italian foreign holdings are negligible.

Throughout the consideration of this subject one must avoid assuming that the transfer of a certain volume of goods will depend directly upon debt payment and is, indeed, the ultimate and exclusive result of it. It may be urged that higher taxation in debtor countries will lower the plane of consumption, and make available for export goods that would be consumed in the absence of the taxes designed to effect the debt payments.

It may be also urged that the general endeavor of the debtor country to make debt payments will result in increased production of goods. But against all this stands the commercial fact that producers and exporters in the debtor countries will produce all the goods they can dispose of remuneratively, irrespective of the international obligations of their governments. This point has been stressed by Keynes in pointing out that there can be no injury to British industry in accepting, as reparation payments, goods that would enter in any event. Desirous of bettering the economic positions of their industries and of their countries, and doubly desirous of enlarging their profits, industries in debtor countries will use every endeavor to secure the maximum foreign trade available under competitive conditions. German dye makers are out to reacquire the dye markets of the world, independent of any consideration of reparation payments.

Broadly considered, it is probably true that the continued transfers of large international payments tend to raise the relative price level in the creditor country and lower it in the debtor country, which would have the effect of stimulating exports from debtor to creditor country and depressing exports from creditor to debtor country. But with all consideration of the scope of price influences, it remains substantially true that debt payments cannot be expected to result in exports from the debtor country greatly in excess of the volume otherwise to have been expected as the expression of manufacturing capacity and trading efficiency.

There is no side-stepping the fact that particular industries—large and important, small and unimportant, numerous or isolated—may be injured, for the time being and possibly for a long time, through the receipt of goods representing debt payments. These individual and isolated injuries are to be contrasted with the general good accruing to the creditor country as a whole through the securing of goods and the lowering of taxes corresponding to retirement of domestic debt liquidated through the foreign payments. To a large extent debt payments to the government are transferred to the people as increased purchasing power. In effect goods received in postwar debt payments are merely the return of goods sent to the Allies during the war.

The simplest way to visualize debt payment with goods is to picture the debtor country buying domestic goods with tax revenues, sending them into the creditor country, selling them there and turning the proceeds over to the treasury of the creditor country as debt payment. Government handling of export of goods has been repeatedly done since the war, and, of course, was the rule during the war. The wheat and rye exports of Russia, two years ago, represented grain purchased by the government from peasants, transported to and sold in the importing countries of Western Europe. Some of the German reparation payments-in-kind have been of this character. It is more than doubtful whether such procedures will be resorted to in carrying out debt payments to this country. We have an antidumping law; a governmental movement of foreign goods into this country might be construed as a violation of this law, if the goods came into direct competition with corresponding domestic goods.

Noncompetitive Exports

Official handling of exports for purposes of debt payments would be opposed by producers, bankers and traders in debtor and creditor countries alike, as tending to disorganization of trade and destruction of private initiative. But the governments of debtor countries might undertake to aid exporters in transferring goods to creditor countries and probably would do so.

It is advantageous, however, to make use of the example of direct governmental control of exports, in order to illustrate the different reactions in the creditor country depending upon the character of the goods. If the Italian Government were to send shipments of raw silk into the United States this would conflict with no interest of producers, but would represent an encroachment on the operations of importers that previously brought in Italian raw silk, and would indirectly involve importers dealing in French and Oriental raw silk. Similarly, direct governmental shipments of rubber, tin and jute by Great Britain might be pictured. The arrangements for the exportation of French potash to this country practically amount to governmental control.

Control by debtor governments of the transfer of noncompetitive materials that would in any event be imported into the creditor country would represent the minimal interference with the business of the creditor country.

Very different would be the situation, however, if debtor governments were to offer payment in the form of finished goods directly competitive with domestic goods of the creditor country. A shipment of Sheffield cutlery by Great Britain, of structural steel by Belgium, of leather ware by France, may serve as illustrations.

Somewhere between these extremes will lie the actual outcome in the transfer of goods representing debt payments. The debtor countries will undertake to send goods with the largest relative content of resources and services; the creditor countries will endeavor to restrict delivery of goods to classes representing the lowest competition with their resources and services, and the least interference of business. In the final analysis the volumes of goods transferred will depend upon the quality of goods, adaptation to the tastes and standards of the creditor country, price and skill in merchandising.

In practice we expect debtor governments to acquire from traders and bankers commercial paper of all kinds convertible into the currency of the creditor country, which means that the bills of exchange thus secured may represent direct, triangular, quadrangular or any other conceivable trade relationships. Though it is more difficult to secure bills of exchange flowing from triangular and quadrangular trades than from direct trades, nevertheless, it is to be assumed that bills of international trade appear on a more or less common market. In the case of Great Britain, this common market happens to be within the country, which is not the case with France, still less so with Italy. This means that in the cases of France and Italy the bills of exchange available within the country for purchase by the government are limited by the volume of merchandise trade, and this is a substantial disadvantage for those countries, contrasted with the position of Great Britain.

Commercial Paper

The commercial paper collected by the debtor country to be turned over to the creditor country is, of course, not limited to common foreign trade and bank bills, but may include bills of credit, currencies, coupons of government bonds and industrial shares, and, indeed, the bonds and shares themselves. American securities maturing in debtor countries will be sought out by their governments, who may also engage in the purchase of not-yet-maturing securities. If the nationals of debtor countries were to place their foreign holdings at the disposal of their governments, as was done during the war, these governments would feel inclined gradually to buy these and use them in their annual debt payments.

It will be in the form of these several, varied and heterogeneous kinds of commercial paper that the debtor countries will make their annual payments, rather than with gold or actual goods. For a time we expect commercial paper representing invisible items and capital movements to predominate; later the commercial paper will represent more largely the export of goods to this country. Contrary to much apprehensive opinion that has been widely disseminated, there are safe grounds for believing that the transition from the first to the second type of payment will not be violent, but gradual; and American industries will have ample notice and time to make the necessary adjustments for the new equilibrium.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Taylor. The next will appear in an early issue.

"It's the Point"

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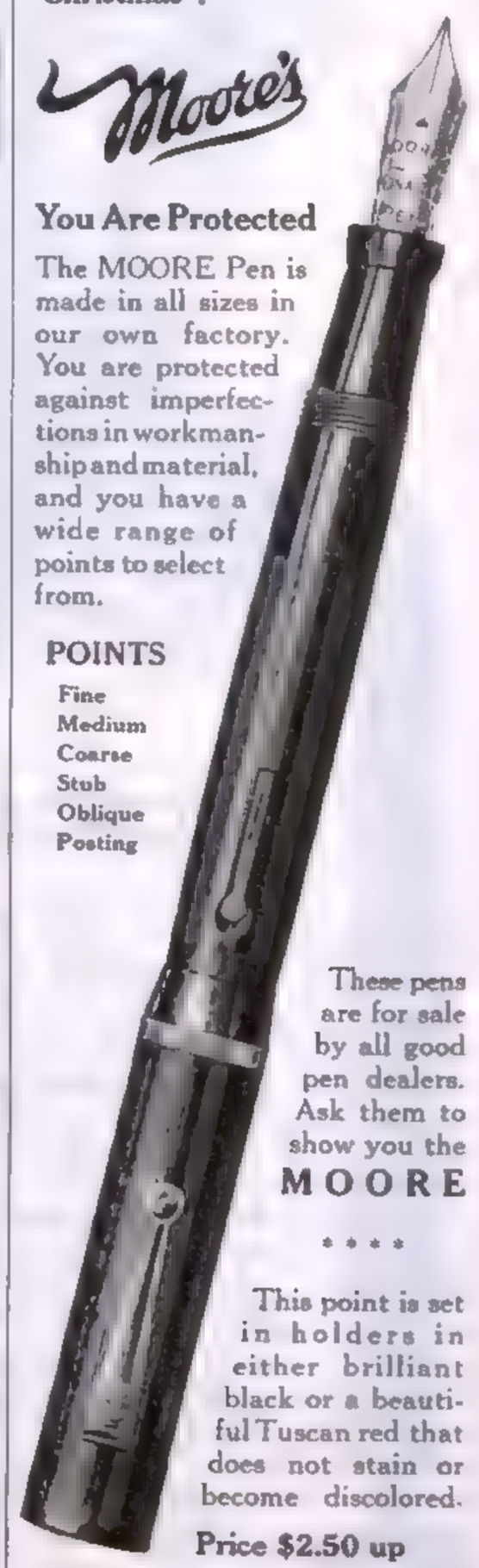

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SIR ORACLE

(Continued from Page 9)

over Babbidge and Jefford and Staples and rested at once on Enoch Merithew.

The great man appeared to be unconscious that a stranger had entered. He sat in his habitual abstraction at his desk, his eyes fixed upon a pad before him where certain figures were; and the salesman, a brisk and alert young man in a light suit and a soft straw hat, which he did not at once remove, crossed to this desk and rested his fingers on its top.

"Morning, Mr. Merithew," he said brightly.

Merithew lifted cold eyes, but he made no reply. Even a bold young man must have been abashed by that stony regard.

But this salesman said in a friendly tone, "I've a bond issue to put before you, sir, some tax-exempt municipals we're just bringing out. Martin & Forbes. My name is Jason."

Merithew seemed to weigh his words.

"Sir," he said steadily, "I do not care to deal with a man who comes into my office without removing his hat and showing the respect due to an older man."

The miserable salesman flushed to the temples, and he snatched the offending hat from his head.

"Why, I beg your pardon, sir," he said contritely, and he laughed a little. "Guess I was embarrassed, sir. I didn't mean any disrespect. Just plain scared; that's all that was the matter with me."

The great man had returned to his pad and his figures; he did not lift his head.

"I'd like to talk to you about these bonds," the salesman suggested. Merithew seemed not to hear. "They're very well worth while," the young man persisted. He was brave; he even—in the face of Merithew's continued silence—tried once more. But in the end he drew back from the desk, puzzled and angry; and at last his eyes turned about the room, studying the other men there. Babbidge typed busily, his eyes upon his notes, Staples bent over a ledger. Only Jefford dared meet the young man's eyes and grin.

So the salesman went away. But Jefford, as the young man disappeared, made a note upon a bit of paper—"Jason. Martin & Forbes." And he slipped this into the pocket of his coat. Jason might be an ally worth having, in that which he already planned to do.

Somewhat later on, Babbidge brought his tray of letters for Merithew's signature, laid them before the man and withdrew to his desk with the demeanor of one expecting a blow.

The blow came a moment later, for his buzzer sounded, and when he approached Merithew the great man said sternly, "This letter is not finished."

Babbidge looked at it.

"That was the one where I couldn't hear what you said, sir," he explained.

"It is your business to hear," said Merithew, and handed him the letter. "Finish it."

Babbidge turned white. "But I didn't hear ——" he stammered; then fell back as though he had rebounded from Merithew's stony front and returned to his desk.

He sat down there and put a sheet of paper in his machine and made a great pretense of writing. Jefford wondered what would happen next. What did happen was that Staples crossed quietly to Babbidge's side and spoke to him in an undertone, and they consulted together; and when, a little later, the stenographer laid a new copy of the letter on Merithew's desk it passed without objection.

At half after twelve Babbidge went to lunch; at one Merithew himself departed, Babbidge returning; and Staples told Jefford to take the next half hour. Upon Jefford's return, Staples went out. Thus between one-thirty and two Jefford and Babbidge had the office to themselves; and Jefford undertook to question Babbidge, to discover whether the incidents of the morning were usual, or simply the manifestation of a passing mood on the part of their master.

But Babbidge was quite unwilling to commit himself. He would only say, "I'm sure my employment here is satisfactory. I cannot complain."

Jefford thought of him with pity, but he could not find it possible to feel scornfully toward the humble little man. He wondered if Staples would be equally noncommittal.

His curiosity was by this time intense and active. But Merithew returned before Staples, so that he had no immediate chance to question the chief clerk.

During the afternoon an itinerant knife sharpener came in to grind and whet the erasing blades used on the ledgers, and he set himself to work by the light near Merithew's desk. When he had been there a little time, he remarked to Merithew, "A nice day, sir." Merithew did not lift his eyes, and the man spoke a little louder. "A nice day, ain't it?" When the great man still seemed not to hear, the man raised his tone to such a pitch that it could not be ignored. "I said it's a nice day," he insisted.

Merithew was forced to reply; he did so characteristically.

"You," he said, fixing the knife sharpener with his eye—"you are here to do your work, not to annoy me!" The man subsided like a rag.

Before leaving the office that afternoon, Merithew took occasion to chide Jefford. Jefford had used on the ledger in his charge a fountain pen with blue ink. Merithew, having occasion to inspect the page, remarked this; and he said quietly, "You should use steel pens, black ink, young man. You will remove this sheet and copy it properly."

Jefford hesitated, controlling his temper; then he came to his feet with a click of his heels and flung his hand to his brow in salute.

"Aye, aye, admiral!" he said crisply.

Merithew seemed, somewhat surprisingly, to be disturbed by this; he even hesitated for a moment, as though uncertain what to say; and Jefford had a momentary glimpse of something timid and shrinking in the other's eyes.

But the great man so far recovered himself as to say, "You are not at sea!"

He made this the last word by turning away, and a moment later left the office, left the three underlings alone. So soon as the door had closed behind him, Jefford swung in his seat to speak to the chief clerk.

"I say, Mr. Staples," he asked, "is he always like this? Or is this an off day?"

Staples hesitated; then he said gravely, "You are under no compulsion to stay here."

"His regular game, eh?" Jefford commented, as though the other's reply had been specific. "It's a wonder someone don't puncture him."

"Your work will have to be satisfactory," Staples told him.

Jefford grinned at the older man.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I'm the most satisfactory little worker you ever saw. Watch me go from now on! Watch me, that's all!"

He did not think it wise to confide to Staples his already-formed determination to do some satisfactory work on Enoch Merithew. During the ensuing days he devoted himself to the tasks assigned him, was as subservient as Babbidge himself, fitted completely into the routine of the office. His books were in order, his files clean; and he did not seek to discuss the weather with Mr. Merithew again. Staples, who had watched him for the first few days, decided that Jefford had adjusted himself to his surroundings, and his vigilance relaxed.

Jefford was by that time completely absorbed in the details of his plan.

Jefford had come to work in the office of the Caridan estate upon a day in July. Merithew, who consistently maintained his attitude that the members of his office force were merely hands and never brains, took no measures to conceal from them any particulars of the business he did. Thus, after three or four months of service—say, by the end of October—there was very little which concerned the Caridan family or the Caridan estate which Jefford did not know or could not know if he chose

This may have accounted for the unusual interest he displayed in a caller whom Merithew had on the morning of November fourth. This caller was a large young man, somewhat over six feet, with a broad and powerful frame, though not an overly heavy one; he had a loud and domineering voice; he wore a small mustache which gave him vaguely the appearance of an Englishman; and he limped slightly, dragging one foot a little, with a suggestion of deformity.

He stepped into the office without announcement, closed the door behind him, clasped his hands over the handle of the heavy cane he carried and looked about with a surveying eye. Merithew did not raise his head, nor did Babbidge. But Jefford looked at the newcomer, and so did Staples; and Staples—as the stranger continued to stand in this position—rose and approached him.

"Your business, sir," he said in that manner which by long association with Merithew he had acquired.

The tall young man surveyed him.

"You are hardly Merithew," he suggested, his accent broadly English.

"You wish to see Mr. Merithew?" Staples inquired, glancing toward the great man at his desk. The other followed his eyes, turned across the room and left Staples helpless there.

"Ah, Merithew!" he boomed. "H'are you?"

Merithew did not lift his eyes; and the young man looked at him for a moment, then called over his shoulder to Staples, "Deaf, is he? What?"

Jefford grinned into his ledger. The caller had not even removed his insolently broad-brimmed hat. That brim had a curve which was a walking insult; it leered above the wearer's right eye, it scowled above his left.

The visitor did not wait for Staples to reply; he dropped his cane with a clatter across Merithew's very desk, almost under his eyes, and he shouted, "Merithew!"

So Merithew looked up, and his glance was bleak and cold.

"Ah, that started you, eh?" the young man commented. He left his cane where it was, tossed his gloves beside it, lifted a chair from the window and sat down by the desk. "Some bonds here," he said, fumbling in his pocket. "Rather good English stuff. Bound to interest you."

Merithew came to his feet, and this in itself was an indication of his anger.

"Sir," he said, "I do not care to deal with you!"

"Ho!" the young man exclaimed in some surprise. "Deal with my bonds then."

"I do not deal with a man who fails in proper respect," Merithew told him. "Your manner is atrocious."

"I say, though," the other urged, "that doesn't change my bonds, now does it? I ask you."

"I have nothing to say to you," Merithew replied.

The other relaxed more comfortably in his chair.

"So," he commented, his tone curiously altered. "Well, that was what I'd heard. Must lose a lot of good things that way, Merithew. Rather an ass, aren't you? I mean to say, if a man has a good thing, all the better—what? If he happens to be a fool at the same time, so much to your advantage"

Merithew sat down, and at this the visitor got to his feet; he moved around the desk.

"Pop up!" he suggested. "I want to sit there—have a look at things."

He touched Merithew's shoulder, grasped it; and the older man recoiled from this touch to his feet.

His visitor immediately sat down as he had threatened; and Merithew, purple with indignation, cried, "Sir!"

The other looked at him.

"My chair, after all, you know," he said quizzically, "if I choose to sit in it. Joel's or mine."

Merithew faded from purple to gray.

"Joel?"

"I'm Luke Caridan, you ass," the young man said mildly; and he seemed forthwith to forget the other's presence, began to shuffle papers to and fro, to draw out this drawer and that, to rummage their contents. He was a long time at this business, giving Merithew no glance at all; and the great man stood aside, trembling and shaken, for a space, till his voice could be controlled again.

"Why was I not informed of your coming?" Merithew asked at last, trying to be steady.

"Why should you be?" Caridan countered. "Surprise you if I chose—what?"

Merithew stood uncertainly.

"You have credentials, perhaps?" he inquired.

"Don't be more of an ass than you must!" Caridan advised, still busy at the desk; and Merithew, after a moment, surrendered; he drew near, diffidently.

"I am very glad to welcome you home, sir," he said courteously.

Caridan cocked an eye at him.

"Eh, what?" he commented. "Are you then? Come over you a bit sudden, seems to me. I mean to say, you didn't exactly fall on my neck, or anything of the kind, when I first came in."

"Your masquerade," said Merithew defensively.

"What's the matter with my masquerade?" Caridan inquired. "I say now, care to criticize my masquerade?"

"It was unnecessary," Merithew insisted.

"Why not let me judge of that," Caridan reminded him. "I mean to say, what business is it of yours, and all that, if I care to camouflage a bit—eh?"

He waited for the other's answer, prompted him.

"My affair, isn't it?" he insisted.

"Oh, quite," Merithew agreed.

"Right," said Caridan. He nodded again. "Heard you rode a high horse," he confessed. "Thought I'd see for myself. Made rather an ass of yourself, didn't you?" He laughed loudly. "You've no idea what a stretch I had to keep a straight face. Rather good, wasn't I? Always thought I'd like to try the stage." He added more seriously, "Wouldn't wonder if you'd cost Joel and me a good bit with your high horse, my friend. Wasn't your money, though. Didn't care, what?"

"You'll find everything in order," Merithew told him.

"Not so sure of that," Caridan replied. "Stow this stuff away. I'm through with it." Merithew drew near to obey, but the other stopped him. "Never mind. Get me last year's ledger."

(Continued on Page 170)

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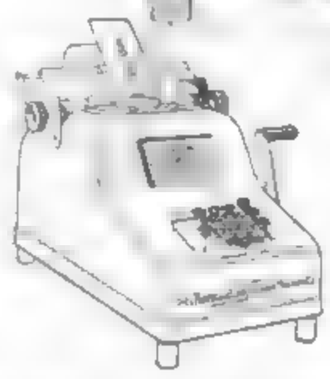

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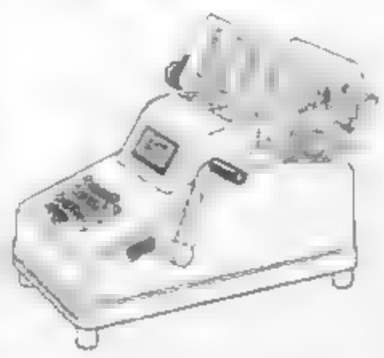

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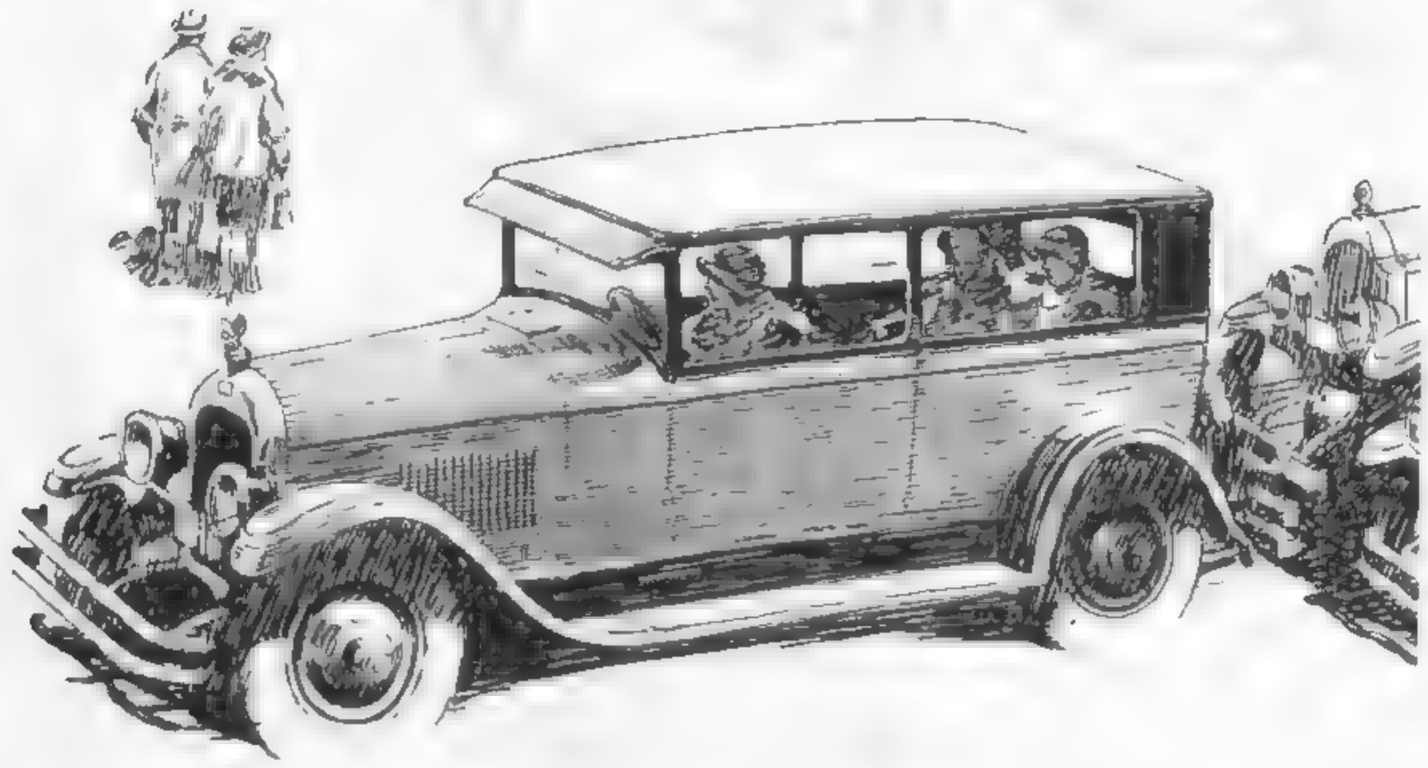

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The New-Day
JEWETT SIX

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More costly to manufacture than other types, hydraulic 4-wheel brakes as perfected by Paige are the ultimate in simplicity, in perfect equalization, in swift and positive action and in the security they lend to driving. No lubrication is necessary.

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This is by hundreds of dollars the lowest priced car with hydraulic brakes as standard equipment.

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The shapely, steel-built body of The New-Day Jewett Sedan will be a revelation in the effective utilization of interior space.

Actually more leg and seating room than in many 120 inch wheelbase sedans! More generous interior dimensions than any other closed car of corresponding overall size! Get in or out of the rear seat without disturbing those in front.

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The Deadly "Blind Spot" Eliminated

Characteristic of the almost numberless advances embodied in The New-Day Jewett is the pillar construction.

Here the use of steel furnishes greatest possible strength, yet gives a pillar so much narrower than the conventional type that the deadly "blind spot" may fairly be said to be completely eliminated. No closed car driver need be told the profound significance of this vital improvement!

And the sweep of clear glass back to the rear quarter is almost uninterrupted, giving both front and rear seat vision so far unequalled.

The same steel construction makes a body of tremendous sturdiness. Exterior finish is lasting and richly beautiful double tone lacquer.

And Jewett's Lowest Price

The final surprise in this car of surprises is its price!

Product of the fine Paige-Jewett craftsmanship that, for 17 years, has been "always making them finer," The New-Day Jewett is likewise the brilliant embodiment of the tremendous economies made possible by Paige and Jewett success.

So, with its innumerable new-day features and improvements—with its dashing performance, its mastery of traffic, its beauty, roominess, comfort, substantial quality—with all that you could or would expect in a true new-day automobile—this Jewett Sedan is still by a very wide margin *the lowest priced Jewett closed car ever built!*

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Let nothing prevent your seeing The New-Day Jewett without delay! And do not stop with a casual inspection, for the better you learn to know this car the more you will appreciate its unusualness –its right to be known as "The New-Day Car For New-Day Needs."

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(Continued from Page 165)

Merithew said, "Staples ——" But Caridan interrupted.

"Never mind Staples. Pop over and get it yourself. I want to see if you know what's going on in the office, and so on and so on."

Merithew hesitated, then obeyed him. He returned with the heavy book and laid it on the desk; and he would have sat down in Caridan's abandoned chair, but the other checked him.

"Don't sit down. Slack, that; sitting down all the while. Besides, I shall want you to move around a bit. Let's see first if you know the book." He opened the ledger. "Let's have it now. Gross income in March?" Merithew named a figure. "Not round numbers," Caridan warned. "Down to the cent."

"I don't burden my memory with details of that nature," Merithew protested.

"Eh?" the other exclaimed. "Why, you bloated ass, what do we pay you for? You're here to do your work, burden your blessed memory." He hesitated, added quickly, "You've a short way about you I don't like, Merithew. Good many tricks I don't like. My last draft was three days late. Annoying. You're here to do your work properly, not to annoy me."

He turned to the ledger again, leaving Merithew speechless; and a moment later mumbled some word under his breath, striking the sheet with his open hand.

"Sir?" said Merithew. Caridan looked at him brusquely. "I did not hear you," Merithew explained.

"That's your business, to hear me," Caridan told him. "What you're paid for, you understand."

Merithew looked at the other's head, indifferently bowed over the pages in front of him; and then the great man looked around the room. He did not wear the aspect of a great man in this moment; there was something pitifully frightened and appealing in his eyes. But there was no one to see his weakness. Staples was absorbed in his filing cabinets, Jefford bent over his ledger, and little Babbidge, with that curious suggestion of pantomime, busily wrote and wrote upon his typewriter. Babbidge, it should be understood, was a man with a family to support, and Merithew's shame was strictly outside his concern. At half after twelve he scurried away to lunch, and there was about his retreating back something curiously suggestive of the back of one who escapes.

Caridan had by that time been in the office for an hour, and Merithew's ordeal was more bitter as the minutes passed. He was kept trotting to and fro upon the errands of an office boy; he was forced to listen to reproach and upbraiding, and silenced when he would have spoken in his own defense; and as a crowning indignity he was compelled at last to stand beside the desk and discuss the weather, to an interminable length. Staples came to Jefford's side and whispered his intention to take his lunch early, and Jefford guessed that the other dared not stay and watch the shameful spectacle. So for a while Jefford was left with them alone.

Youth is cruel. Jefford was enjoying himself; he had no desire to go.

Caridan said that the day was fine, and Merithew reluctantly agreed with him.

Caridan suggested that it had grown cloudy since morning; that a fog might come in before night. Merithew ventured the opinion that fogs hereabouts were rare. Caridan told him loudly that he knew nothing about fogs.

"I've seen enough of them," he insisted. "I know the signs."

Merithew tried to be silent, but Caridan made him agree that a fog was probable. And when Merithew at last said grudgingly, "It may be foggy," Caridan changed the point of attack.

"Or rather," he suggested. "Much more likely, I'd say, that there'll be a drop of rain."

"Not with the wind so," Merithew protested.

But Caridan shouted him down, shouted so loudly that for sheer relief from his noise Merithew agreed with him. And immediately Caridan shifted his ground once more.

In the end, the cruel play terminated in a final outrage. Caridan threw back his head and laughed.

"I say, you know, you're as big an ass as Polonius!" he exclaimed. He leaned forward then and pounded the desk top with his cane. "Trouble with you, my friend," he declared, "you're a beastly snob. Lording it over these clerks of yours, and the poor devils that come here to deal with you; and as soon as I come along, crawling like a snail on your fat belly. Filthy thing, now, aren't you?" He got to his feet. "I've had enough of you," he confessed, and rapped the desk again. "Heard of you," he said. "Met a chap in London—bond salesman. He recognized my name and we got together and he told me about you. Said the town was full of tales. Came over to see for myself."

He banged the desk till the wood creaked. "All right to be a beastly ass on your own time," he cried. "But not when it comes out of Joel and me. Give you another chance, old man, but that's all."

Merithew said huskily, "I've sought your interests."

Caridan chuckled. "You talk low to me, don't you?" he commented. "That's because you think I'm somebody." There was abruptly a change in him. "Same way you talk high to everybody else because you think you're somebody." He wagged his cane in Merithew's face.

"I came in here to show you what a fool you are," he said jeeringly. "I'm no more Luke Caridan than you are. That bond salesman was my brother; thought it'd pay you off to rig this up on you."

Merithew had turned pale as death itself; he took a quick step forward, catching at his desk, tottering there.

"Stripped you to the hide for an hour here, haven't I?" the impostor reminded him. "Well, just remember after this what you look like underneath, old man."

And he turned and stalked majestically from the room and behind him closed the door.

Jefford had counted on a certain satisfaction in this moment, but he thought now that the game had been overplayed. Merithew stood motionless, but his whole body sagged; he leaned against the desk in helpless inanition. And Jefford bent above his ledger, careful not to see.

After a little, without raising his eyes, he heard Merithew, with dragging feet, move toward the door and take himself away.

When Babbidge came back, and Staples, Jefford had recovered himself; he recited to them the dénouement of the scene of which they had witnessed only the beginning. Recited it exultantly, making no pretense of hiding his satisfaction.

"He was knocked cold at the blow-off," he told them. "Yes, sir, he just staggered out of here—like he'd been hit on the head."

Staples said thoughtfully, "Mr. Merithew's an old man."

Jefford felt a momentary pang of regret, but he fought it off.

"Well, this ought to take him down a notch," he predicted. "He ought to be somewhere near human from now on."

The head clerk hesitated for a moment, then said once more, as though the apparently irrelevant word still answered Jefford's prophecy, "He's old!"

When next morning Merithew came to the office, the three had already been there for the usual hour. If there was anything extraordinary about this morning, their demeanor did not show it; even Jefford hid the acuteness of his curious expectation. Staples was busy at the files, Babbidge was typing a letter—the fact that the machine was soundless lent a suggestion of pantomime to the rapid flicks of his fingers—and Jefford had come to the water cooler by the door at the moment when Merithew entered.

The great man came in as he always did, with an air; he met the eye of Staples and nodded ever so slightly; he caught the lifted glance of Babbidge and acknowledged it without a nod; and he met Jefford's eye with a similar effect, letting it appear that he knew Jefford was there, but without according the young man the courtesy of a greeting. Another might have been abashed, but Jefford was not diffident.

"Fine day, sir," he suggested.

Merithew hesitated for an instant, and Jefford thought the other swallowed hard. But when the great man spoke his voice was crisp and sure.

"I have remarked to you before, Jefford," he said, "that this is not the weather bureau."

With this he crossed to his desk by the window, as though Jefford had ceased to exist. But Jefford stood still by the water cooler, watching him go; and for a moment his throat, astonishingly, ached; and his eyes were filled with burning tears; and he had an immense and penitent desire to follow after Merithew and grip him by the hand.

Instead, of course, he returned after a moment to his ledgers; and the affairs of the Caridan estate went on as they had gone for so many years before.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

And the mariner heard with a fearsome thrill
A booming bell and a whistle shrill,
And, crossing himself in a mute dismay,
Hove his lead in a sea mile-deep,
And felt the hairs at his temple creep,
His fingers tremble, his spine grow chill—
As even, when foc'sle tale is told,
One shudders to think of the haunted hold,
And sees by the flare of the swinging light
Something swim by him all misty white,
And suddenly fade from his quaking sight!

He has had his holiday—had his fling;
Has rolled with the dolphins and mocked the call
Of the weary sea bird, and felt her wing
Brushing his crest as she dropped to the lure
And, hovering, paused when his rise and fall
To the playful seas made her feel unsure;
Has laughed with the boobies, or mute and glum
Nodded with noddies equal and dumb,
Or chuckled to feel in the swirling tide
A thousand slippery things that slide
Plucking in vain at his armored side;
Been tossed by the tempest, rocked by the gale,
Or day after day has ridden at ease
The long, low surge of untroubled seas,
Rubbed by the fluke of the basking whale.
To be wrecked at last where the breakers croon
To the banshee's cry and the piper's tune!

For they found him, all spent, on an Irish strand,
And they seized him and put him in chains once more;
And they passed him along from hand to hand
And brought him again to his native shore—
Stolid, inert as a shameless oaf
Who meekly bides at the tavern door
Content with his pipe and his pot and his loaf.
But for days and years till he waxes old
Will he whistle and wink, and be seen afar
Chained and riveted, weighted and held,
A child of doom, to the harbor bar;
Left to ponder a truant joy
Filched by a devilish broth of a buoy,
Whose dull life palled and who longed to be free,
And defied the world and went off to sea!

—*W. H. Ostrander.*

You can test radio speakers yourself

There's really only one way to buy a radio speaker. Hear as many as you choose. Hear them on any good set. Test them thoroughly.

In the middle register—the speaking voice—most of the good speakers will be altogether satisfactory.

But—and this is the real test—tune in a violin solo. Listen to the high notes. And the low. Listen to the piano accompaniment of a song or a violin solo. You'll notice that a Brandes brings out a wealth of perfectly natural tones. A mellow, full, *complete* harmony —without a trace of nasal tone.

And, beside having more tones, fuller harmonies, wider range—the voice of a Brandes has a certain clarity—a definite and satisfying reality.

Types Displayed
Brandes Cone Speaker
Brandes Horn, Type H
Brandes Cabinet Speaker

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WESTON

TABLE VOLTMETER

A staff of radio experts at the service of every radio enthusiast

A Weston Table Voltmeter brings to your set, in a single, inexpensive, quality instrument, the combined and concentrated knowledge gained by a staff of expert engineers during thirty-seven years of leadership in building electrical testing equipment.

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Their fee for this amazing, unlimited service, concentrated in this handy, versatile table voltmeter, is $13.50. Ask your dealer to show you this beautiful, Bakelite cased, double range Model 489. Its craftsmanship, precision and capability will delight you.

Weston Electrical Instrument Corporation
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Weston Panel Voltmeters, Models 301 and 506, for radio panel mounting, giving direct, convenient control of tube and battery voltage

Write for "Weston Radio Instruments — an interestingly told story of the remarkable applications of Weston radio equipment

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers since 1888

BEE-HOLDEN

(Continued from Page 19)

It was always thus with them. Separated, each could live a dull, considered life; together, they were swept beyond reckoning into unconsidered word and action. Each was spark to the other's tinder.

A woman passed in a roadster, slowed and stared searchingly at Rachel. Rachel did not see her. She felt suddenly spent; she wanted to leave without seeing even Mrs. Fetzer. But Mrs. Fetzer darted out from behind the vines upon the porch.

"I have found somebody where was needful for me," began Rachel with a wan smile, "so I ——"

"Did you see her oncet? Did you see her gaping on you?" demanded Mrs. Fetzer.

Rachel turned and looked after the lengthening billow of dust.

"Who was it?"

"Somebody where's aiming to be Mrs. Martin Sohst," said Mrs. Fetzer grimly. Rachel's lips parted, but she said nothing. "Enoch Weibel's widow," snapped Mrs. Fetzer. "You knew Weibel. You could have had him yourself."

"Oh!" breathed Rachel.

Her eyes turned toward the Weibel orchards, stretched in serried ranks on the opposite side of the road.

"That's it," remarked Mrs. Fetzer significantly. "Her land." Rachel bade her good-by and turned. But Mrs. Fetzer worried after her down the steps. "She passed oncet a'ready whiles you and Martin was standing in the field. And she arounded the thing and come back. Yes, if she didn't! She'll be after him now worse than ever. It's his looks she's after. She is always all fur the looks. She ain't the one fur him; no, she's the furthest one fur him. Ach, my, it pleases me so bad. Yi-yi! I could wish he didn't have no looks, nur no land, nur nothing even."

"No, she ain't the one for him," said Rachel, and steadily enough went down the walk. But she did not see the gate, and when her fingers found the latch, they fumbled it.

Mrs. Fetzer hurried breathlessly up the slope the first day she descried activity upon its peak.

"My souls! What did you do it fur? Was you loony or what? Look a little out now! You'll fall off fur me sure!"

From the old roof upon which she was nailing tarred paper Rachel bantered her gayly.

"If you won't come up, I got to come down!" She came down the ladder.

"Why, you must have been here a week—your bed and your beehives and your stove ——" Mrs. Fetzer's nearsighted eyes squinted about. "Why ain't you telling me then? But, anyhow, you can't be stopping here. Don't you know about that spring? It looks to be plenty, but when it makes hot, down it goes like that. That's the thing where fooled pop so mean thirty years back a'ready. It does spite me that Martin is now so keen on the make that he would ——"

Rachel turned the subject quickly.

"It's just now a kind of a joke. But look yet at the luck I had a'ready."

She led the way toward a loosened board upon the house. Mrs. Fetzer told her brother of it that night:

"And in behind that board if it wasn't a hunert pound of honey! Yes, if it wasn't! And all them bees to put to them others she has fetched along. It's going to squinch her some, she says, fur to home them in the hives she has got by her. She says she might even git her a man fur to chop her a bee gum down, fur they might quick swarm on her. But to think! A hunert pound of honey laying loose under your nose and you making such loud talk ower wringing nickels and whatever. That does now make a laugh fur me."

"Laugh then! Laugh your head off!" Martin angrily pushed his plate from him. "I will git the right to laugh when that spring goes dry on her. A hunert pound of honey ain't doing her much good then, I should guess." He pulled his plate back to him, showered sugar upon his baked potato and forked a huge mouthful. "What is it at this potato now? It is wonderful the dumb seasoning you git into things." He strode from the table. Mrs. Fetzer implored him anxiously to return. "It ain't the seasoning," he said to her in quick repentance. "I just ain't feeling fur my wittles."

That was true, and Martin himself knew why. He grew more and more fretful. Then one day he drove reluctant yet eager feet up the slope. He saw Rachel when he was still a considerable distance from her, and as he saw her then, he never forgot her. He swung back in the shadow of a huge maple, hollow from age, which marked the boundary of his upper cornfield, and looked for moments.

On the sunlit slope above him Rachel was moving among her blue beehives. She herself was gowned in blue of a deeper hue; against the yellow scorch of the dried grass she was swaying and dipping in a sort of joyous ecstasy. Occasionally she lifted her arms and brushed them lightly. Occasionally she lifted her cupped hand, looked at it and dipped it again. It seemed unreal. It was unreal. And there was something of the essential chastity of the primeval about it. Martin had a sudden confused sense that he should no longer be gazing from his secret shadow. He stepped out into the open.

She called out when she saw him, and her body was smitten by fear from grace to rigidity, "Go back! The bees! The bees are swarming!"

"But you ——" He still stepped forward.

"Stay back!" Her voice was shrill with panic. "You must stay back! It's different with me. They could sting you to death."

He saw with amazement then that the bees rested thickly upon her arms, upon her open neck, even upon the smooth, shining braids which roped her head. The honey pallor of her skin, the amber of her hair—and everywhere, upon her, about her, winging in ceaseless ecstasy the radiant quiver of a myriad golden-brown wings! Martin could even hear their melodious vibration as the tiny gossamer veils rose and fell luminously about her. He was to think of her always as she stood there, laughing softly, in the midst of them; it meant something to him, yet he was never able to put it into words, nor even into thoughts. He was definitely awe-stricken, and he was terrified, too, as she slowly dipped a wooden scoop into an open beehive, smiled down upon the luminous undulation, then placed the quivering mass in a section of hollow bee gum upon her other side.

"I don't know right why they don't sting me. My mother was that way too. Some folks they don't. But I had afraid they would swarm on me when I found so many at the house. You was too generous with me, Martin."

She said it with a twinkling eye, but there was the challenge too. Martin took a quick step forward, and what he had come to say he said swiftly and gruffly. He hadn't meant to take advantage of her, he said. The bargain between them, clipped out in childish anger, was an impossible one: Of course, he could see that she meant for her bees to feed on his clover and alfalfa fields, but—as his quick eye appraised her meager hives—they would be manifestly inadequate for her support. And even though they were sufficient, the spring would go dry. And where would she be then? Huh? Tell him that!

He was the old Martin again, back braced, arms gesturing. Being a man, he knew, and he was that much a man that he

wouldn't now take advantage of a woman who had her own living to make. He went on and on.

Rachel had finished with the bee gum. She placed the flat stone carefully upon the top of it, and with a brush of weeds swept her arms free of the little creatures, as she said slowly, "I've fetched up a family on less than what I've got here, Martin. And I was younger too. Ach, my, how young I was anyhow!" A fleeting haggardness swept her like a shadow of a thousand anxious days. "So I say my thanks and keep my agreements with you."

She clasped her hands behind her back and tilted her elfish chin. Through her lips bubbled that echo of satisfaction as from some repletion of life within.

Had it not been for that sound, so baffling, so indicatory of mysterious inward satisfactions beyond his ken, Martin might have swept her into his arms, for he had been stung to remorseful vision of the pathetic gallantry of those ten years. As it was, he went plunging down the hill, kicking angrily at the clods. She had flouted him when he had humbled himself to save her!

"And it ain't only the bees!" her light laughter floated down to him.

It wasn't only the bees. Other wings began to beat about Martin's fields.

"How many pigeons has she got anyway?" he growled one day. "Before the hogs they are there, waiting for the corn. Into the barns they go, that bold they are, and they pick from the haymows yet, and out from the stalls even. They are worse as a plague off of Pharaoh."

"I should think they would anyhow plague you," Mrs. Fetzer nagged, "whiles you wasn't smart enough fur to raise them yourself. It is, now, awful the prices she gits fur them—and on the hoof yet. She is doing good fur herself, that I kin say, and all off of you too. It is, now, wonderful that one person kin, just to say, make a good living off of another one, just by setting down alongside. It draws my breath!"

Mrs. Fetzer, who did not know the terms of the agreement, had struck more deeply than she knew.

Martin darted a quick glance at her, spat between his teeth and rasped, "Wait oncet till it makes hot and the spring is all."

"Yes, I have afraid," sighed Mrs. Fetzer. "But her not. She is beginning a'ready on her well till next Monday a week. Them borers she cooked a while back a'ready have got the job off her."

"Yes, pop digged him a well," laughed Martin shortly. "And in the low spot too."

"But that's where she claims he made a wrong thought. She is for putting it on the ridge in a straight line with yours here at the bottom. She says still she learned it off them borers where low places make nothing fur water. No, she gives some strange talk about water in the veins of the earth or whatever: a lot of stylish words she uses about it."

Martin was sitting straight now, and his eyes had gone somber. But his voice still held ironical contempt.

"So water has took to running uphill, was it? Look at the spring. It's low, ain't it?"

"She says where the spring is only such a seepage from this here fancy vein or what it is. But who is it belling on the door?" She uptoed to the side of the porch. Her small fists knotted. "I could of guessed it! That Weibel! A-chasin' you ag'in!"

Martin rose with alacrity, buttoning his shirt.

"She ain't chasing her pigeons and her chickens and her turkeys all ower my fields anyway."

For there were the turkeys too. Sometime before he had been startled by what appeared to be a file of tiny brown clods moving across his pasture. Immediately a series of wild alarums drew his eyes to a turkey hen stepping ahead with the careful dignity of her kind; had followed another and another and another, each with a succession of progeny in her wake. Now they were clods no longer; before his eyes they had fattened into long-necked gawky creatures which overran his place—fattened upon his corn and his wheat!

Wings, wings everywhere! Wings in the air, wings on the ground! Wings before his eyes, the whir of wings in his ears! There was no getting away from the sight of them, from the sound of them. He grew to hate them. Most of all, he hated the bees. There were such myriads of them, and they sucked continually. The birds and the fowls plucked his substance intermittently, but the bees drew, drew continuously from sunup to sundown. Before he got to his fields in the morning, he knew they were there; after he left his fields at night, he knew they were still there—bearing their plunder in sure ecstatic flight to the peak above, bearing the essence of what he had planted, of what he had nurtured, to make in the end the thing which would beat him.

Oh, yes, Martin knew in those days that he was being beaten! His last hope was the water. If that should fail —— Day after day he lifted tormented eyes to the ridge where the borers were at work; day after day he avoided Mrs. Fetzer as she skimmed, thridded with entertainment, down the slope, fearing the news she might have to tell.

She told it at last. Rachel had the water, abundance of it. After that Martin did not even lift his eyes to the ridge. He was beaten! But he would not confess it. He would not confess it even to himself.

The wings beat about him ceaselessly, monotonously, hour after hour, day after day. He began to dream of them. One night he dreamed of Rachel as he had seen her with the gossamer panoply rising and falling about her. No, it was himself! About him they were beating, about him they were pressing, nearer and nearer. He could see nothing but the myriad glittering veils, enfolding him, enwrapping him—they were suffocating him! He awoke strangling, and when Mrs. Fetzer called sharply, he still winnowed his arms and cried hoarsely, "The wings!"

It seemed a prescience, that nightmare. For upon the very day it ushered in, Martin saw what at first he stared at stupidly, not believing. His own water had begun to fail! Oh, yes, it had! Lower and lower it sank, day by day. Day by day he went and stood stupidly, staring at the receding tide. He spoke of it to no one, not even Mrs. Fetzer. He could not.

He understood it of course. Rachel's well tapped the fountain nearer its source. She was draining it from him, and with it she was draining the life of his fields, the life of his cattle. She was draining his farm, his living, his own life from him!

She could do with him as she would, he knew that. She could laugh at him. She could make whatever terms she wished. He could not see his cattle die. He was beaten—and how beaten! But even then, he would not say it. He still had his splendid physical self through which he could strut and gesture defiance.

He knew he had never hated anyone so much as Rachel when at last he went moiling up her slope one night in early twilight. It was the hardest journey he had ever taken, the hardest he was ever to take. Should he go humbly, should he go blusteringly? He would go blusteringly. Oh, yes, he was Martin! He would go blusteringly.

She was in her small garden, teasing with her hoe a trickle of water between the rows of her tiny plants. She paused in something of surprise when she saw him, and went and sat upon the step of her porch. She motioned to a chair. But he stood.

"You're taking my water," he said harshly. She looked at him, not comprehending. He swung his arm in short gesture. "You're draining my water from me—from my stock."

What would she say now? What terms, ridiculous or fantastic, would she impose? In what way would she spell his ruin? The spelling school! The word was "valorous." It all flashed incongruously through his mind as he stood there, avoiding her eyes, avoiding her as she rose agitatedly to her feet. (Continued on Page 176)

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

The Kind That Dad Wears

Every boy is immensely proud of shoes that look like his dad's! There is no reason why he should not have just the kind he wants, if you patronize the shoe store in your community that sells

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys—For Girls

Girls, too, like the styles popular with their elders. And when young folks get the styles they like, they are sure to take much better care of them—an economy fact worthy of serious consideration.

Good style, high quality, and the famous Brown Shaping Lasts have made Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls the most popular children's shoes in America

Men and women who want the best in style, in quality, and in shoemaking excellence will be highly pleased with

Brownbilt Shoes
for MEN — for WOMEN

All Buster Brown and Brownbilt Shoes are 100% leather. They are made in our sixteen great specialty factories, and there is 47 years' successful shoe manufacturing experience back of them. Our output is 45,000 pairs per day—one of the three largest in the world—and every possible manufacturing economy is reflected in the price of our shoes.

You will find it well worth your while to seek out and patronize the shoe merchant in your community who sells our brands of footwear

Brown Shoe Company

ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

"GIVE HER A HOOVER

AS Christmas time draws near there arises in men's minds a question: "What shall I give her?"

It will be in *your* mind—a companion thought to that of the woman who means much to you.

How will you answer it? . . . What gift will best express the full measure of your thoughtfulness?

You will consider, first, her need for all those things that will make her life pleasurable.

You will want your gift to ease her tasks and speed them; to give her happy, carefree hours.

You will want your gift to be a thing substantial, whose span of life will be not months, but *years*.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* • *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

and You Give Her the *BEST*"

And as you think, may there come into your mind the picture of over 1,700,000 other women.

May you see *their* happiness as "the servant to the home" performs their cleaning tasks electrically.

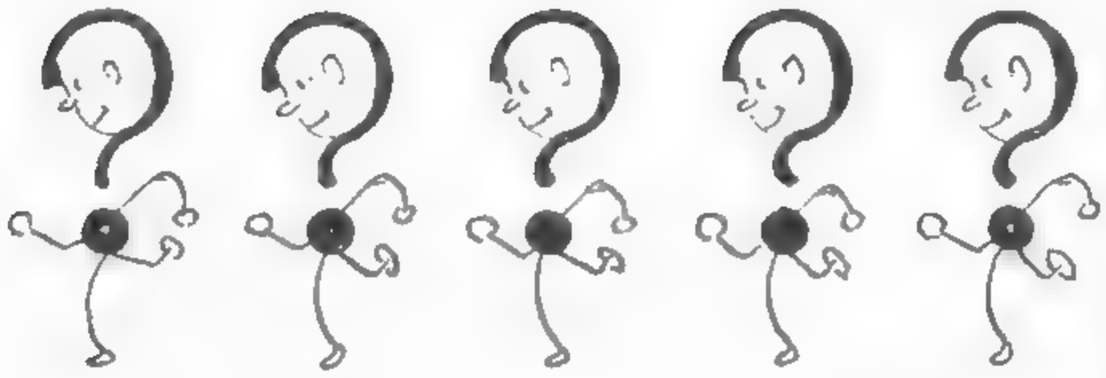
May you sense *their* pride in rugs immaculate, in the beauty of a home kept ever-clean.

And may you hear *their* message to you, this Christmas:

"GIVE HER THE HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST."

Complete with dusting tools, $6.25 down; the balance in a few easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* • *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*



Five Little "Buts" *and the* Honest-To-Goodness Truth

IF you're a regular reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, you've seen other advertisements about this size and smaller, telling the stories of Curtis representatives who have succeeded. Perhaps you felt about them as have many other readers who have written or said to us:

"What kind of a fairy story is this, anyway? You don't mean to say that these people whose pictures you show actually do make real money on the scale you talk about, do you? You can bet I could use some cash—but ——"

And then came an endless variety of "buts" popping up to be answered. Here are some:

(1) "BUT—These people you describe must be exceptional. The average run can't make records like those."

(2) "BUT—I have no experience in selling—maybe a crack salesman can put it across, but it is not for me!"

(3) "BUT—it's a house to house game, isn't it? I couldn't do that!"

(4) "BUT—these people must have soft regular jobs that give them tons of spare time."

(5) "BUT—great guns, you folks must have the country covered like a blanket! What possible hope is there in a town like this for me?"

Now there are five little "buts." They're wrong—all wrong. Let's state here the *facts* about every last one of them, the honest-to-goodness truth. Then decide for yourself!

First, this for a background: Every statement that ever appeared in any of these ads is 100% true. The facts and figures to back it up are here in our files in Philadelphia—if you question any particular story, let us know; we'll give you the detailed data on it.

Now for the five little "buts"

(1) Are these people exceptional? Some of them—yes. Most of them—no. Court Hawley, who earned $6,000.00 a year with his part-time effort, is an exceptional salesman. So is Helen Gubler, who sent us 4,000 subscriptions in twelve months. *She* says she *isn't*. But let's say that such people are. The *average* part-time representative easily earns $1.00 to $1.50 an hour or more from his work. Exceptional ability commands MORE.

(2) Experience? Every bit of selling experience you have will bring you increased returns in this work. But experience isn't essential for profit. Harry E. Hutchinson earned $98.90 his first month—he had *no* experience.

(3) House to house selling? If you choose—it pays! But you *can* get many orders by casual meetings just among your friends and neighbors. Many of them know the Curtis publications and like them. If you want to branch out into house-to-house work, there's money in it; BUT there's money in it, too, if you don't.

(4) Soft jobs? For fourteen years Noah A. Weiner has worked eight hours a day on his regular job and earned Curtis money besides. Some of our folks are farmers, some teachers, many are in business, others are professional men and women. They are busy, BUT not *too* busy to want more money.

(5) Is there room for you? Decidedly yes! There are hundreds of smaller towns in which we have not a single subscription representative; there's hardly a city in which we have representation enough. Have you ever been called upon by a Curtis representative? Have your friends? If you want for *your* town the detailed circulation data, and a measure of your opportunity, we'll tell you the *facts* if you ask for them.

Get Busy With the Shears Now

THIS space is too small to shoot all of the ammunition we have in answer to the five little "buts." If you will send your name and address on the coupon below, we'll send you, by return mail, full details about our whole offer and our whole plan.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
908 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tell me all you think I'd like to know about your cash offer to subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. I'd like to look it over, but I assume no obligation in doing so.

Name

Street or R. F. D.

Town *State*

(Continued from Page 173)

"The water? Oh, Martin!"

He looked at her then. The very strangeness of her cry made him look at her. She had thrown a hand against her breast. Horror was in her face, and a nameless pity. The brown flecks in her eyes seemed to swim toward him.

"But we can fix it. You can have it—a pipe. A pipe wouldn't cost so dear. I could pay for the part of it. It's all down the hill. It ain't as though you had to buy you an engine for to pump it. Oh, Martin, I have sorry over this! I didn't go for to hurt you."

He did not see her; all his senses seemed fused into that of hearing. She seemed to sway before him. He sagged down upon the step and turned from her. She, too, sat down.

"I'll pay you what's right for it," he managed.

She recoiled from him then.

"Pay? Oh, don't hurt me so! I didn't go for to do it, Martin."

They sat in silence after that, while Martin wondered if he had heard the words which he had seemed to hear. It seemed impossible, considering the stake between them, that she had uttered them; he had to revolve them once more in his mind; and even then he could scarcely believe. But the very fact that she had spoken them, that she did realize the importance of his farm and of his stock, gave him back his sense of superiority. Below him his fields ripened once more in rich fruition; below him his animals grew into prize beasts. He braced his back and gestured widely. Words tumbled over words as he told her of his accomplishments during the past weeks, the weeks in which she had not seen him. He expanded once more upon what he was and upon what he was going to be. He was Martin again, unbeaten and unbeatable.

She looked at him in the fading light in a sort of wonder and drew a little from him in sad silence. He noted only that her eyes were continuously upon him, and he became drunk upon their liquid amber. He was heady, anyway, with the sudden liberation from his terrors; her silent reception of his words, her rapt gaze, creamed the bowl for him. His throat began to beat until for a moment he did not speak; for a moment he only looked at her. Then, without knowing it, his body moved toward her, drawn by the sweetness of her there in the perfumed dusk. He looked deeply into her eyes; his lips opened.

She had watched him coming—had watched him coming—in a drawn stillness. Now she clapped sudden fingers upon his lips.

"Don't say it!" she cried sharply. "No, no! Don't say it! No! It's like the spelling school again. Just because I've beaten you—but I won't be hurt again!"

She had leaped to her feet and was retreating from him there across the porch with the back of her hand flung fearfully against her lips. In her eyes was the desperate resolve of the animal to escape the uplifted lash which has before tortured it. She stumbled through the door and closed it sharply between them.

Martin stood looking at the door. He looked down at the step, at the corner in which she had sat and then at the door. A broken sob came from behind it—"It ain't for me. It's for—oh, it's for somebody else!"

He flung about then in mighty storm.

"Take it!" he shouted. "Take your water! I'll get me water! And I ain't beaten! I ain't beaten! The year ain't up yet!"

He lunged down the hill like a bullock gone mad. She had refused him then! And what had she meant by "somebody else"? Somebody else? Somebody else! That was it then. She had refused him for somebody else! He knew what he would do now—he knew what he would do now! When he reached the bottom of the hill, he circled a stump crazily, sat down upon it, looked up at the stars and laughed.

He knew what he would do, and Mrs. Fetzer thought she knew. She came scratching up the slope two days later. Rachel listlessly twisting straw for a bee skep, watched her as she came panting across the yard with her tale of dread.

"And I know he's fixing fur to marry with her, he acts that crazy. And he has got me pressing his best suit out—the one where he gradyated in—and he says to hisself, 'It'll do,' he says. Yes, that he did. 'It'll do,' he says. And she's giving a party. Yes, two nights yet and she gives a party. And that proves it."

"Proves it?" echoes Rachel. Her hands lay lifeless in the golden straw.

"To be sure it proves it. Many a time a'ready she has put it out where it makes stylish in the cities fur to give these here pronouncement parties, or what it is; anyhow, the woman stands up and she points on such a one and she says, 'This here's the feller I passed my promise with.' Yes, even before preacher gits dare to give it off the pulpit yet. And now she is going around fetching her silly giggles and putting it out where she has got some such surprise in her sleeves yet. And Martin he looks on his suit and he says, 'It'll do,' he says. So what kin a body otherwise think? And what kin a body do about it? When a man sets his stubborn head to something, what kin us poor women do about it? Nothing, heh? Yes, I make no doubt, nothing. Yi-yi!"

"I guess, nothing," said Rachel.

The distracted little figure turned at last to go.

"I tell you this and it's the spitting truth," she said, a hard tear wringing from one of her nearsighted eyes.

"I could ruther have stretched Martin on his coffin; yes, I could easier have seen him carried out fur me as to have this gussy point on him and say, 'This here's the feller.'"

Rachel watched her go worrying down the slope. She pushed her straw away. Of what use were her bees anyway? Of what use all her high hopes and her high plans? She had foolishly thought to beat the fault out of Martin and to make of him the shining figure he had promised to be. But the fault had grown until it was Martin. If it were not so, he would have been man enough to say that he was beaten. But that was it. Where was the man that was Martin? Where was the Martin that was the man? Where had gone the little boy with the restless eyes and the quickly repentant tongue?

And yet—the party —— If Mrs. Fetzer's surmise were true —— Pain stabbed her then, a pain so sharp that the blood leaped from its ordered bounds as though her very heart had been punctured.

There was nothing more that she could do. She gazed down upon her beehives and they seemed to simmer like tiny blue islands in a golden sea; down below them, half hidden from her view by the huge old maple, was the upper cornfield, where Martin was shocking the corn. Oh, there was one little thing that she might do, but it was so little, so silly—so very silly! And she felt so tired.

Yet her eyes kept turning toward the old maple with a sort of fascination. But the tree was on Martin's land; and the year was not yet up. No, nothing would induce her to set foot on Martin's land. And yet—the party ——

She did set foot on Martin's land. The next day she hid behind a wild gooseberry thicket close, close to his upper cornfield. She watched him as he shocked his corn with a devastating fury, watched him as he edged closer and closer to the old maple. For more than two hours she watched. Would he see what she longed for him to see, what she prayed that he might not see? And if he saw it—when he saw it—what would he do?

He straightened and shook his shoulders. He reared back, staring at the tree. He made an angry gesture. Then he took a step forward. Rachel leaped to her feet, a cry of warning strangling in her throat. But he did not see her, he did not hear her. With an exclamation of fury, he had stooped

and lightning-quick had sent a clod crashing into the hollow of the tree.

It was over then, in a phantasmagoria of horror. The avenging cloud was upon him; their rising chant of anger turned the tranquil air into menace. Martin went plunging down the slope, flailing his arms, the glittering wings enwrapping him, suffocating him, permeating him with a thousand jets of liquid fire.

It was a long time before Rachel got to her own house and crawled upon her bed. Even then she started up at intervals, flailing her own arms.

It had been afternoon when Martin had rocketed down the ridge wrapped in that quivering diaphane of poison. It was afternoon again when Rachel found herself wavering outside Mrs. Fetzer's kitchen.

Mrs. Fetzer's eyes showed sleepless hours; her lips were hard pinched; but even as Rachel lifted imploring eyes to her, she was conscious of a sort of ribald gayety in the little figure darting toward her.

"Well, Rachel, and was it you oncet? But what is it at you? Ain't you feeling anything so good? The bees ain't been at you, was they? Or ain't you hearing yet where the bees got into Martin? Yes, I should guess they anyhow did! And it was now too awful. I would bet it was a thousand put their tails into him. We had got fur to fetch doctor fur him—yes, two wisits we have hired a'ready off of doctor fur him. Ach, my, I thought he was going to die fur me. And the looks of him! My, he looks it so! But set down, Rachel; you look so all over funny. If it's because it was your bees up and sassed him, leave me tell you somepun." She edged toward Rachel, her eyes bright with mirth, and spoke from behind a portentous palm. "Them bees was a blessing! She come. Yes, that's what she did, not an hour back; and what do you anyhow think happened her? You couldn't near give a guess. She got bounced out. And it was Martin where bounced. Fur the reason that she laughed on him; it made nothing with her that he set there a-suffering so. The giddy thing bust out a-laughing when she seen him and she says, 'My, but you're swell!' she says. 'You're awful swell, Martin!' Twicet she says it, and Martin got to his tongue and he says, 'Git out from here!' he says. Mind if he didn't! 'And don't you be coming backwards neither!' he says. Yes, the bees fixed her party all right. So I say, what's a few bees towards a lifetime of misery? Ain't so? But mind now, Rachel, don't laugh on him when you see the funny he looks. He's just natured to get kreistled when he's laughed at."

Laugh at him? Rachel could not even cry when she saw him. She backed against the slowly closing door and spread her palms against it. On the other side of the dim-lit room, Martin huddled in a quilted rocker, his tortured hands outspread upon its arms. Or was it Martin's—that splotched and formless face?

For a moment thus. Then she got her hand to her throat as though to steady it and she spoke quickly as one whose breath is measured:

"I did it. I scutched the wax off the combs and I put them in the maple fur to draw the bees. I conceited they might sting you oncet or twicet. I wanted to spoil you for her party. Oh, I did! I planned it! I prayed for it! But I never conceited they would swarm to it and I never conceited you would up and hist a clod into them. Oh!"

Her breath was gone. She sagged back against the door, wrenching her eyes from him to a blowing curtain. Martin mumbled through his distorted lips at last and she strained for the words.

"What's the party to you? I ain't—somebody else."

It was the little boy that spoke—the little boy, angry and jealous. Rachel, leaning quickly forward, saw that his eyes were steel-sharp no longer; they had gone restless. With an inrush of breath, she sprang across the room and creased to her knees at his side, her face flung back, searching him, searching him. Through the fearful poisoned flesh, she saw it, the thing she sought. Through the formless purple puffs she saw the splendid creature of her dreams.

"No, you're not—somebody else! You're Martin! Martin!"

She began to realize dimly as she knelt there that it had taken just that—his body had to be beaten too. He had no longer the buttress of his splendid body with which to deceive even himself. He could no longer brace his broad back and fling his swift arms. Under their discolored lids, heavy with the poison, his eyes now wandered restlessly over her, wandered from her hair to her eyes, from her eyes to her adoring mouth and her eager upflung chin. The shapeless fevered things which were his hands felt toward her hair.

"After all, to be needful to somebody ain't what matters," Rachel said at last. "It's just when you've got to have somebody. That is what makes."

"It's both," said Martin Sohst; and he spoke quickly, wringing hard the last of the pride through his swollen lips. "For I've got to have you, and you are needful to me, Rachel. You have always—beaten me."

That sound which Martin was to love the best of any on earth broke from Rachel's lips; scarcely a sound, indeed; rather an echo as of some repletion of life within.

A slight scratching came from without. Mrs. Fetzer's wire hairpins were irritating the door knob as she strove futilely to focus her nearsighted eyes through the keyhole.

REUNION

(Continued from Page 13)

"Guess we can get home tonight, Jack?"

"How would I know? . . . It's a fool kind of thing," said the second young man, licking a stick of gum. "I bet it'll end bad again."

Alan shut his blue eyes and wondered what might end badly again for the two burly brothers. But the middle of him was uncomfortably limp. He had been too nervous for much dinner last night in the ecclesiastical dining room of the smart architects' club in New York, and the snatched coffee hadn't been enough this morning. He would work up a headache of real dignity in a while. The negro twangled his guitar vehemently, passing down the aisle, and voices were fewer in the car. One of the brothers in brown took all heaven to witness that his feet were frozen, and audibly stamped.

"Go on back and see how's mamma then."

"Aw, she'll wanta talk," said the grumbler.

"Looks the ocean! Say, there ain't so much white water, either, for this wind."

"Too much wind for spray. . . . We oughta be there in ten minutes. One more station."

The five cars heaved along less gently. Alan opened his eyes to the roll of meadows studded with disorders of scrub oak and bay. The Atlantic Ocean seethed beyond a barrier of sand, immense flares of spray were hands of some ghost that tried to clutch the land and melted in the air. He could recall a faded red farmhouse from last summer, and far off the line of shingled hotels that made Siamet profitable for Casimir's garage was a bulwark of rigid shapes close to the hammering surf. There could be nobody left at the little resort. Four days of iced wind would blow the lingering few inland to the shelter of cities and radiators. There was nobody on the platform of the battered station, and no Casimir showed a scarlet jersey to greet Alan, lumbering down the steps into a gale that grabbed his hat, sent it hopping and planing up the one street of the forlorn

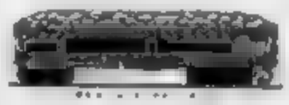
(Continued on Page 181)

Startling
Railroad Economies
from Consolidation *Clean* Coal

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has published the coal-savings effected by 173 roads. As a whole these roads hauled a gross-ton of freight 1000 miles with 7.4% less coal in 1924 than in 1923.

But much better, astonishingly better, is the record made by one of the great American roads—a consumer of Consolidation *Clean* Coal. To haul a gross-ton 1000 miles (including locomotive and tender) this road consumed 13% less coal in 1924 than it did in 1923.

If this railroad can haul more tons of freight than the average, with a given quantity of coal, and if it is a consistent user of Consolidation *Clean* Coal, but one conclusion can be drawn: it pays to burn a coal from which visible, non-combustible impurities have been removed at the mine. A coal low in ash and sulphur. A coal of high heat value. Consolidation *Clean* Coal.



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MOHAIR VELVET

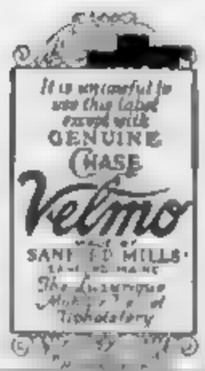
Ideal for your closed Motor Car

LONG before the first closed motor car was built, the railroads had discovered the perfect "Travel Fabric." This was a mohair velvet—CHASE VELMO.

What more natural than that automobile builders, in their search for the ideal closed car upholstery, should turn to this same material?

Velmo is richly beautiful, luxuriously comfortable—and forty years of continued use by the leading railroads have shown it to be *capable of standing harder wear* than any motorist gives the upholstery in his closed car.

Velmo is woven from mohair—the silky, lustrous fleece of the Angora goat: this fibre when woven into a pile fabric *affords the longest wearing surface known;* it has two and one-half times the strength of wool.



This label identifies genuine Chase Velmo

Forty thousand mohair fibres are woven through each square inch of the base-fabric of Velmo to form *a rich, velvety, wear-resisting pile.* Though soft and yielding, this pile does not crush and mat in use, because mohair—unlike vegetable fibres (cotton)—is elastic and vital as human hair, and *springs erect after pressure is removed.*

Velmo is dependably color fast. And its beautiful sheen is due to the fact that the distinctive silky lustre of the mohair fleece is not dulled by the dyeing and weaving processes.

Sanford Mills—makers of Chase Velmo—*have rigidly maintained their standards.* They have refused to produce inferior Mohair Velvets which could not be guaranteed as is Velmo.

UPHOLSTERY

VELMO
The Upholstery Fabric Used by the Leading Railroads

Railroads proved its Superiority

WHEN you step into a closed car upholstered with Velmo, the soft, harmonious colors and rich texture give an immediate impression of elegance and distinction.

Sink down upon the cushions, and you will find luxurious comfort in the deep, elastic pile.

Drive the car thousands of miles in all weathers—and when at last you re-sell or turn it in, the dealer will be able to allow you $50 to $100 above the usual price because re-upholstering is unnecessary.

Do not confuse Chase Velmo—mohair velvet—with similar pile fabrics, cotton plushes, or velours. Inferior fabrics may *cost less*—at first. They are often attractive—when new. Invariably they are disappointing in use.

The way to insure *your* closed car against soiled, worn, shabby upholstery is to insist on CHASE VELMO—which by 40 years of service on the railroads has proved itself as nearly impervious to wear as any woven material can be.

CHASE VELMO—*Perfected Mohair Velvet*
Made by Sanford Mills, Sanford, Maine

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Boston, New York, Detroit
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A copy of an interesting and helpful booklet, "A Glimpse Inside," will be sent free upon request.

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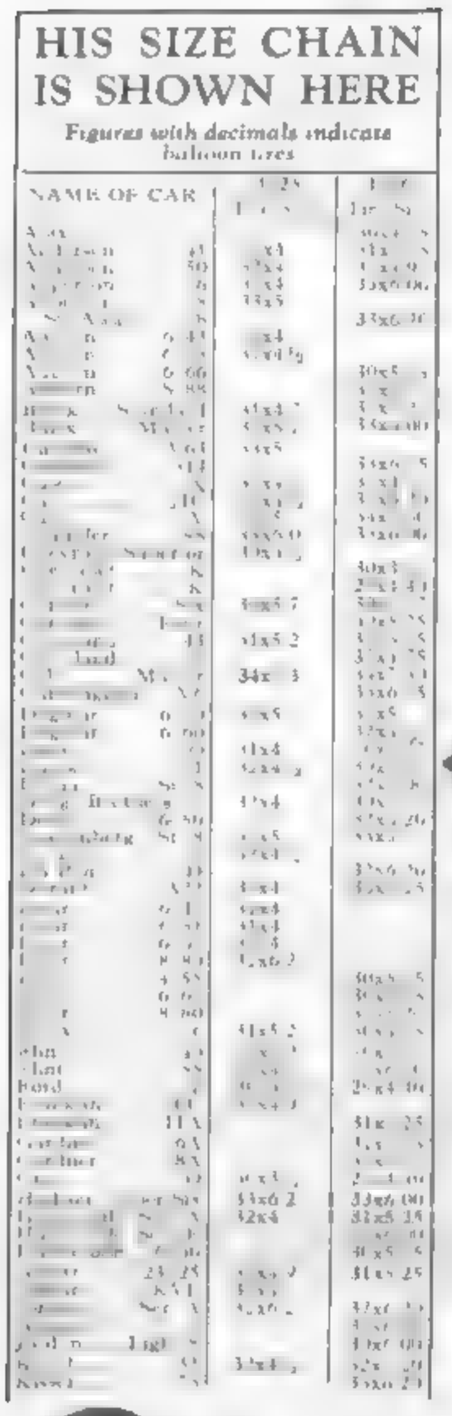
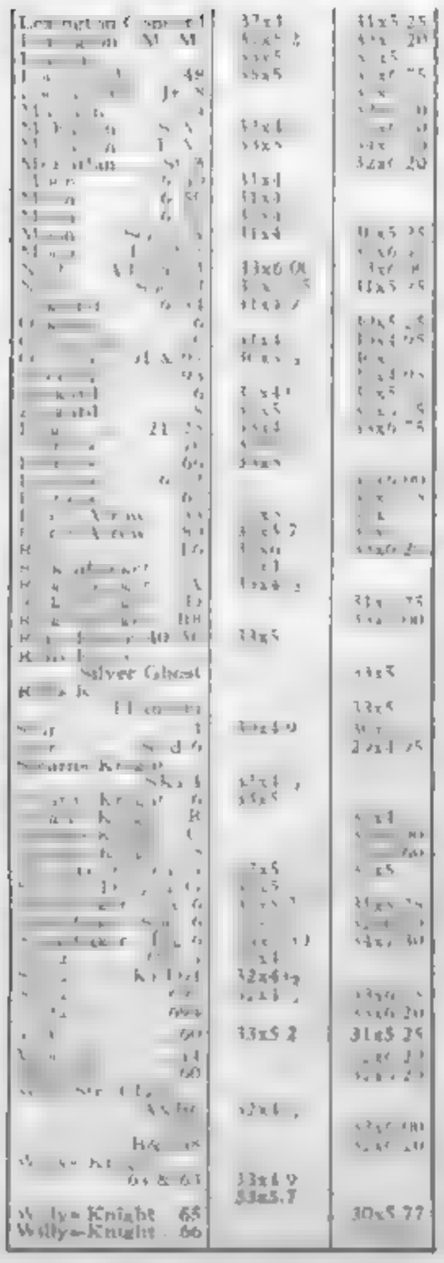

HIS SIZE CHAIN IS SHOWN HERE

Figures with decimals indicate balloon tires

NAME OF CAR

Give him ease, comfort, safety — peace of mind!



Here's $5 to $10 worth of sensible, useful gift—

Easy to buy, certain to be used, they carry an idea of safety, comfort and convenience which are sure to be appreciated

He will thank you for your thoughtfulness every time he drives on slippery streets. He will thank you when WEEDS let him drive in comfort, where he would otherwise be tense and cramped behind the wheel.

He will thank you when they save him from skidding—when they bring him through bad roads without delays. There's hardly a gift that shows greater thoughtfulness.

WEEDS are easy to buy. You can't go wrong, not even if he has one pair now. He can use the new pair on front wheels when streets are icy or snow covered, and he will have them when the old ones finally wear out. Consult the list shown here, and order them from the nearest WEED dealer.

You can identify genuine WEED chains by their brass plated, hardened steel cross chains and red enameled connecting hooks, in addition to the name, WEED, stamped on every hook.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
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Boston Chicago New York Pittsburgh Philadelphia San Francisco
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World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED CHAINS

Overcome skidding, nerve-strain, mud and snow

(Continued from Page 177)

village, chased by a slim lad who came pacing back to say importantly, "Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith sent me to fetch you out, sir," as he gave the hat into Alan's gloves.

"The kid ain't sick?"

"Oh, no," said the messenger, who was wearing a darned jersey of Casimir's over a flannel shirt. He seemed rather shocked by Alan's question, and explained, "He's never sick. He was in swimming yesterday."

"He would be! It's only the twentieth of October an' cold as an ice box! All right, though," Alan said; "that's a load off my mind. Where's the car, Henry?"

"Around this way, sir."

The young men in brown were helping a stout woman to button her coat at the corner of the platform. Alan pitied them from the depth of a closed car built for two, and then pitied a lone cat prowling the sandy street of this crooked village. Casimir's messenger drove respectfully through Siamet, with occasional glances at his passenger. It was on the third glance that a restless feeling crawled up Alan's back.

"You work for my brother, bud?"

"Yes, sir. Of course," the slim boy said, "I'm too young for a driver's license. He lets me help at the garage. . . . Would you mind if I stopped a minute, sir?"

He hopped out of the machine and trotted to help a woman who struggled on her doorstep with the triangular wood of a hanging sign which let Alan see "Gift Shop" on one side before the boy unhooked it from the crane that thrust out above the fine white doorway of the cottage. An idle man with a red necktie was a shadow behind panes of the window that held glazed pottery and candlesticks—the unsold stock of the little shop. It might have been there that the kid found a strange brass basin which had come home to Carmelsville last month, and some toys for the baby to stare at with his singularly blue eyes. Alan fiddled with the button of a glove and watched his brother's hireling take down the white shield. The woman beat her blowing cloak away from her face and seemed to laugh in the wind. Pretty, Alan thought, but rather frail. He smiled, watching, and opened the car's door for the driver to climb back.

"It's a regular wind."

"Well, sir," the boy panted, "we don't often have it as strong as this in October."

"Live here the year round, son?"

"Yes, sir, all the time."

The car trundled out around the last crook of the village and beat its glass on the rush of wind that pounded little firs in a forlorn clump beside the road. Alan blinked in the amazing glow from the sea and hoped that Casimir had thought of breakfast as the machine pulsed under white gates of the Inn on the Dunes, a gathering of cottages that centered on a level of hard turf. Spray flaked windows of the car, and the young driver said "Wow!" in admiration of a terrific comber that seethed on sand a hundred yards from the shingle of the long garage.

"That was a good one. I guess the kid won't go swimmin' today."

"But he was going, sir, just when he sent me down for you!"

Alan glared off at the smother and dazzle of the misbehaving Atlantic and then lost his view in the gloom of the garage. He grabbed his crutches and descended on the plane of concrete, growling, "The swimmin' fool! He'll do that once too often! He——"

"But he couldn't hurt himself!"

"Don't you think it, son! He looks like he's made of rubber or somethin', but he's human like the rest of us! One of those waves could—— Oh, there you are, kid!"

The kid said meekly, "Yeh," pattering in from the sunlight with his hair matted down to his great black eyes. With this syllable he scampered past Alan and went loping down the naked concrete floor in a whirring movement of sirup-colored arms and legs. A long trailer of olive kelp floated backward from his neck, a flying muffler. His red bath suit bounced out of sight through the door of his quarters at the end of the garage. It occurred to Alan that he had never seen the kid run more frantically. An ocean, for once, had chilled him.

"I wish I was brown like that," said the slim boy, holding Alan's suitcase. "I don't like lookin' like father."

"You ain't bad lookin'," Alan assured him.

"Well, but do you like looking like father? I don't. . . . Kid told me to tell you I'm—I'm your brother. My name's Elisha Gibbs Smith. Mother married Mr. Smith out in Portland, Oregon. She went out there and taught school an' got married to Mr. Smith. Then she came back here. . . . But I think father's sort of awful," Elisha Gibbs Smith observed, blinking his very blue eyes at Alan.

"I agree with you," said Alan, in need of a chair. "Uh-huh! Your hair ain't curly. I see why the kid wired for me. . . . Saw some more of the family in Boston this morning. But they're before your time. A reunion of pop's family'd be kind of interestin'. I never met your mamma or the next two. The kid knew the ones pop married in 1916 and 1918, only I was in the Army. So you're the lady in Oregon's kid, huh? When did the kid find out?"

"Last week, sir. He was givin' mother a drive and they got talking about out West. And then father came last night, sir, and I came and told kid and he telegraphed for you. Of course ——"

"Pop! No," Alan shouted, "he's in jail down in Connecticut! No! They gave him a year! No!"

The blue-eyed Elisha said regretfully, "Well, but he did come last night. Mother wouldn't let him sleep in the house, but he's there right now. He was standing in the window when I was helpin' mother take the sign down. He came before, last year, and ——"

Alan got in motion and went staggering down the cavernous garage. He banged through the kid's neat office into a bedroom and howled through the door of a tiny bathroom, "Kid, this Elisha says pop's here!"

Casimir' John Sobieski Smith stopped the shower raining on his dark body and murmured, "Yeh, th' old ape's here, Lanny. 'S tough —— Yeh." And his amber toes, incessantly flickering on the zinc bottom of the bath, announced, "I feel for you," while he stuck a thumb in his scarlet mouth and looked at Alan with their mother's eyes of a kind animal.

"Oh, hell an' onions!" Alan shouted. "Yeh! It's what they call a fool's paradise in books, that's it! Here I was thinkin' we'd have a year with none of him comin' round and bawlin' for help or stickin' my name on checks. I can't stand it. A guy marries a lady and hands her a father-in-law that's nothin' but a common dead beat—a pool-parlor billy! And he'll be tryin' some of his stuff on you too! I dunno, but it's—it's hard lines, kid! Havin' him for a father ain't our fault. Oh, well, and I suppose he's come here to whine some cash out of his wife—this kid's mother."

"Yeh," said Casimir John; "came last year. 'S nice dame, Lanny. Yeh. 'S like y' wife. 'S lady. 'S tough on her, h'm?"

"It's tough on everybody, includin' the United States," said Alan; then blackness poured on his head and he leaned in the doorway of the tiny cell biting his lips. Too much work lately, with Uncle Hugh gone to New Orleans to look at some old French houses for a model of a building in Albany. This was the cold swooning of the months just after he came back from France. Yes, it was that. The concrete floor melted and hardened under his foot and Casimir was a fluid shadow wrapped in a white towel. Elisha Gibbs Smith said something from far away in a thin mosquito's hum of a voice:

"I think he's ill, kid."

"Yeh ——"

He was presently looking into Casimir John's flat face with the high Slavic cheek bones. The silent boy had got himself into a scarlet jersey in this space, while the black rays danced on Alan's head and there was a miraculous smell of coffee in the plastered bedroom.

"Y' all right, Lanny?"

"I fainted or somethin'. . . . You can get dressed faster'n anybody I know, kid."

"Yeh? Y'been sleep an hour, Lanny. Meet mamma."

Alan's back bounced on the cot and he sat up wildly. A woman stirring something in an electric pot nodded over her shoulder and said precisely, "These little idiots never thought of having breakfast ready for you. So when Elisha G. came galumping in and said you were dying, I assumed that something of this kind had happened and brought some rolls. Put them down by the fire, Elisha G. They won't keep hot if you hold them. . . . Your wife won't thank the kid if you tell her about this. So don't tell her. The poor lamb's very fond of me, and he meant well."

"Yeh," said Casimir John, apologizing for all things by flickering his bare amber toes on the rug and biting a thumb.

"I—I dunno why pop ain't in jail, ma'am. They gave him a year in March. This wop—this Italian widda he married last winter—and her kids had him run in. He stole money out of the cash register at her road house an' beat her up. He hurt one of her kids an' ——"

"So your brother told me last week. Of course John's story is quite different. He says he's been working in New Orleans."

"Yeh," the kid murmured around a thumb; "workin'! Pop! Huh!"

The frail woman smiled at her dark stepson and drawled, "You angel! Don't be so cynical. I've seen your father work, kid. He was a brakeman out on the street cars in Portland, Oregon, when I met him at a church supper. Of course he didn't keep on working after he married me, but I did see him work, and it's a matter of historical interest, isn't it? Give Alan his cup of coffee now."

Alan sipped coffee from a tin cup and covertly tried to straighten his hair with a hand. He felt vaguely incredulous. This lady had married his father about sixteen years ago! She split open a long fresh roll from the pan on the little hearth and began to butter it effectively, as tranquil in the kid's austere bedroom as though it were a school.

"S-so you're pop—father's third?"

"Yes. I married him to refine him. I was twenty-four, but my intelligence needed hardening and I took him for one of Nature's noblemen."

"I think you were kind of silly," Elisha Gibbs Smith commented, selecting a roll; "I'd think you'd ought to have been able to see that he wasn't ——"

The kid said dangerously, "Yeh! Quit bawlin' y'mamma, ape, 'r I'll spank y' pants! Yeh! Lotsa dames've married pop! Yeh!"

"Yes, but, Casim ——"

"Yeh! Call me Cas'mir 'n y'don't get y'pay 'is week, fella!"

"Yes, but, kid, I ——"

"Yeh?"

Elisha Gibbs Smith said humbly, "Oh, nothin', kid," and began to eat his roll.

"Thank you, darling," said Mrs. Smith, brushing her rich pale hair back. "Elisha's so conservative, Alan. His father shocks him. And really John Smith's a dreadful nuisance when he cries. . . . Eat a roll, kid, and let the chocolate alone. I never saw such a mania for milk chocolate in a grown boy!"

Casimir guiltily slipped back a bar of chocolate into a mound of his favorite food on the table north of his cot and pretended that he wanted a roll instead.

"When he was a baby," Alan shyly explained, "an' the old man—father—was off on a bender, I used to feed the kid milk chocolate. A guy let us sleep in a shed back of his garage, but the kid had to eat. It's how he got his taste for chocolate—an' cars. He used to stand and hold wrenches in the garage when he wasn't much longer'n a wrench himself."

"Lanny sold papers," the kid murmured.

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OLD FASHIONED, northern "winter" never comes to Phoenix. Snowstorms, blizzards, zero weather—the usual discomforts—are unknown.

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Superb "Laconia," from N. Y. Jan. 20 and Los Angeles Feb. 5, incl., Hilo, Peking, 125 Days $1250 to $3000. MEDITERRANEAN, new "Transylvania," Jan. 30, incl. Lisbon, Tunis, 15 days Palestine-Egypt, 62 days, $600 to $1700. Norway, June 30, 1926, 55 days, $550 to $1350, fascinating route including the Mediterranean.

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JEFFERSON
TUBE REJUVENATOR

DOES he own a radio? Then here is the Christmas gift that will make him happy. It is the Jefferson Rejuvenator for radio tubes. Every owner of a radio wants one.

Radio tubes, as you no doubt know, deteriorate rapidly with use. But they are again made like new—*in any home*—with the Jefferson Tube Rejuvenator. It "brings back" each tube in just ten minutes!

The Jefferson Tube Rejuvenator attaches to any alternating current electric light socket, and takes large or small tubes—types 201-A, 301-A, UV-199, C-299, 5-VA. It completely restores even paralyzed or exhausted tubes. Used once a month, it keeps tubes at full efficiency, improves reception, adds *years* to the life of tubes, and greatly reduces the cost of radio upkeep.

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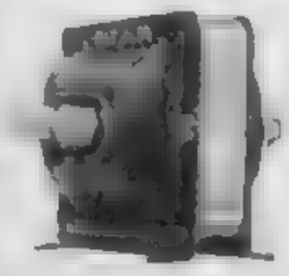

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Your radio, no matter how costly, can be no better than its transformers. Our experience as the world's largest manufacturers of small transformers is everywhere recognized by leading radio engineers who carefully specify "Jefferson." If you want amplification without distortion—clear, pure, sweet, natural tones from your radio—make sure it is equipped with Jefferson Transformers. Sold by the better radio dealers, used by leading set manufacturers.

Mrs. Smith buttered another roll and drawled, "I gather that John always lived on you children or on his current wife. There's so much of the inferior woman—the clinging-vine type—in John's psychology. He marries for food and lodging and cries himself out of difficulties. A complete idler. Your grandmother must have spoiled him."

"Yes'm. She was a dumb old hen. I mean she was a—kind of mediocre person," Alan gasped, grabbing one of his wife's refinements out of memory. "She did spoil him, ma'am. Uncle Hugh was the fine one of the two—taught himself architecture and was a credit to the old folks; but pop was good-lookin' and women always like him first off. He was just a pool-parlor bill around home, an' then he married mamma at Coney Island. She was Polish and didn't know much English. She was Helena the Human Seal. You wouldn't know about her, but she was a headliner in vaudeville. She supported him pretty good till she died. Then he married Elfie Delane. She was a singer. 'N' then he went up to Oregon and ——" Alan swallowed some coffee and concluded, "His other two wives were hoofers in vaudeville. This Italian woman has a good business down by New London. I ain't met her."

The third Mrs. Smith said judicially, "I must have been a great disappointment to John. I'm naturally thrifty and prefer to go to bed early, and I'm not very sentimental. So I left him after six months of it. He turned up last year. He must have been very poor at the moment, and we had a long talk, and I didn't give him anything. I'm trying to save money enough to send Elisha G. to Harvard comfortably. And . . ."

"I don't think I want to go to college," Elisha Gibbs Smith broke in. "I think I've got a talent for mechanical kind of things and I . . ."

The kid said regally, "Yeh? Y'gonna go t' college, guy! 'S'nough about it!"

"Yes, but, kid ——"

"Yeh?"

Elisha G. said swiftly, "Oh, all right, kid," and ate another roll. The kid lighted a cigarette and sat on his heels beside Mrs. Smith's chair, placidly raising and lowering his great toes in a gentle rhythm of satisfaction.

His eyes were onyx in their hearts and the light playing on them suggested the shimmer of gold.

"The kid looks just like mamma," Alan said in the pleasant silence.

"He's been such a comfort all summer. He eats all the stale chocolates in my shop and I don't have to throw them away. We had a mysterious attraction for each other the minute we met. He's adopted me. It's very good for Elisha G. to have an older brother. Give your brother some more coffee, kid."

"I don't need it, thanks. . . . Well, the least we can do is to give pop the rush out of town, ma'am."

"I suppose seeing so much of his family in one place will discourage him. That is, it may. I don't want him here on Monday, because I teach the village school and it wouldn't do to have him coming and crying for money in front of the children. The selectmen are all my first or second cousins—this is my native heath—and it'd be so scandalous. . . . Put some shoes and socks on, kid. I feel sure that you haven't enough underclothes on, but you're beyond reform . . ."

Casimir beamed and leaned over backward to open a drawer of his dresser. In that position he selected a pair of jolly checked socks and then righted himself to put them on.

"It's much worse," the gentlewoman brooded, "when he stands on his head to look under a car or something. He seems to have no bones. Elisha G., pick up Alan's crutches for him. . . . I'm glad it's Sunday, Alan, so you weren't taken away from business for this trip. . . . Put on high shoes, kid, please."

Casimir mutinied and put on a pair of soft white buckskin tennis shoes to match his flannel trousers, then shook himself lazily to be sure that his personal machinery was in order and said, "Yeh," suggesting that it was time to attend to John Smith. He pattered noiselessly in the sunny room, helping with Alan's coat, flinging Mrs. Smith's cloak around her and stuffing a spare inch of Elisha G.'s shirt back into the boy's belt. John Smith's youngest known son had an air of tremulous discomfort that touched Alan. Yes, any well-bred kid would feel so about a scene with pop, and this astonishing lady with her light satiric drawl must have a will in her to keep a stiff lip. The kid opened the door of a big, smartly painted car in the windy garage and helped his second stepmother into its blue cushions.

"The kid sold six of these in September, Alan. He probably forgot to tell you. Innumerable fat women came in my shop and told one another that Mr. Smith had made them order a car. I don't know how he persuaded them, because he can't talk any known language. I expect he smirked them into it."

"Yeh," the kid said placidly; "told'm they looked good in a big car. Yeh, 's how. Dames are dumb."

He snorted softly and started the car out of the garage into the wind that bumped on its luxurious glass. Having aimed the monster down the road, he turned his round black head to beam at Mrs. Smith and Alan over a shoulder.

"Don't try to thrash pop, kid."

Casimir lifted his cigarette with his lower lip and made it flicker. He thus suggested that anything might happen, and Alan winced. It was one thing for the lithe boy to punch pop in the jaw for stealing his pay after a great exhibition of diving in Michigan, but this was Massachusetts, and an unseen choir of Mrs. Smith's relations wouldn't like the scandal.

"No, kid!"

"I'll see that he doesn't thrash John, Alan."

"Thanks. Pop's kind of scared of him. The kid's whipped him twice. . . . My wife's an awful refined girl. Know how you'd feel."

She gave him a swift, sidelong look that startled him, and he hunted a name for the emotion that showed so fleetly in her brown eyes. The car rolled quickly over the blown meadows into the crooked street of shingled houses and paused before the Gift Shop's window. Alan braced his crutches and stepped down on the brick sidewalk, where a man was loitering. This unknown, silent person gave Alan's body a glance and then strolled off.

"Who was that, Elisha G.?"

"Don't know, mother. He was waitin' for the train this morning."

She shrugged and stared after the man for a moment, then mounted the one stone step of the house and opened the door. Unsold potteries and candlesticks twinkled on shelves behind a gray counter in the broad room and a fire was smoldering back of a gay brass shield in a brick frame. Alan looked at a man's gray hat flung on a chair and at a new cheap overcoat lined with suspicious silk. Blood in his head stirred dizzily, seeing these traces of his father, and he stared through an old painted doorway into a dining room, where a napkin wagged in some mild draft on a table of polished oak.

"It's—it's a nice house, ma'am."

"My father's. I put a furnace in and the cellar's very warm, so John won't have taken cold, and the windows are too small for him to get out."

"Wh-what's he doin' down cellar?"

"I asked him to go down when Elisha G. came. The child fortunately didn't say who was ill. I asked John to go down and find me some vinegar and locked the door. Here, kid, take the key and unlock it. . . . He sold some earrings of mine—things of mother's—out in Portland, and I've some very fine old English silver spoons that

(Continued on Page 184)

Spur Tie all tied for you

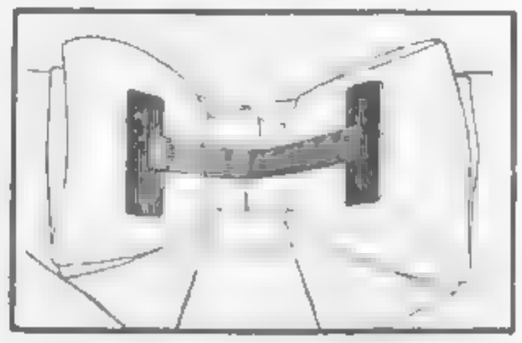
50¢ and up

PAT. JUNE 13, '22; JAN. 29, '24; AUG. 26, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

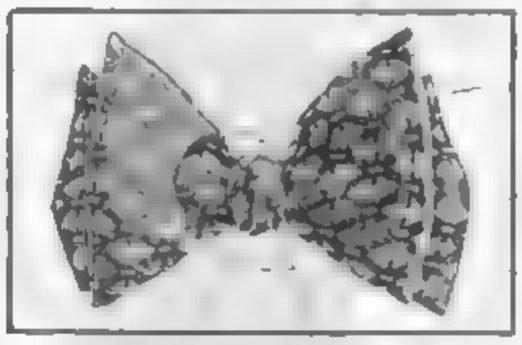
At the right you can see how smart the Square-End Spur Tie looks when actually being worn. This is the new tie style, just created this fall by the Spur Tie, a larger, newer-shaped, prettier bow that any man will like for Christmas.

FREE!

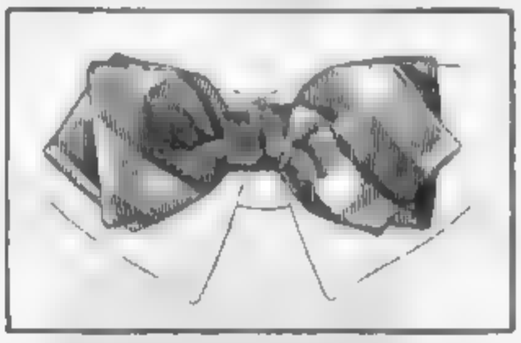
Write for your free copy of "Can Do Winthrop," an interesting, attractively bound business romance, by a talented short story writer—with an insert of new fall styles in Spur Ties, and men's wear accessories.



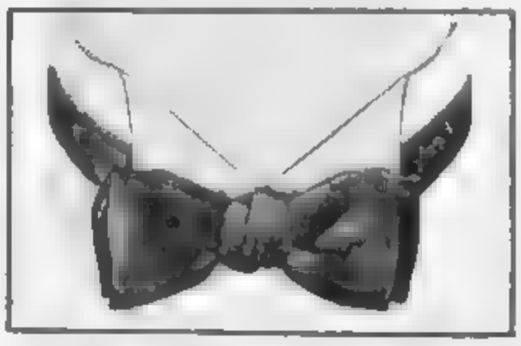
Above, a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the patented, pliable, exclusive Spur Tie form that makes the tie keep the shape you give it. The H-shaped Innerform will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle



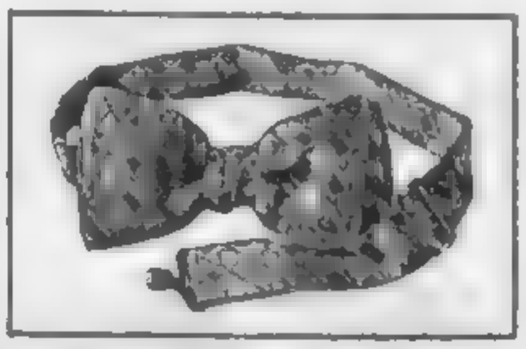
Above, the Butterfly Bow, or bat wing style of Spur Tie



Above, the French Pointed-End style of Spur Tie.



Above, the Spur Dress Tie, in black or white—one dress tie that holds its shape.



Above, the Spur Band Bow, a new kind of tie, with the silk band that goes all around. The tie is held in place by an elastic insert hidden under the knot, and is adjustable to any size or style of collar, stiff or soft. Of course, it has the H-shaped Innerform that makes it look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

No Christmas snow or mistletoe ruffles this smart tie

and here it is in a gay gift box all ready to say Merry Christmas

HERE'S a gift for any man or boy, for wear with any costume from first knickers to swallowtail. It's the Spur Tie, in gay colors that put a new complexion on ties as Christmas gifts. It holds a style secret any man will like. It is all ready-tied by deft-fingered girls who make it look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. It goes on in a jiffy, not a knot to knot. It stays the way it should, for in it is the patented, exclusive, H-shaped Innerform that keeps the Spur Tie in any shape you want it. Find Spur Ties displayed on smart shop counters—with the gay little Christmas box to add pleasantness to gifts. Look for the red Spur label on the back of the ties you buy, and feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. Then you have a tie that will stand without wilting under snowy winds or Christmas mistletoe.

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THE gift that brings to its receiver a year of freedom from forgetting! To the busy man, certainty of appointments kept, work efficiently scheduled, anniversaries remembered! To the wife and mother—assurance of home and social duties performed! To the younger set—an intimate record of varied activities!

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And, an *unusual* gift, which, daily for an entire year, will remind the receiver of the giver.

There are as many styles of The Standard Diaries as there are Diary needs. Attractive pocket sizes; larger Diaries for desk use; The Standard Half Hourly Appointment Diary for business and professional men and women; The Standard *Lock* Diary for those who would keep their personal memos entirely their own.

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THIS holiday season, select many of your gifts from The Standard Diaries—for one of the most acceptable remembrances is "Memory Insurance." Ask for these Diary styles by number at your stationer or department store, or write us direct and we will see that you are supplied. All moderately priced. An illustrated Diary circular on request.

Give Memory Insurance!

The STANDARD DIARY CO
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Publishers of the STANDARD DIARIES *Diaries for Every Need*

(Continued from Page 182)

Aunt Hester gave me, and I didn't want to risk them. . . . Just unlock the door, kid."

Alan gaped at this woman. Casimir took the key and walked stealthily to the white door under the steep staircase. But when the narrow panel swung open there was no scarlet necktie waiting behind it, and Alan gulped. The kid deftly lowered himself on his hands and bent his brown neck around a corner of the frame. He came padding back to tell Mrs. Smith in a murmur, "Yeh. 'S readin' a newspaper front y' furnace."

"John!"

The kid jumped. Alan's left crutch gave and he slipped a little. She had cried out too sharply; she was human, after all, and this man in the cellar was alarming, even to her. Elisha G. frankly retired to the fireplace and partly turned his back. A mounting ghost of tobacco entered the room before John Smith said plaintively from the cellar's stairs, "Oh, you're back, Em! I don't know why you'd treat a feller thataway! I don't!" he said with the first gurgle of a sob in his melting voice. "What I've done?"

"Aw, dry up! The lady locked you in because she can't trust you by yourself!"

Alan panted and watched John Smith step from shadow into the room's glow. The comely head and the lacquered pinkness of the face glimmered in a thin vapor of cigarette smoke welling from the cellar, and—of course—there were the gray suit, the scarlet necktie and the shirt of rosy silk. Pop arrived from nowhere in his usual cheap spruceness and, as usual, made his eyes enlarge with tears.

"Kid! And Lanny boy! I dunno where you came from, but it does a feller good to see you! You've grew some, kid. . . . Emma, I can't hardly believe that's the baby I used to walk the floor with nights out back in Los Angeles!"

"Yeh?" Casimir murmured, perching on the counter.

"And he's the image of his mamma, Em!"

"That's one of the truest things you ever said," Alan growled. "Well, the kid has the garage here, pop. Him—he and—and Mrs. Smith are friends. He wired for me, and I came on last night. That's that. The rest is, when did you get out of jail? You've told Mrs. Smith this string about workin' down in Lou'siana or somewheres. That'll be all of it. They gave you a year in jail for lammin' your wife on the head and robbin' her road house. That was March."

Only, as always, his father didn't wince. That was the worst of pop. You called him anything and he just gurgled, unless he was drinking and got sore. The genial whimper began:

"You needn't ha' told that front of Emma an' little Elisha, Lanny. When a man's had some hard luck he don't want all his fam'ly to know. . . . If I got in a muss with Fiora, it was just a misunderstandin', and if her boys had kep' out of it we'd been all right. A feller borrows some cash out of his wife's register to pay a guy for a package and gets accused. Well, there was an all-right chaplain there at the prison and he fixed it up. Fiora's hot-headed, kind of. Italians always are. Why, that was all settled a long time ago! I been down in New Orleans workin' on a real-estate deal, and it's comin' on fine too. I just dropped off to see Emma and little Elijah-sha on my way to Boston. There's a man I have to see up there. And I wonder when I can catch a train."

Casimir gave Alan a whirling glance and his prisoned toes writhed in the white shoes. This wasn't usual. Pop pulled up a sleeve and glanced impressively at a silver watch pinioned on his heavy hard wrist.

"Nearly 'leven. Well, I dropped off to see Em and little Elisha. I been tellin' her if she had a couple of hundred she wanted to put in this real-estate deal, I can give her back a thousand in no time, an' I say the same to you boys. Blood's thicker'n water. I ain't always been the best father in the world. Now I want to do you fellers a favor. Write me—in about six months, say—and I'll pick out some of the best lots down there. It's goin' to be the biggest winter resort between Miami and Santa Barbara. Write me in care of the Sunlight Realty Corporation, Poinsette, Louisiana, and I'll take care of you on this thing. You don't pay me a cent. No, sir! Your checks go to the corporation. I'm just on a salary. . . . I wonder when that train to Boston goes."

"The train," Elisha Gibbs Smith said primly, "goes at twenty minutes after eleven, sir."

John Smith picked up his overcoat and stared absently at a corner of its lining. The kid had drawn up his heels to the edge of the counter and seemed to hang dangerously as he squatted, as though the gray floor were a pool and his father some notable fish darting in visible depths of the water. The boy had shoved four fingers into his mouth and his bronze forehead shifted constantly in a delicate trembling of muscles; he was thinking, Alan knew, and the muscles trembled still when their father spoke again:

"I've always played in bad luck. I was tryin' to get some money together to buy a piece of real estate in Los Angeles when Helena died on me. We'd be worth a million if it wasn't just my luck to have the poor girl die right then. And I was gettin' the ropes out to swing the biggest swimmin' act vaudeville ever saw into line for the kid when him an' you got sore on me there five years back."

"Yeh?" said Casimir.

"Yes, I was, kid! Oh, I know how you an' Lanny feel! I played high an' low with your pay when you was swimmin' pr'fessional. I did, and I've laid awake nights thinkin' it over. I don't blame you boys at all. Your mamma in heaven hears me say it! I used you mean. Yes, when a feller finds his rep'tation's so bad that his own wife—even if she is Italian—has him locked up for borrowin' some cash out of her register to pay for a c'lect-on-delivery suit, why, it's time to think things over! Well, it's no good talkin'. I got to catch this train anyhow. Lanny, you write me in just about six months, boy, and I'll fix you up with some water-front lots down at Poinsette. They'll have the sewerage all in by that time and gettin' ready to start the boom. I think it'll pan out big. Plenty of folks are so sick of hearin' of sunlight in California and Florida, they'll be glad to think about Lou'siana for a change. . . . Well, Lanny, how's your wife?"

Alan got his lips to move and said stupidly, "Myra's all right."

"Prettiest girl you ever saw, Em," John Smith declared, wriggling into his overcoat. "She don't like me. Why would she? An old feller comin' into her house to pester Lan for money. . . . Well, thanks for breakfast, Emma. So long, an' good luck to you! Good-by, kid."

"Yeh," said the kid, rotating on the counter to watch the door shut. He stood up on the ledge and his black eyes followed John Smith's entry into the wind and sunshine. Presently he lifted one foot and poised for a long while, ready to step in air. Then he said "Yeh," and began to roll a cigarette.

"What you think, kid?"

"Lyin'," said Casimir, comfortably busy.

"Oh," Elisha Gibbs Smith objected, "but you see advertisements for that Sunlight Realty Company all over! I was readin' one on the train the day I went up to Boston to the dentist."

"Yeh?"

"I was, kid!"

"Yeh, 's all right, mamma. He's gone for a while," the kid murmured all in a breath. "'S all right. Gonna faint on us?"

The frail woman sagged into a little maple chair and clenched her hands in her lap. Alan wavered between his crutches and thought of ammonia and brandy. She was colorless and limp, a bundle of gray cloth and flesh.

"I never fainted in my life! Only why did he come here?"

"Didn't he try to bum any money off of you?" Alan asked, forgetting grammar wholly. "Not any?"

"No. All he's done is talk in that—that real-estate-dealer way about Louisiana. I can't understand it! I can't! It frightened me!"

Alan shoved a crutch about on the floor and plunged his tired mind at the novelty.

He said shyly, "He was—was kind of novel. Whenever he gets that off about mamma watchin' us from heaven I always think of her in her swimmin' tights lookin' over the edge of a cloud, kind of, and laughin' her head off. It's what I remember mostly—her sittin' in her dressing room at the theater ready to go on, sewing for the kid. . . . Yes, he was funny."

"Yeh," said the kid: "scared."

Mrs. Smith leaned back in the chair and stared at the long boy standing on her counter with his white shoes straddling a little jar of amethyst pottery.

She said, "You thought so, dear? I had that sensation. But what would scare him?"

"The kid thrashed him twice," Alan brooded, and then stopped thinking of John Smith to watch his brother and this grave woman smiling at each other. It was the smile that Casimir expended on a smoothly running motor or a dive which left no foam; on something more satisfying than chocolates, cigarettes or pretty girls. In her honor the kid lifted his imprisoned toes and grinned completely, with the thinnest rim of white teeth showing between his lips. She had been selected as worthy of his most eminent regard.

"You shouldn't thrash your father, kid. It's barbarous."

"Yeh? Polish?"

"I've no belief in heredity, dear. If I had I shouldn't sleep at night. But you shouldn't thrash your father, because you're stronger than he is."

Alan yawned, "I ain't—I'm not so sure. The kid's pretty husky at that, but pop's an awful bruiser for a man that spends all his time—his time ——"

"Frivolously," Mrs. Smith prompted, settling her blown hair. "Anyhow, it's rude to thrash people, kid. Remember that."

"Yeh," said Casimir John without optimism, and dropped behind the counter to explore among piled boxes for chocolates.

"You see advertisements for that Sunlight Realty Corporation in newspapers and all over," Elisha Gibbs Smith pondered, poking the fire. "If I had anything to do with a big corporation, I wouldn't want a man working for us that had been in prison."

"You're a true conservative, Lisha G.," his mother drawled; "only there isn't an atom of proof that your father's working for any corporation. How cynical we all are about John! . . . Kid, all the chocolates are on the third shelf. Don't grub around in those hard candies. . . . Alan, I think you'd better have some more coffee. There's some on the stove in the kitchen, and you're quite white. Lisha, get up some more wood for the fire. You boys will be here for lunch of course. The kid always has one meal a day here, Alan. . . . Come into the kitchen and I'll make you some toast."

Alan shed his overcoat and lumbered after the gray dress through a painted dining room into the low kitchen. He couldn't check a golden mist that flowed in his mind, a soothing fog of little hopes and guesses. Suppose pop had truly straightened up. Men did reform; you read about them in newspapers and books. And if John Smith had decided to become reputable, why, the man was no fool! He could get along. Alan saw him comfortable in his pink silk shirts, babbling around a town in strong sunlight, leading tourists to look at lots. He would be good at that, unless the tourists were too thin-skinned. If you got out of the regions in which grammar and table manners were severe, pop wasn't much more awful than thousands of honest men. He was just common and loud.

"I can't understand it," Mrs. Smith said, as she poured coffee into an enameled pot. "I'm a little stunned. Sit down and concentrate on it, Alan. Is he really working?"

"I feel like I'd had ten cocktails an' ready-to-wear gin in 'em," Alan pondered, sitting beside an old oak table. He leaned his crutches on the table's edge where boys had tested knives in past times, and was bewildered in a hard chair. But presently he reflected, "I never heard of him workin' for more than ten days. Elfie Delane got him a job at a theater in Los Angeles once, but they fired him. It's against his principles, kind of. How on earth did he get out of jail? What makes you think he was scared, ma'am? I ain't clever, you know. The kid gets these intuitions about folks and generally right. But I don't. I'm kind of dumb."

The woman smiled and said casually, "I felt that he was frightened. . . . The kid's very imposing, you know. Perhaps that was it. The kid has beautiful manners. He'd been aching to ask me who my husband was all summer. He thought Lisha G. looked suspicious, but he never asked me until last week. I was darning some clothes for him. It's really a bond among people to have been abused by the same person, isn't it? And ——"

Out in the shop Casimir John said loudly, "Yeh?" and a faint draft blew Mrs. Smith's apron. Alan sneezed; cold wind had touched his neck.

"Kid," John Smith said, "I gotta stay here. Your mamma's lookin' at you from heaven, boy! Don't throw me down—or you, Elihu! This is serious! I'm goin' down in that cellar and you boys ain't seen me! I'm your father, ain't I? Well, blood's thicker'n water! There's a feller down street I don't want to see me."

The man had to pause and cough. His voice rattled:

"You hear me? You an' Lanny an' that ice-cream jug he married are so damn sore when I turn up at Carmelsville for a piece of change. All right, you tell that dame—that feller if he comes in and asks for me that I ain't here! I'm gone! Tell him that or I'll be at Carmelsville day in and day out, see? You won't never get rid of me! I'm goin' down ——" He paused. Then he said furiously, "Get away from that door, you Polack devil!"

"Yeh?"

Alan reached for his crutches. He could see as if there were no walls. Casimir had slipped to place before the door of the cellar and John Smith would be glaring at him.

"Yeh? Y'busted jail, h'm?"

"No! It's just this feller I don't wanta see, kid! Lemme down in there and keep your mouth shut or ——"

"Yeh?"

Alan shouted, "Kid, don't start anything!" and winced on the sound of slamming wood. A great burst of wind surged through the room and John Smith yelled heavily. After that there was no noise, and the wind ceased.

"That was the front door," said Mrs. Smith, slowly pinning a piece of bread on a fork.

Alan gathered his crutches under his arms and stood listening. His heart had begun to rap in his chest and the glitter of lined tins on a shelf hurt his eyes. The people out in the shop were noiseless as walls, and something fearful had happened. Once John Smith had thrown a chair at Elfie Delane and cut her head.

"And so," a woman said deeply, "I get you out of prison, Jack, and you behave like this! And I don't know why I don't send you back either."

A man remarked, "That's just what I'd do if I was you, mamma."

"You shut it off, Leo," the woman ordered, "and keep out of my business. I have to hire a detectif to mind my husband! Bah!" she thundered. "What a husband!

(Continued on Page 188)

"Too Many Men are content with a poor shave"

"I was one of them for years.

"I became used to a poor shave. I felt I could never get real satisfaction.

"Suddenly my whole shaving habits changed!

"All because I solved the vexing blade problem.

"I switched to the Valet AutoStrop Razor which automatically sharpens its own blades.

"Now I have a new-like, super-keen blade for every shave—not a constantly dulling one.

"A big difference? Positively! *Every* shave is perfect. Uniform. Smooth. Speedy."

Many men are learning the difference in safety razors.

There are two distinct kinds—one requiring fresh blades often, as each shave dulls them; then in contrast, the Valet AutoStrop Razor which sharpens its own blades.

You can sharpen the blade, shave and clean the razor, all without removing the blade.

Have you drifted into a shaving rut? Do you continue to use the same old razor?

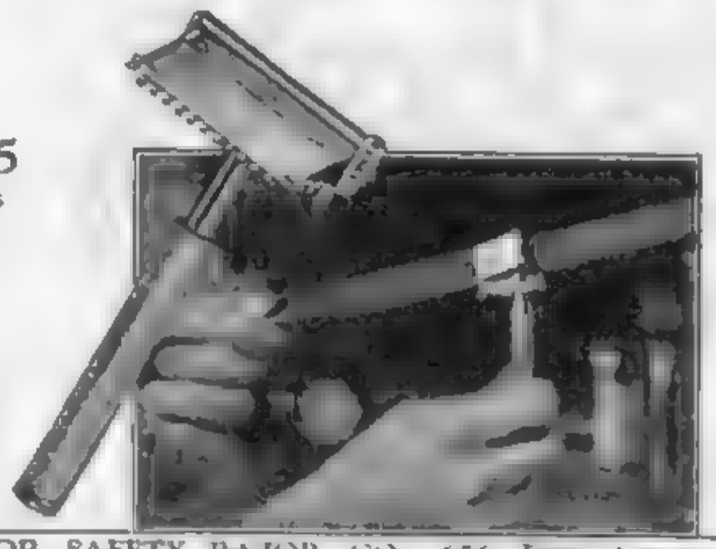
Or are you willing to get a super-shave? It is not a costly venture.

Try the principle developed by Valet AutoStrop. It has won millions of enthusiastic friends.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

$5 to $25
Other sets at $1



The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

The greatest gift in the world

Once again you are faced by the Christmas gift problem. May we offer this suggestion?

There is a dear friend. There is a little child, bedridden. There is a wife tied closely to home by her duties. There is a pair of silver haired lovers out on the farm. There is a home where youth is just coming into its own. There are others whom thoughts of Christmas bring to mind.

Give RADIO—the greatest gift in the world—to at least one of these.

Give the Magic Box that brings the nation's finest singers, musicians, bands, orchestras, fun makers, speakers, preachers—market reports, weather reports—anything and everything into the home *on demand*.

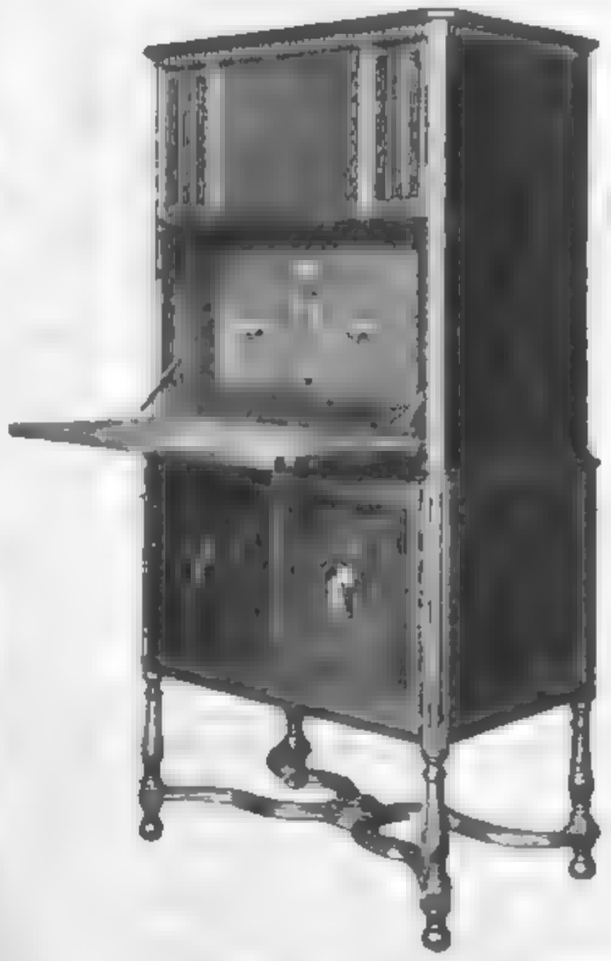
Give Federal Ortho-sonic!

This, we claim, is the *greatest gift in the world*—costing the giver *less* and giving the recipient *more* that is worth while than even the jewels of a queen.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

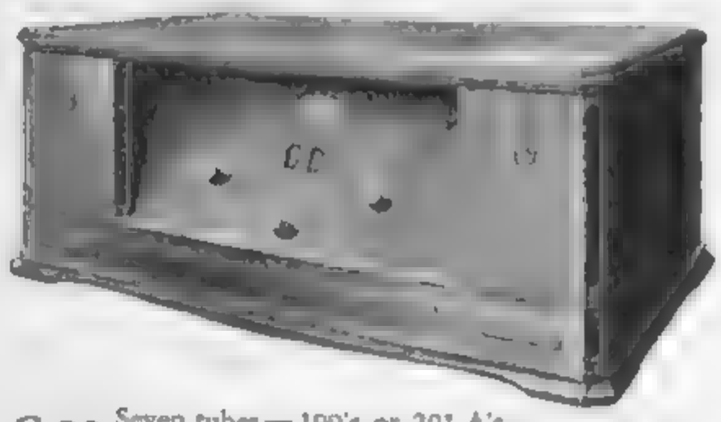
Federal
ORTHO-SONIC
RADIO

A-10 Five tubes — 199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Cabinet has rich brown mahogany finish. Federal standard parts used throughout. Without accessories $75



C-35 Seven tubes — 199's or 201-A's Balanced tuned radio frequency In handsome highboy cabinet. Superior quality built-in Federal Speaker. Without accessories . . . $300

B-35 Five tubes — 199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Beautiful cabinet of selected mahogany, finished in rich two-tone effect. Enclosed speaker. Ample space for batteries. Without accessories $250



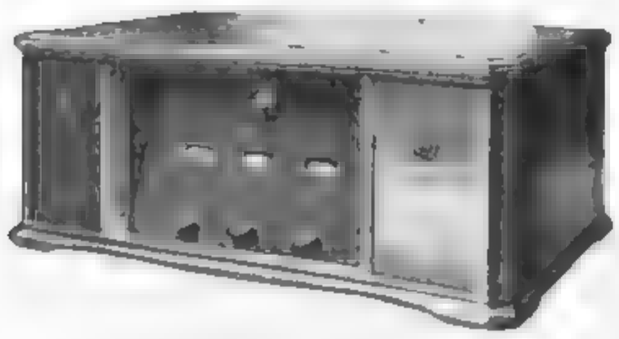
C-20 Seven tubes — 199's or 201-A's Balanced tuned radio frequency. Genuine mahogany cabinet, finished in rich brown. Operates on self-contained loop. Without accessories $165

This Federal Designator is displayed by the Retailer who handles genuine Federal Ortho-sonic Radio Sets. Look for it

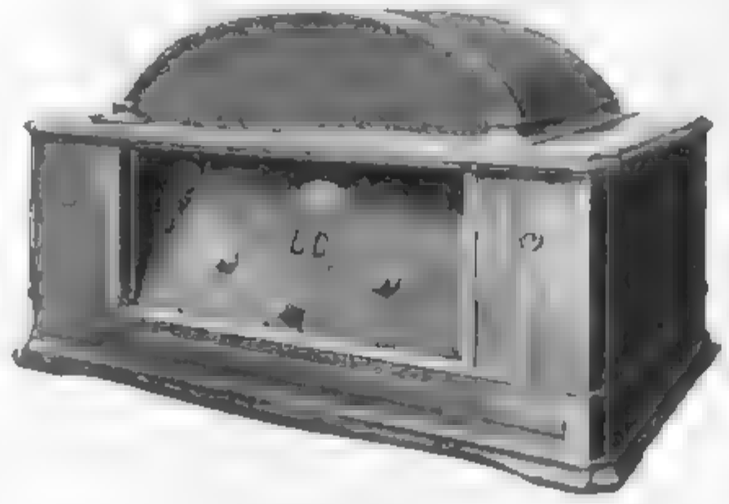
ORTHO-SONIC

Of, pertaining to, or producing tone values in sound reproduction corresponding exactly to the natural tones

Why not have the latest?



B-20 Five tubes — 199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Genuine mahogany cabinet with rich finish. Micrometer tuning controls. Space for batteries. Without accessories **$100**



C-30 Seven tubes—199's or 201-A's Balanced tuned radio frequency Genuine mahogany cabinet, with rich brown finish. Two micrometer tuning controls. Space for batteries. Operates on self-contained loop. Federal enclosed adjustable speaker. Without accessories **$200**

You read many *claims* about "tone." Why not make this test? Why not let your own ears judge the difference between mere *radio tone* and *Ortho-sonic lifelike presentation*?

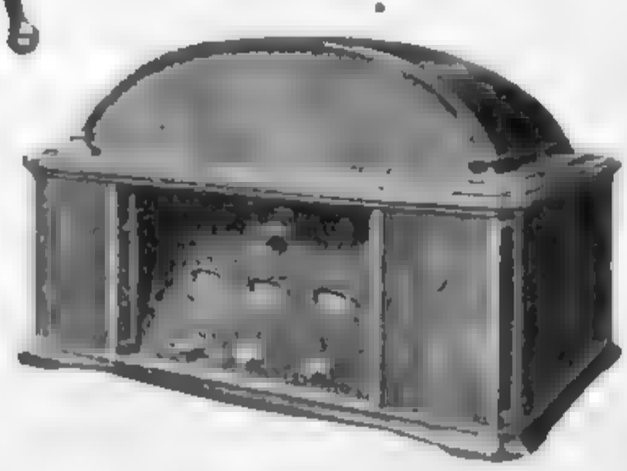
Go to any Federal Retailer. He will tune in a Federal Ortho-sonic receiver on any station. Then "*Listen with Closed Eyes.*" This is the supreme test of tone.

Note the startling *reality* of the presentation. There is no sense of distance. The instrument or the voice is *in the room*. Tone, volume, personality are *real*. This is *Ortho-sonic* radio—"*Rivaled only by Reality.*"

Yet Federal Ortho-sonic Radio Sets, in cabinets of modern design and exquisite finish, cost no more than others. There is a type and a price for every home.

See the Federal Retailer in your vicinity If you do not quickly find him write for his name and a free copy of our booklet, "Radio Reality."

B-36 Five tubes — 199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Floor cabinet of choice mahogany woods with rich, two-tone brown finish. Enclosed Federal Speaker. Space for batteries. Without accessories **$250**

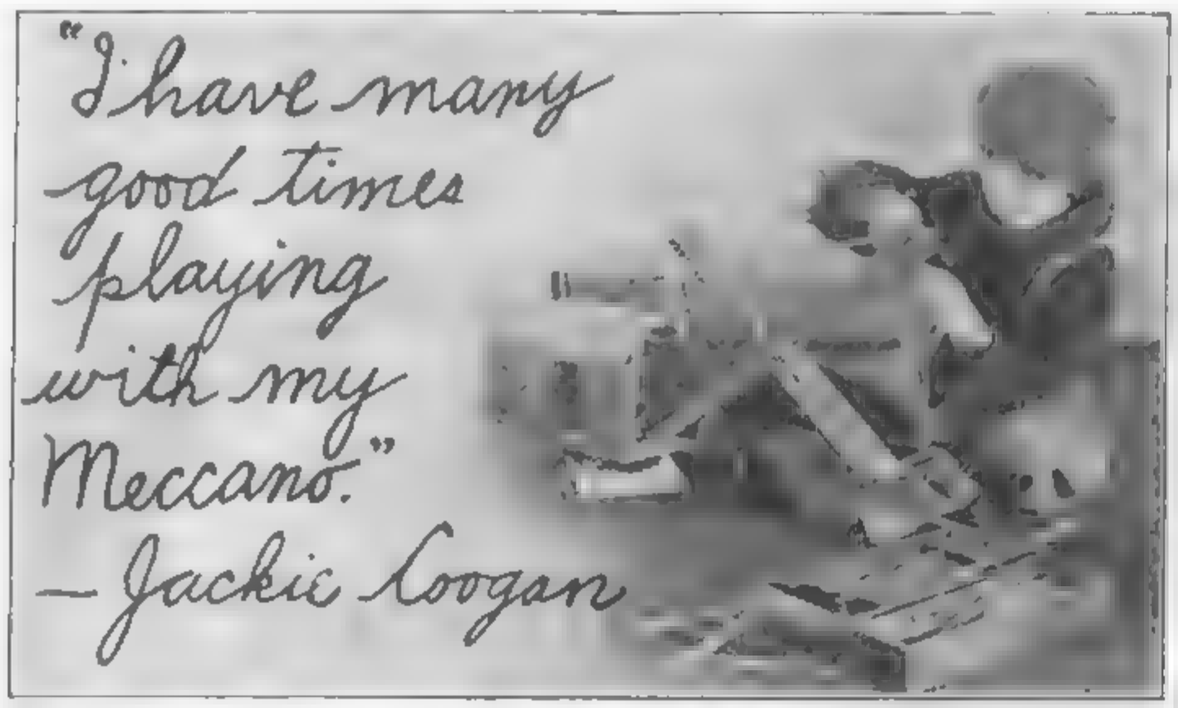


C-40 Not illustrated. Seven tubes—199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. In specially designed custom-built hand-carved cabinet. Every detail and feature is provided in this model to make it the last word, not only as a radio receiving set, but also as a beautiful furniture piece for the select home. Without accessories **$350**

B-30 Five tubes — 199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Extremely sensitive and selective. Mahogany cabinet finished in rich, lustrous brown. Micrometer tuning controls Ample space for batteries. Federal enclosed adjustable speaker. Exceptional volume and tone Without accessories **$130**

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N.Y.*
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

Federal
ORTHO-SONIC
RADIO

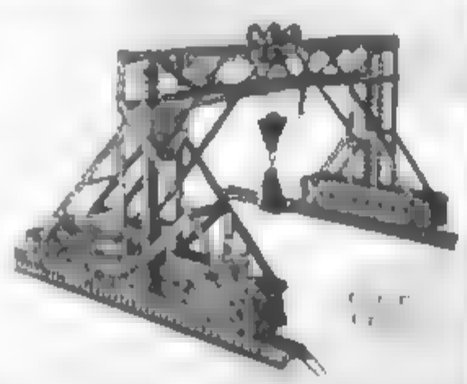


HAVING a choice of all construction toys, Jackie Coogan selected Meccano, the original and "the Daddy of them all." A regular fellow is Jackie all the way through, and when he is not acting in the movies you will find him playing with Meccano. More than once he has been caught dashing off between pictures to finish a Meccano model that he has designed himself.

Your boy, too, can share in this Meccano fun. He can build towers, cranes, bridges—anything his heart desires. It's as easy as building with blocks.

Made First—Made Better—Builds Most

Meccano has such a great variety of parts—more than 200—a part for every purpose. That's why it will build many more models than any other toy. There are strong steel strips, with holes every half inch to make building easy; solid brass pulleys and gears; couplings for strips and rods; curved strips and many others. Other toys have copied some of these parts, but only Meccano has them all. In fact, there has never been a steel construction toy that did not adopt some Meccano parts—that's how good Meccano is. But don't be fooled, to build right your boy must have the original



Some Exclusive Meccano Features
Only in Meccano can you get these parts
1 Heavy Perforated Steel Strips with smooth edges
2 Sturdy Angle Girders
3 Nuts and Bolts brazed to prevent rust
4 Brass Wheels with solid brass hubs
5 Large Braced Girders
6 Solid Brass Gears
Curved Strips
8 Patented Cranks and Couplings
9 Triple-throw Eccentric
10 Powerful Geared Motors
Other toy parts may look like Meccano, but place them side by side and judge for yourself

Special $8.50 Outfit

This splendid value outfit contains a great assortment of parts and a powerful reversing motor. Builds hundreds of models; the Manual (included) pictures more than 150. No. 2X outfit, Price $8.50.

Others from $1 to $45

For sale by most toy and hardware stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

In every Meccano outfit is a big book full of pictures of models. The fun begins as soon as your boy opens his set.

Yes, Jackie is enthusiastic about Meccano, and your boy will be, too, when he gets his outfit. Give him one for Christmas—you will have as much fun with it as he will.

These Books Free

Send for them Now.

"The Magic Carpet"—that carries boys to the wonderland of Meccano joy and model-building. Full of interesting pictures

"The Jackie Coogan Book"—an interesting story of Jackie's visit to the Meccano factory and what he saw there.

Sent free to your boy for the names and addresses of three of his chums. Put No. 32 after his own name for reference.

Meccano Company, Inc., Div. S-12, Elizabeth, N. J.
In Canada—Meccano Ltd., 45 Colborne St., Toronto

MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

(Continued from Page 185)

First I must put him in jail and then I get him out on approbation ——"

"Probation, mamma," said another man.

"You shut up!" she roared. "I don't care what the word is! I get you out again, John, and you promise to behave, and then you run off!" There were endless *f*'s in the word.

"You run off and I have to have a detectif to find you!"

"Look here, Fiora," John Smith wailed, "these folks here—they sent for me! Casimir, your mamma's listenin' to us from heaven, and ——"

"Yeh?"

"You tell this lady that—that I wasn't runnin' any place. Gawd hears me say it, Fiora, that I wasn't runnin' any place, as ——"

"You are a liar," said the thunderous woman with precision. "I am not a religious woman, but if I was I would pray to have you make yourself over. No, I will not be made a fool out of! You married me. Good! We stay married. You come home and work. I have never seen such a lazy fellah! It is too much to keep the books and talk to the vegetable man! What could be easier?"

John Smith gurgled, "Now, Fiora, honey, don't get nasty! This here's my boy—my first wife's son—little Casimir. And he's in some trouble and ——"

The kid said, "Yeh?"

He quenched the voice as though he had stamped on his father's mouth; but the voice of the sixth Mrs. Smith resumed its booming.

"I am unlucky all my life! I am born in a steamship on the ocean, and that means luck, but am I lucky? No! I sing in the chorus at the opera in New York. I sing and sing, and am I made into a star? No! I marry Teobaldo Giolitti and come to New London to keep hotel. Am I lucky? No! The hotel burns. I have twins. Teo dies. I work and work. I have a good road house. The boys work. I meet you on a street car. We are married. Do you work? No! You steal money. You bang Leo's head. You bust my wrist. You go to jail. I take you out on approbation. You cry. You say you'll behave yourself. Then you steal more money and run off! Is that lucky? No! By gravy," said Mrs. Smith, "I shall put you in jail again!"

The gloomy Leo said, "That's what I'd do, mamma."

"He ain't any good, mamma," the other son declared. "Remember him callin' you a wop spaghetti choker? No, he ain't any good! You just have Fitzgerald take him back to ——"

"Shut it off!" the sixth wife of John Smith rumbled. "Your head is good for just hair! You come home with us, John, and right away! You are so smart. You buy a ticket to Boston and then change trains an' come to this place. By gravy, you come home and be smart! I am watching you! When I am married, I stay married! I unite myself to this fella. I stay united, or he goes back to jail, eh? I shall not be made a fool out of! No, and that is the end of it!"

"Fiora," her husband said in an oily gurgle, "I'm certainly comin' home with you, girlie! I just ran up here to see my boys. And I didn't steal nothin', officer! Fiora said I could have a winter suit and I went an' got it, and ——"

A tired barytone said dismally, "It's none of my business. Mrs. Giol—Mrs. Smith says she wants you home. All my business is to keep track of you. And there's a train at twelve, if you want to catch it."

Alan rocked into the dining room and peered through the doorway at the kid, squatting before the cellar door with a thumb in his red mouth. Two young men in brown overcoats were miserably huddled close to Elisha Gibbs Smith by the fireplace, watching a tall woman stalk to and fro.

"All I want is to get right back to New London to your place, girlie."

"Eh? You shall come! And next time remember you are watched. Bah!" the woman said. "I take all this trouble! And for what a man! Well, I am kind to the rest of women who"—she jabbed a thumb at John Smith's vest—"who might marry you. I say to all those women, 'Bah! Do not be fools! Look at him!'"

"Aw, girlie!"

"Shut it off! I am not lucky! No! But you make no more trouble. *Sil* I am once more again united to you! I keep you! Come," she said with a wide gesture, "we go home. . . . Are you the son of this?"

"Yeh."

"Then kiss poppa," the sixth Mrs. Smith said urgently, "because we go home now."

"'S all right, lady," the kid assured her; "g'on ahead. Yeh. G'-by."

The opening door made a whirlpool of the woman's skirts and veils. Alan saw that she wore pink silk stockings and that her robust calves promised force. Her sons and the bored detective closed in behind John Smith so tightly that Alan was surprised when his father swung free of the group and flung a fist at Casimir's beaming face. The blow missed, and one of Mrs. Smith's sons said, "Aw, none of that now! You're a hell of a father!"

"Yeh," said the kid.

"If your mamma's watchin' us from heav——"

"Yeh? G'-by, pop."

"Come," said the sixth Mrs. Smith; "and behave yourself. To act so in a strange house! Leo, you walk with him. We do not look like we make him arrested. No! This is a family party."

Casimir trotted to peep through the window and rose on his toes, gazing after the party's progress down the street of Siamet. He said comfortably "Yeh. Knew he was lyin', Lanny. Tryin' to dodge 'at dame. Yeh."

"Kid, it's what he was scared of!"

"Yeh. Mamma scared?"

"I don't think so."

The kid whirled and loped through the dining room into the kitchen. Elisha Gibbs Smith roved after him, feebly oscillating from foot to foot, and then returned to tell Alan vexedly, "She's cryin'."

"D'you blame her? No lady would feel so damn joyful seein' what she married behave like that, son. Kind of disgusting. These reunions with pop always upset me, an' I'm near thirty an' pretty tough. Use your imagination."

Elisha meekly nodded, wrinkled his forehead and strained his imagination visibly. Alan uneasily stumbled off into the dining room and found his palms moist on the holds of his crutches. Yes, this was rough on a woman, and it wouldn't matter that the thing was a little funny at the end.

He hesitated in the kitchen's bright doorway.

"And the worst of it is having Lisha know he's that man's son, kid!"

"Yeh? Lanny 'n' me stand it. . . . Y'all right, mamma! My mamma married him. Lotsa dames marry pop. . . . Keep on cryin'. 'S all in the fam'ly," said Casimir John.

"And you think that's a consolation, kid?"

"Yeh," the kid murmured; "you got some nice relatives by marryin' pop. And we'll stand by you. Yeh, we're all in trouble together," the boy said distinctly, "an'—don't cry."

"Kiss me," said his stepmother; "and I'll try. You're such a comfort, kid!"

Casimir took a long breath and stooped over her hair. Alan blushed and retired from his brother's look of woe. After all, you had to sacrifice something to family duty. Blood was thicker than water.

Above:
The Traveler:
In Gold Plate, $10.00
In Silver Plate, $7.50
Genuine leather case

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THE STAR AND THE VILLAGE MAIDEN

(Continued from Page 17)

"Hewitt was joking. He has a great sense of humor. But sit down, won't you?"

David had recovered his self-possession under the shock of Hewitt's monumental joke. He could see Hewitt grin as he sent the girl off on this wild-goose chase. He must soften the moment for her or she might be embarrassed. She took the chair he offered and drew off her gloves, glancing around the room with brilliant, appreciative brown eyes. Everything about her, he now took in, was brown—eyes, hair, pumps, silk stockings, gown, gloves. Even her complexion had a delicate brown tone, like a healthy tan. He liked her reception of his rather brusque announcement. It was clear that she was both surprised and disappointed, but she uttered no criticism of the misguided Hewitt.

"I was afraid it was too good to be true when I got here," she said easily. "What a lovely house you have, and what an enchanting garden! I like the old town too. We simply must find accommodations in it for a little while. Can you suggest any other place?"

"Why, I—I ——"

David stared at her with a returning effect of self-consciousness which amused but did not surprise her. She was used to having young men stutter and stammer when she looked at them. But David was not really self-conscious. He was merely considering an idea—an idea of such superb proportions that it made him mentally gasp.

"You see," the vision went on, charmingly resolved to put him at his ease, "I'm Miss Wynne—Geraldine Wynne, of the Olympia Theater, and I've just ended a year's run, and I've got to begin another in three weeks. Isn't that frightful? For I'm utterly worn out and my nerves have simply gone to pieces. Fortunately we reopen in the same play, so I don't have to study a new rôle. But my doctor told me to find an absolutely quiet place, where I wouldn't know a soul, and go there with mamma and my maid. Where are those two anyway? I'm always losing them," she ended impatiently. "Oh, there they are, out in the hall!"

David followed her glance through the still-open door and became conscious of an impressive, middle-aged figure, somewhat overdressed, surveying through a lorgnette the English prints in his hall, and of a sedate and plainly dressed young figure, respectfully hovering near it.

"There's mamma now," said the vision, "taking it for granted that we're going to stay and looking about with proprietary eyes. Isn't she the limit! Come in, mamma," she called suddenly. "Come in and meet Mr. Wallis, and then be fired. For he won't have us at any price. He says so."

"Oh, Mr. Wallis, don't say you're going to turn us away from this adorable spot!"

Mamma shook hands warmly as she spoke, and regarded him with blue eyes, faded and world-weary, but still capable of execution.

"Mamma can't understand how anyone can refuse me anything," Miss Wynne said.

"Neither can I. Certainly I'll not be the one to refuse you." David spoke briskly, his resolution made. He would do this incredible thing. Hadn't he, too, received orders from his doctor? Hadn't he been told that he needed a change and house guests? Well, here they were, dropping from the blue in answer to his need. Who was he, to decline such a gift from the gods? "Of course we'll be glad to take you in," he added more sedately. "Suppose you look over what we can offer. I think we can make you comfortable, but, of course, that's for you to decide."

He led the way from the room, across the wide central hall and upstairs, and the little procession obediently followed him, lengthened by the addition of the maid. At the first landing on the second floor he paused with the showman's instinct.

"You see, the house has two floors, divided by this big central hall," he began, "and the family lives on this right-hand side—that is, my mother's room and bath and her nurse's bedroom and sitting room are on this side, and so is my bedroom. The servants' rooms are off in the rear wing. That leaves this whole left side of the second floor unoccupied, so if you like it ——"

He threw open a door as he spoke and led them into a large, charmingly furnished bedroom. Through an open door they saw a smaller room beyond it, with a bathroom connecting the two.

"There's another bedroom in the rear for your maid," the young man added while his guests rapturously exclaimed.

"You know, it's a miracle," Miss Wynne piously exclaimed. "If we'd searched the earth over we couldn't have found more ideal quarters."

"Then you still want to come?"

"If you sent us away now I'd scream," the girl solemnly assured David.

"And that's no joke," mamma added. "She used to throw herself flat on the ground and yell every time she didn't get anything she wanted, and I'm always afraid she'll do it still when things go wrong. And now Mr.—Mr. ——"

"—— Wallis," David prompted.

"—— Mr. Wallis, we must talk business."

David flushed, and Miss Wynne moved tactfully toward the end of the room.

"How much a week would these accommodations be? Better make it a flat sum for rooms and board for the three of us," mamma added graciously.

"Why, I—I don't know anything about that end of the matter," David stammered. "You see, we've never ——"

"Of course you don't." Miss Wynne wheeled abruptly from the window and took the situation in hand, evidently realizing that mamma scented a bargain. "So suppose we pay you what we're paying at our hotel." She mentioned a price. "Will that be all right?"

"It's far too much. You see, you won't be getting hotel accommodations here."

"We'll be getting something better. So that's settled." Evidently Miss Wynne was a young person of decision. She passed to the next point. "We can't use our car on these wretched roads; and, anyway, we've just about wrecked the springs getting here. What can we do with it?"

"I'll put it in a safe place. But"—the host looked rather blank—"have you a chauffeur out there?"

"Of course not. I drive myself."

"That's good. I don't know quite what we'd have done with him. By the way, there's an old carriage horse and a shabby buggy in the stable, if you want to do some driving. There are some good country roads, too, and wood drives that you might like to explore."

"I'd adore it. Now I suppose we'd better change for luncheon. At one, isn't it? Did I say Katherine will wait on the table? She will, if that will help out."

Unmistakably Miss Wynne was an executive person as well as an artist. Knowing how rare the combination was, David was increasingly impressed by her. In this approval Miss Wynne herself warmly shared. She was an artist off the stage as well as on. She visualized every new scene in which she figured as played in a stage setting, and in playing it she reached mentally for new business and good lines. Just now she was more than usually pleased with herself and the world. Life had been good to her in sending her this way. The next three weeks promised to be interesting.

David departed on the broad hint she had given him and sought old Nancy in the kitchen. In his brief interview with her he revealed again an unsuspected ability to handle crises.

"You'll do the cooking and take full charge of everything," he ended when he had explained matters, "and get Mrs. Mason and her daughter up from the village to do all the heavy work. Set a mighty good table, give these ladies everything they want, see that you get on with their maid, pay the bills, and keep for yourself everything over expenses. Naturally, I don't want to make money on these people."

The brow of Nancy cleared as the heavy cloud that had descended upon her revealed this silver lining. She was telephoning to the Masons when he left the kitchen.

To David Wallis that luncheon hour was a wonderful experience. It had been a long time, years indeed, since any woman had sat at that table. Occasionally he had kept the old doctor for luncheon or dinner, and twice the mysterious stranger from over the mountains had dined and remained all night. But this gay function was a party, and the deft service of the Wynnes' maid added the final touch to Nancy's excellent meal. David, who had experienced some of the natural anxieties of a host when the luncheon began, soon cast off care and lent himself to the charm of companionship.

Mrs. Wynne, he observed with approval, did most of the talking. Her talk was an agreeable verbal trickle which demanded little attention from her hearers; indeed, Mrs. Wynne had not been listened to by anyone for years. David was free to look at her daughter; and if for any reason he turned his eyes away for a moment, he thrilled to the discovery, when they returned to their cynosure, that the girl was also watching him. Her regard was rather unusual—thoughtful, intent, as if she were studying with interest this new character on her stage, as indeed she was. But even as this reflection crossed his mind David dismissed it with something that approached a sense of disloyalty. He had no doubt that Geraldine Wynne was submerged in her profession, but certainly she was not obtruding it now upon the consciousness of others. After luncheon she made one of the quiet suggestions which had so strongly the effect of a command.

"Could we drive a little this afternoon?" she asked David. "I mean, could you take me for one of those nice woods drives you spoke of, in the old buggy behind the old carriage horse? Mamma is too tired to go out again," she added cheerfully. "Besides"—this as Mrs. Wynne's lips parted—"she'll want to supervise Katherine's unpacking."

David found himself feeling a little sorry for Mrs. Wynne, who quite obviously wanted to do nothing of the sort. But the afternoon was as wonderful as the luncheon had been. The woods drives around Hinsdale were very beautiful, and even to the passionately loyal young man at her side it was clear that this newcomer to Hinsdale appreciated them.

"There ought to be trout in this brook," she commented as they reached a wider, swifter stream than the rest.

"There are trout—lots of 'em. We'll do a little fishing tomorrow if you like. How do you happen to know so much about outdoor life?" David added curiously. "I thought actresses didn't."

"I do. I always have. I was brought up in the country. I'd love to fish tomorrow, too," she continued. Her voice changed. "What heavenly luck it is to have found this place—and you!" she ended, with a deep look, suddenly remembering that this was a good scene.

David's heart leaped to his throat and then dropped back where it belonged, while he managed to smile at her appreciatively. Stage women talked that way, of course, and didn't mean anything by it.

"I shall be awfully glad if you feel that your visit is a success," he said rather formally. "Most people think Hinsdale is a lonely place."

But she was not to be put off. It was not Hinsdale they would take up in this scene.

"Hinsdale is all right," she contributed. "At least it's the ideal place for me for a

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few weeks. More of it than that would probably kill me. So I want to know why you live here all the year around, and how you stand it."

To his amazement he found himself telling her the secret he had told to no one else save Janet. That was the way with those women of the world, his subconscious self told him while he did this strange thing. A man was helpless in their hands. But he thrilled over this helplessness. Also he felt more intensely alive than he had ever felt before. Waves of life were beating up around him. It was wonderful.

"I was on the track of my invention when mother had her first stroke," he heard himself explaining, "and it took me two years after that to work it out. But Adams—he's the best man in his line in the East, you know—told me the first time he came that I had a big thing. Since then, through him, I've sold it for a whacking price, and I've signed a contract with his company for something else I think will be bigger."

He was increasingly amazed at himself as he talked. He was bragging like a schoolboy to this girl, telling her all his triumphs and his hopes, though six hours ago he had not known she was on this earth. Reverently and with serene unconsciousness that it was not a new reflection, he told himself that life was simply great. His companion was leaning toward him with an unmoving gaze on his face, and there were fascinating lights in her brown eyes.

"So that's what keeps you so busy and so happy," she mused aloud when he stopped for breath. "It would, of course. An inventor could be happy on a desert island if he had all he needed to experiment with."

David nodded. He was dazed by her understanding.

"I've got an A 1 workshop out in the grounds," he told her. "I'll show it to you. And Adams ships me everything I need. He's been wonderful."

Miss Wynne was not interested in Adams, for Adams was not in the scene.

"Tell me about the girl," she invited. "Of course there is some girl."

David laughed, rather self-consciously. He did not want to talk about Janet just now. He hedged a bit.

"There's an awfully nice girl in the village," he said—"Janet Rosmer. Her father's the doctor here. I've played with her all my life."

"Oh, the village maiden! One of those boy-and-girl affairs."

David didn't like this, but Miss Wynne's spirits mounted.

"You spoke about riding and fishing and all that," she went on buoyantly. "One can't do those things alone, and I see now that you're awfully busy. Can you take a few days off occasionally and play with me?"

David met the dancing eyes, and something in him danced too. But he answered soberly.

"I think I've earned a rest," he admitted. "We'll play as much as you want to while you're here."

The dancing lights in the brown eyes were dancing more merrily than ever as she leaned a little closer to him. Miss Wynne was frequently referred to by her friends as a fast worker.

"We're going to have a wonderful time," she breathed. "You know," she added on a deep tone, "I have some queer ideas about things, and I'm beginning to think I was led here."

David did not reply. He had thrilled in response to the approach of that slim young shoulder beside him, and to the look in those brown eyes. But now he remembered something he had almost forgotten—that Miss Wynne was an actress. Perhaps it was a theatrical quality in the charming voice that steadied him. Simultaneously Miss Wynne realized that she had not got her effect. She sighed and withdrew the advancing shoulder. She was a young person with a straight viewpoint, and she saw the present situation clearly.

"I didn't quite get it over," was the way she put it to herself. "It was a good line, but I ought to have held it till tomorrow."

Aloud she said, "We are going to be friends, aren't we?" And now David responded heartily enough.

"You bet we are," he agreed, and outraged old Henry's feelings by exultantly slapping the reins against his fat sides.

There was no question about the wonderful time. David went through the next few days in a dream, broken by occasional abrupt awakenings, which, however, were never really painful. The awakenings came when Miss Wynne remembered that she was playing a new rôle and obviously reverted to the methods of the stage. On the whole, however, she was becoming too deeply interested to give special thought to the rôle. Temporarily, at least, this young rustic was her match because he was on his native heath. She played a good game of golf, but David gave her a stroke a hole and beat her easily. David—he was David after the first day—knew the haunts of the elusive trout and how to lure them to the fly. David was a past master at camp-fire building and outdoor cooking. In short, David, with his athletic body and his lonely eyes—no longer lonely, by the way—and his engaging grin, was the ideal companion of a holiday month. To all intents the two were alone in the universe, even when they were in the house. Mamma, taking her cue as was her wont, faded into the background as unobtrusively as the wall paper.

David's workshop was sadly neglected. When he was not with Miss Wynne he sought out Janet Rosmer and interrupted her household duties, sent to her by the urge to talk of his new friend to one who would understand.

"It's a simply ripping friendship," he told Janet on the fifth day. "It's something that, of course, I never expected to have, and I've got sense enough to know I'd never have got within a million miles of Miss Wynne if I'd met her in her own set. As it is, she's teaching me a whole lot, and the experience is just"—he paused for the right word and brought it out, almost prayerfully—"it's just wonderful!"

Geraldine, describing her reactions to him in contralto that very afternoon, had put the matter even more strongly.

"I feel as if I had known you in another life," she said dreamily. "Perhaps you were a great king and I was your slave!"

Listening to him now, Janet Rosmer looked thoughtful. Then she sighed. It had become clear to her that the interruption to her housewifely routine was serious.

It was disconcerting to Miss Wynne to have a discordant note dropped into the harmony of her new life within one short week, and by a person who should have known better—by no other, indeed, than Miss Rosmer, to whom Geraldine continued to refer, when she mentioned her at all, as the village maiden. The discordant notes came after a dulcet overture. It had been vaguely understood that some day soon Miss Rosmer was to call on the Wallis house guest. Therefore when Nancy came to Geraldine at eleven o'clock one morning with the announcement that Miss Rosmer was downstairs, the star attributed the unseasonable hour of the call to the visitor's probable ignorance of social rules. She blithely descended to the living room, somewhat curious as to what sort of person her caller would prove to be.

On the whole she was glad Miss Rosmer had come, for David had gone to Chester that morning, and she was feeling oddly restless without him. She was beginning to suspect, indeed, that David was becoming a habit, and being a clever girl, she knew how hard it is to break such habits. After one glance at the village maiden she welcomed her visitor with genuine cordiality nicely blended with surprise. Miss Rosmer was not only charmingly pretty and beautifully dressed, but she had an unexpected air of poise and worldly experience. Geraldine had not heard about those four years at a Boston finishing school.

"How sweet of you to come!" she exclaimed as they shook hands. "Mr. Wallis has told me so much about you that I've been wanting to meet you ever since I got here."

"I wonder what he told you." Miss Rosmer might almost have been a footlight favorite herself, so easy was her response. "I don't think he knows anything about me, really," she smilingly added as they sat down side by side on the broad window seat overlooking the August garden. "But I can't blame him for that," she added cheerfully. "I haven't known anything about myself until lately."

"Mr. Wallis ought to know you. He says you two have played together ever since you were babies."

Both girls were keenly alert now, studying each other closely.

"Just the same, he doesn't know anything about me," Janet insisted. "For instance, he wouldn't believe in a thousand years that I'd come to see you on the errand that brings me today. I wouldn't have believed it myself," she reflectively added, still smiling at her hostess.

Miss Wynne was puzzled and showed it. This cue did not sound just right, and she sought for a good line in response. Finding it, she patted her guest's hand.

"I'm sorry we've lost almost a week," she said. "We must make that up."

Miss Rosmer shook her head.

"You won't want to," she pointed out, "when you've heard what I came to say."

Again Miss Wynne searched her puzzled mind for a good line, and this time it failed to come. She looked at her caller in silence.

"You see," Janet went on, "I've come to be most awfully rude. I've come to ask you to go away."

"To go away?" Geraldine withdrew the hand that still lay on her guest's and looked at the latter in amazement. Janet recaptured the hand and nodded.

"I wasn't sure I'd be able to do it when I got here," she confessed. "I thought perhaps I might weaken and try to pass off the visit as a mere social call. But the minute I saw you I knew we'd understand each other and that I could be frank."

This was better and Miss Wynne exhaled the breath that for some reason she had been holding.

"Of course you can be frank," she agreed. "Be as frank as you like."

"Thanks. Then I won't lead up to what I want to say or beat about the bush. I'll just ask you to go away, because if you don't you'll mess things up for me. You see," she ended simply, "David and I are going to be married some day."

"He didn't tell me so." Miss Wynne spoke rather blankly. She was feeling her way toward what she now vaguely felt was to be a big scene.

"He hardly realizes it, but it has always been understood. He cares for me, too, though he doesn't even realize that. You know how stupid men are about some things," said the village maiden. "But I can't criticize, for I've been just as stupid. I've loved him all my life—and taken him for granted. Now I know I've almost lost him. That's why I'm doing this dreadful thing. For I suppose it is a dreadful thing, looked at in one way," she added, with the air of one who has an open mind.

Miss Wynne had found her cue. The village maiden must be shown her mistake and her place.

"It isn't dreadful," she said kindly, "but it's foolish. You're all wrong in the notion that has brought you here. You seem to think I'm some sort of siren, luring your young man to his doom. Well, I'm not—and that's all there is to it."

The village maiden sighed.

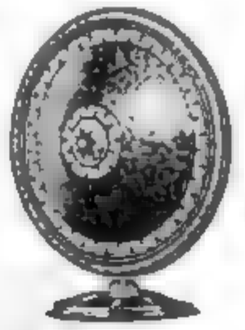
"I was afraid you'd be annoyed," she said simply. "Anyone would be, having a vacation and a new young man both taken away from her like this."

Miss Wynne sent her a level look.

"Taken away?" she asked coldly.

"Yes. For, of course, you must go," Janet ended sadly. "It's awfully annoying,

(Continued on Page 197)



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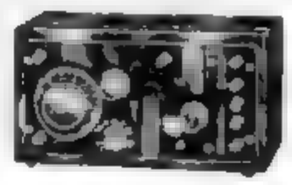

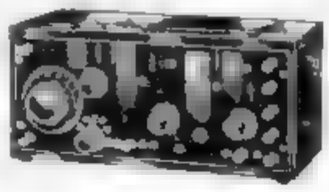

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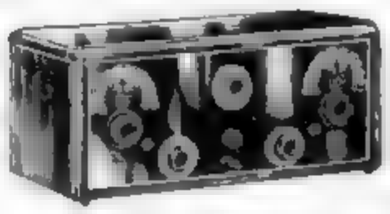

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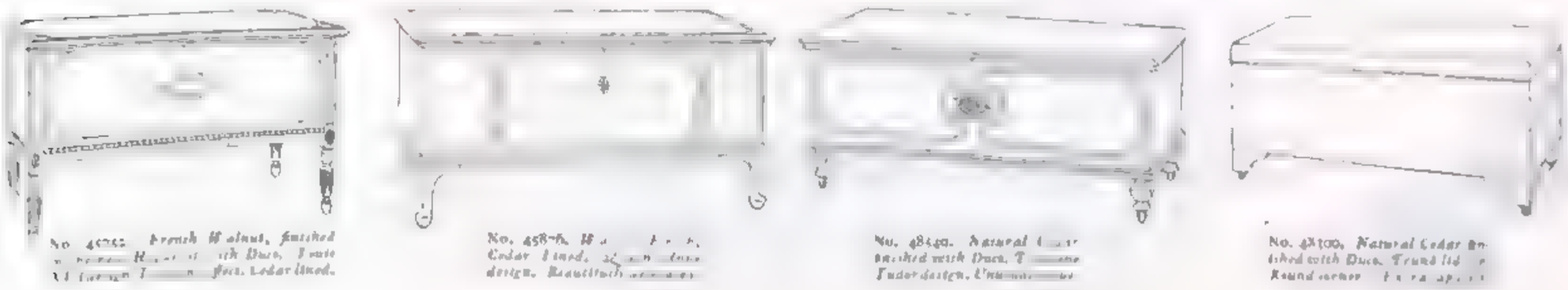

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(Continued from Page 192)

I know, but I do hope you'll go without any hard feeling."

Geraldine Wynne felt her color mounting and bit her lip. She was angry, but she was also rather sorry for the village maiden. What chance had the latter against the Olympia's star—in a scene like this?

"My dear ——" she began. The other interrupted.

"Oh, please don't take that tone," she begged. "When you do you're away upstage and I can't reach you. But when you're the simple, sincere, splendid self David says you always are except when you're acting big scenes off the stage, then I know I can talk to you." Again the Olympia's young star was silent. No lines came to her. Her caller hurried on. "I know David doesn't really mean anything to you," she continued, "and so far he isn't really in love with you. But I was afraid ——" She hesitated.

"What were you afraid of?"

Geraldine's tone was icy. For once she was not thinking of good lines, but the delivery of this line was very good indeed. However, her guest was too intent on what she herself had to say to appreciate it.

"I was afraid he'd be dazzled," she brought out. "He doesn't think he will. He says he sees through you too clearly. He sees your spoiled side and your artificial side and your big, splendid human side. I know he'll end by being swept off his feet if you want him to be. How could he help it?"

The austere lines of Miss Wynne's face relaxed a trifle, though she felt as if she were being alternately struck and patted. Janet ignored the softening as she had ignored the earlier hauteur. She was obsessed now by the need of saying frankly all she had come to say.

"Of course you couldn't care for him," she went on. "Not because he isn't splendid and all that—you needn't think I'm going to belittle David. But he's utterly different from the men in your life. So what's the use of keeping it up?"

"Perhaps," Miss Wynne said softly, seizing her chance, "that difference might be my reason for liking him."

But the line, though a good one, fell flat. The village maiden saw through the Olympia's star, as the village lad had done, and forgivingly squeezed her hand.

"Not with you," she pointed out. "Davy's a genius, of course, but his kind of genius isn't your kind of genius, and you'd drive each other crazy. Your habit of acting a big scene every few minutes would be as hard on him as his crudeness would be on you. After all, Davy's just a country boy, though I suppose he'd hate me for saying it. So it all comes to this, Miss Wynne." Again she pressed the other's unresponsive hand, as if to give courage, not to gather it. "It all comes to this," she repeated frankly: "I love him and you don't. He's just a new type to you, and a diversion. You'll forget him within a month after you leave here. But in another week he might think he was in love with you, unless you go away. So you simply must go away," she ended with gentle firmness. "Then I'll have a chance to make up for my own blunders and stupidity. If he wants to be dazzled I'll dazzle him. I know how to. I've taken entirely too much for granted. Since I came home from school I haven't been up-to-date at all. But I can recover my lost ground, of course. I'll have my hair waved and get a lot of new clothes and bring myself up-to-date."

Miss Wynne reflected for a moment. Then she spoke, her voice and manner hardening.

"It doesn't suit my plans to leave so soon," she said. "Besides, I don't like your assumption that if a young man falls in love with me it will wreck his life."

"It wouldn't wreck the life of an ordinary man," her caller admitted. "But Davy isn't ordinary. He takes things hard. He feels intensely, and if he really imagined he was in love with you he mightn't get over it for years. He'd come to me sooner or later, of course—but what could he offer me? All our lives, after we married, while I was making our home and taking care of our children he'd be dreaming of you and of his old romance, and thinking of it as the one beautiful thing in his life. I don't deserve that," she added, with the first passion she had shown. "It isn't good enough! I simply won't have it that way!"

Miss Wynne decided to experiment a little.

"Suppose you were all wrong. Suppose I wanted to marry David myself," she suddenly demanded. "What about that?"

Janet laughed and again squeezed the hand she was still holding.

"You don't," she gurgled, "and you know you don't. You're only acting when you speak like that. You wouldn't have looked twice at Davy if you had met him anywhere else. If I hadn't known you didn't care, of course I couldn't have interfered. It's because I'm sure you don't that I'm telling you to go away and live your life, and let Davy and me alone.

"It won't be much trouble," she added cheerfully.

Miss Wynne stood up abruptly, and the village maiden rose also. Then, suddenly, the star twinkled, and Janet had barely time to recognize the twinkle from Davy's description before she felt herself lightly caught by the shoulders, lightly kissed on both cheeks and lightly released.

"Thank God I've a sense of humor," Geraldine announced before her caller could speak. "I'll go tomorrow. Not because it's necessary, my dear girl," she added kindly, taking the situation in hand in her best manner and mentally reaching for a good curtain line, "but because you ask it. Your young man isn't in the slightest danger from me. He never has been and never would be. But if you're going to imagine things and be unhappy about them ——"

"You are wonderful!" The village maiden was gazing at her with admiring eyes, yet, abruptly, the Olympia's star once more left the center of the stage. "But you must go today," Janet added. "All the arrangements are made."

"What?" Miss Wynne stared helplessly at her caller.

"All made," Janet patiently explained. "I arranged about them before I came. And I got David out of the way so he couldn't interfere."

"You—did—what?"

The village maiden seemed surprised by her companion's amazement.

"I told the expressman to come and get your trunks," she patiently explained. "He'll be here in a few minutes. And I told Nancy to have your maid pack them."

"But—you can't do that sort of thing!"

"Can't I?" The village maiden looked puzzled. "I did do it," she pointed out.

"Did you, by a happy chance, also look up a good train?" Miss Wynne's tone was chilling.

"Of course I did. It's the 12:50, this noon. You've got just an hour to make it. And I've telephoned to reserve your seats on the Pullman."

The scene was hers and Miss Wynne knew it. Mentally she edged toward her exit.

"All right," she brusquely agreed. "The 12:50 will do, since you recommend it so strongly. And, naturally, I shouldn't care to linger here after this. But what are you going to tell David when he gets home from Chester?"

Her caller looked at her reproachfully.

"Surely you didn't think I'd forget about Davy! I shan't tell him anything. But you'll tell Nancy, and Nancy will tell him what I've already told her—that you had a letter from New York ordering you back for some special rehearsals, and that you telephoned me to come and drive you to the station because your car is disabled. I'm going to do it too."

Miss Wynne studied her with interest. Then she frowned. Then suddenly that fine human side of her came uppermost and she went off into a spasm of laughter.

"You think of everything, don't you?" she commented when she could speak. "All right, the 12:50 it shall be, and an eternal farewell. But before I go"—she stopped and looked intense—"you've got to promise me something."

"Anything!"

For the first time the village maiden looked nervous.

"Now that I've handed your Davy back to you," Miss Wynne said with emphasis, "I want to feel sure that you won't mislay him again. Promise me you'll never let another woman get him."

The village maiden straightened and the lines of her mouth tightened ominously.

"Just let another woman try it!" she began. "After this I guess I'll be on my guard!"

Then, discovering the dancing lights in the eyes of her companion, she flushed, and her own eyes dropped.

"I don't blame you for laughing at me," she murmured. "You're taking all this awfully well. You really are a peach! I know I've done a dreadful thing, but I'd do anything for Davy."

"I guess David's safe," Miss Wynne testified. "Is your car at the door? All right. I'll send for mine later. And now if you'll trust me alone for a few minutes I'll go and rush into my traveling clothes."

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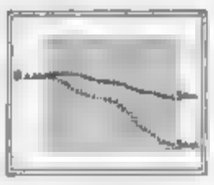

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HOO MALIMALI

(Continued from Page 11)

but they are not. Their intense interest in politics gives them an opportunity for exercise of their intrinsic temperamental traits and provides them with something interesting to do. Their native interests and amusements have been restricted rather ruthlessly during the progress of the years by well-meaning people who have sought to improve their lot and have not made many concessions to the fun-loving side of them. So they have seized upon politics as a providential interposition of some unknown force to help them ease off some of their restrictions and enjoy themselves naturally, and for that reason politics in Hawaii is a sport—a show—an entertainment.

It is all personal. The candidate who puts on the best show is the one who gets the votes, provided he has at least some Hawaiian in him. That is imperative; full blood for choice, but some blood or a marriage bond obligatory. In the early days a good many white men married Hawaiian women, and some Hawaiian men married white women—not that the Hawaiian is very dark, at that—and the Hawaiians recognize and support the blood tie. So long as the candidate asking their suffrages can claim relationship it is all right with them.

There is no civic, domestic or social prerogative that compares to the vote with the Hawaiian. He is proud of his vote, and so are his women proud of theirs, and they fear no calamity so much as the calamity of losing that vote. Also, they think that voting for a losing candidate is tantamount to losing the vote cast, and therefore are the greatest band-wagon contingent of patriots beneath our flag.

The average Hawaiian wants to be with the winner. There is no nourishment in being with the loser. Up to election day he will vigorously support a candidate; but if it is apparent that his candidate will lose, he seldom has any scruples in shifting over to the opposition. Party ties mean little to him in such a contingency. If he votes for a loser, he loses his vote; and if he loses his vote, he might just as well have no vote at all. His vote is a precious thing, not to be frittered away because of any platform, policy, party or issue. He can conceive no practical end in standing by a loser. There is nothing in that. To the victors belong the spoils, and he always hopes for a little something for himself.

The Playboy Spirit in Politics

When this political attribute is combined with the playboy spirit in which the Hawaiian takes his politics, with the incessant hoo malimali, with the love for entertainment and spectacle, with the passion for speeches and speech making, we get a political salmagundi in Hawaii that is unique and is interesting. The leaders cannot fool the native voters. They know exactly what they want and they know how to get it. And what they want is entertainment by entertaining fellows.

There are two things that cannot be done politically in Hawaii: The leaders cannot hand a candidate to the people and tell them to vote for him for party or governmental or political reasons, and get any response except devout promises of support and protestations of eternal loyalty that culminate on election day in the Hawaiians voting for the candidate they want themselves. The leaders cannot nominate a man who has a record for all the better things in politics and government, as usually set forth, and get away with it on that basis alone. It makes no difference to the average Hawaiian whether a candidate stands for all sorts of uplift and reform and all that sort of thing. They won't vote for him if they do not know him.

They will not vote for a man's record, or because of it. They vote for men they know personally, and, more likely than not, because he is a good story-teller and a lively and entertaining speaker, and can sing a song, and knows the difference between one-finger and two-finger poi, and is generous in giving *luaus* where they can gorge themselves with roast pig and taro and squid and raw fish and numerous Hawaiian delicacies—most of which, by the way, are mighty good to eat.

Hawaiian voting centers are small communities. Even Honolulu is not a large place. The Hawaiians know their neighbors. They have them all spotted, tabbed and labeled. They listen to what the leaders say of the candidates. They read the newspapers gravely and with respect. They assent, with every evidence of sincerity, to all claims made for the political perfection and the governmental impeccability of candidates set forth; but they will not vote for them unless they like them personally, unless they are good fellows, unless they fit in with the general Hawaiian conception of life.

Where the Show's the Thing

Also, while the Hawaiians have for a hundred years accepted the various restrictive aspects of the civilizing processes imparted to them by the haole, and have seemed happy and content—and are, maybe—they do go native at elections now and then in the way of finding out what the Important Personages want—there are some very Important Personages in Hawaii—and voting solidly against those desires and commands. Consequently, there often arise in Hawaii political occasions when leaders are found in fervent denunciation of big business and the interests, and so on—haole leaders, I mean, not Hawaiian. Otherwise the haole leaders would not be of much account in the election wind-up.

They know their rights and are not to be cheated out of the spectacle of politics. Loud-speakers and radio and all the rest of the modern innovations in political campaigning may be useful on the mainland, and in accord with progress, but the Hawaiian is not impressed. He wants his show. He requires bands and red fire and parades and speeches and feasts. He wants placards setting forth the merits of his party and the demerits of the other party. He insists upon badges and flags and skyrockets. The radio means nothing in his life. No candidate can broadcast his speech from a central station and interest the Hawaiian with it. What that citizen requires to incite him to favorable action for a candidate is a close-up view of a speaker on a flower-decorated platform.

There always is a big show in a park in the center of Honolulu on the night before election. It is a combination show. The Republicans have a stand at one side of the park and the Democrats a rostrum at the opposite side. The show begins early, with rival bands tooting, great smudges of red fire burning and every possible orator on both sides pressed into service. The Hawaiians come in great numbers, and move from stand to stand, listening to the speakers and the bands and applauding impartially.

So they keep at it for hours, with the bands tooting, the speakers slang-whanging the opposition, the rockets popping and the banners waving. A loud-voiced stumper attracts the crowd to the Republican stand. He holds them only so long as his voice is louder than that of the opposition speaker on the Democratic stand, or his stories funnier. The minute the opposition speaker gets into louder action, or begins with a better line of jokes, the crowd rushes across to hear him, and it is left to the deserted party to get up a speaker more stentorian to coax the voters back. These meetings last indefinitely, and the side that plays out first is the side that loses most support.

The women are even more ardent in politics than the men. They are passionate devotees of the game, and there is not a

political meeting where the women do not play a large part. They bring *leis*—the wreaths of flowers that are the inevitable part of every Hawaiian festivity—and they hang their *leis* around the necks of the speakers. Then, usually, some woman recites a poem she has written in honor of the candidate or the party or the race, or sings it. Almost every Hawaiian can sing, and no meeting is regular without Hawaiian songs. If the candidate can sing, so much the better, for after the singers have sung for their appointed time, he sings a song also. Then, with more music, more poetry, the speaking begins and the Hawaiians will stay to listen just so long as the speaker is entertaining and tells good jokes and is eloquent about his devotion to the Hawaiian people.

The rise of Silent Bill Jarrett is typical. Bill was warden of the penitentiary. He had the job for years. He is Hawaiian, and in the course of his official duties got to know many Hawaiians. He treated his countrymen and women well when they were under his protection and supervision. He was kind to them and courteous to their visitors, and thus endeared himself to a large proportion of the population. Presently a new governor came into office, and the new governor removed Bill from his wardenship of the penitentiary because Bill is a Democrat and the new governor is a Republican.

Wherefore Bill decided to run for territorial delegate. Now almost from the beginning of the territorial existence of Hawaii the Republicans have had the territorial delegate. Prince Cupid, who served for years, was a Republican. His successor, for one term, was a Republican, but closely identified with the Hawaiian people. However, Bill knew a thing or two about his own people. He is a Democrat, but he also is a Hawaiian, and he had that enormous edge on all other candidates whatsoever.

Moreover, Bill knew the women. He knew all the women. He had befriended the husbands of many of them, and their sons, and their relatives, who had been secluded for various spaces of time in Bill's institution. And he began campaigning. He isn't a talker, but he didn't have to talk much. His meetings were all arranged skillfully. Bill, who is a tall, smiling person, walked out on the platform. The women came forward and hung *leis* on him until he looked like a large heap of flowers. Bill stood up bravely under the load. There was music—singing. A woman sang her song. Bill listened raptly, smiling above his *leis*. There was more music. Then Bill told them that he was one of them—a Hawaiian, and went on to the next town. That's all he needed to say. William is Hawaiian, and that is his continuous ticket to Washington.

A Humorous Interpretation

The Hawaiians love these meetings, and go to them night after night, with an engaging impartiality so far as the political complexion of them is concerned, but with a keenly critical spirit as to the quality of entertainment offered. Although most Hawaiians can speak English, and many fluently, they demand that the speakers shall speak in the Hawaiian language, or that their speeches shall be interpreted. Whereupon the haole candidate who does not speak the language gets many a rough deal. The interpreters have their little tricks.

An unfortunate white man, running for office in the last campaign, spoke to a large meeting in Honolulu. He is a serious-minded white man and he talked at length of various policies, issues, public questions and other important but uninteresting matters. His audience sat uneasily under him.

Then the interpreter came. He was a smiling and a jolly interpreter, and after he had sung a song, and somebody in the audience had sung one also, he said:

"Fellow Hawaiians, you have just heard this speaker. He's haole. He's malihine. Plenty of good Hawaiians on the ticket, so why vote for him?"

He elaborated a bit on the malihine phase of the candidate—which means newcomer, as opposed to a kamaaina, or old-timer—and told a string of funny stories which set the Hawaiians off into ecstasies of laughter and amazed the haole speaker, who had no idea that he had said anything funny. Nor had he. But the interpreter didn't mind that. He knew how to be funny, and he was. And that poor haole is still wondering why he got so few votes.

That is a favorite joke of Hawaiian interpreters. Even so important a person as the Hon. Nicholas Longworth, Republican leader of the House of Representatives, didn't escape. He made a speech in Honolulu one time, and although he wasn't excessively overserious, he wasn't so frolicsome as he might have been, at that. Still, the interpreter made up for the gravity of Nick's discourse. He interpreted a highly humorous speech, as it seemed from the continued laughter of the Hawaiians present, and to this day Mr. Longworth doesn't know, in all details, just what the interpreter said he had said.

Hanging Leis on a Candidate

The Hawaiians all like to make speeches, just as they all demand the opportunity of running for office. Often there will be eighteen or twenty candidates for a nomination in the primaries, and no place goes to the decision of the voters without at least half a dozen aspirants for it. These candidates are all orators. They stampede around their bailiwicks, shouting incessantly of their own merits and recommending themselves in the highest possible terms. Some of them have little English, but they use what they have with great effect.

"Have a heart," implored one candidate. "How we find out which other man best if we have no heart? We got to have a heart."

"You born into this world with a head and a brain," said another. "When you go to the ballot vote for the best man, and I'm one of them."

"Fellow citizens," an ardent aspirant for a minor office exclaimed, "the Hawaiian race is a dying race, but I pledge myself to devote the rest of my life to the increase of the birth rate."

"The people who know me best won't vote for me," confessed another. "I've got a record lot of people don't know."

They like to use long words and set phrases.

"We're in a nutshell," said one, "and the victor is spoiled." And one orator, summing up, said, "Within that connection goes one to show that this is conclusive proof."

One candidate, who wanted to be county treasurer, hit a popular line. The Hawaiians, naturally, are keen for holidays. They celebrate all the American holidays and all the Hawaiian holidays, which gives them a considerable respite from those tyrannous people who desire them to work. This candidate made his campaign on the proposition that all holidays should fall on Mondays. He explained:

"What's the use of a holiday coming in the middle of the week? We have Saturday and Sunday, anyhow; and if I am elected, every holiday will come on Monday so we can have three days without work every time there is a legal holiday."

The Hawaiians were fascinated with the plan, and followed this candidate about, hung *leis* on him, sang songs to him and applauded his scheme fervently. Owing to certain unavoidable delays, and an utterly absurd section of the laws putting the fixing of holidays rather beyond the power of a county treasurer, the plan has not yet gone into operation, but it was a grand idea while it lasted.

The *luau* is a great political factor just as the barbecue used to be in mainland politics in America, and is yet in some sections. A party is judged to some extent by

(Continued on Page 202)

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Yet they are much more than good-looking, for we have been sixty years in the pleasant business of making men well-groomed and comfortably dressed.

For instance, Wilson Brothers Shirts are (we suspect) the sort you wished to wear.

They have collars and collar-bands which have been shrunk and re-shrunk before you own them. Neckbands are made with a special fabric that needs no starch, and so doesn't saw your throat. Plenty of room around the chest, but tapered to fit around the waist where extra fabric is a nuisance.

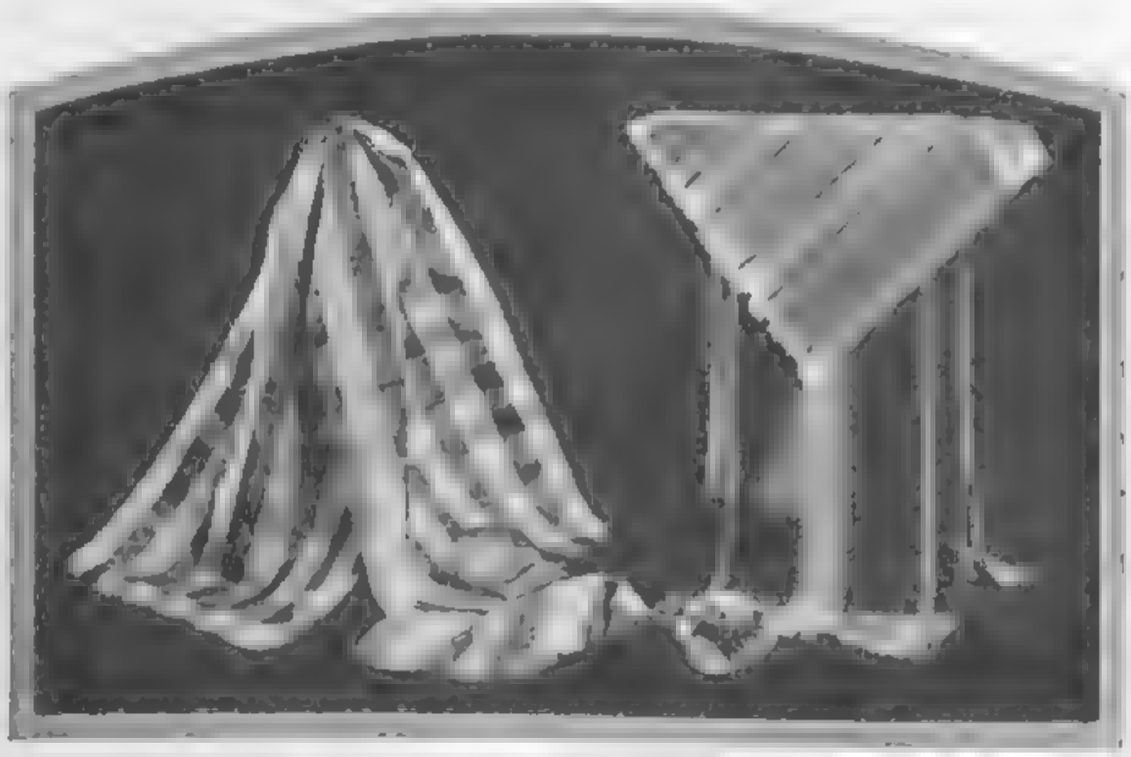
The front tails are narrow, to minimize bulk. Large armholes add to comfort, and full length from top to bottom curbs creeping up and bulging above the belt. Printed arm-size means permanent arm-length *after two washings.*

Simple but significant comparisons are to *count the stitches per inch* and to note careful matching of the fronts on Wilson Brothers Shirts and on those you now own. That will be visible evidence of the intelligent attention to important details which has made ours the largest manufacturing and importing haberdashery business in the world.

Wilson Bro's CHICAGO
NEW YORK — PARIS

SWISS basket-weave silk is decidedly new for men's neckwear, while figured silk or satin-and-moire stripes are also smart. Their fabrics are quite exclusive—for all our leading patterns are made for us expressly by the foremost weavers of silk—but their prices are moderate, from $1.50 to $5.00.

WILSON
BROTHERS
Haberdashery
SOLD BY OVER 10,000 MEN'S STORES



REVERSIBLE Repps—Persian Squares and Fiber Reefers are most correct among winter mufflers. Do you muffle for style? Or comfort? You can do both if you choose a Wilson Bros. Muffler. They are as smart as Fifth Avenue clubdom—as comfortable as a log fire o' winter nights. Prices from $2.00 to $20.00.

SHIRT of corded madras, combining a check and printed design. The fabric is ultra smart. The style is correct in every detail. The cut is just right for fit and comfort. The finish is splendid throughout, for indeed all Wilson Bros. Shirts are fully up to the quality of the other items of Wilson Bros. Haberdashery. The price of Wilson Bros. Shirts ranges from $2.00 to $10.00

AN exclusive Wilson development is this Chalet Rib Union Suit which comes in varied fabrics, weights and colors, and in a complete range of styles and sizes. The prices range from $3.50 to $6.00. Special knitting gives this underwear extra comfort, special machinery gives the flattest of seams, the Wilson "Skee" stripes give added smartness.

PONTEX, sateen brocade and imported English broadcloth are among the new materials for swagger pajamas. They come in smart patterns — have roomy comfort for relaxation—buttons that stay on and buttonholes that won't stretch. These are features of all Wilson Bros. Pajamas, which sell for from $2.50 to $15.00

JACQUARD figures plaids cross and vertical stripes give gaiety to these new wool silk-and-wool, and lisle hose. They fit your feet — they fit the mode—they fit your pocketbook, these Wilson Bros. Hose. Special knitting fits them to the foot — style experts design them — and all Wilson Bros. Haberdashery is priced right, from $1.00 to $5.00 per pair

WILSON
BROTHERS
Haberdashery

SOLD BY OVER 10,000 MEN'S STORES

Resolved: Southern California

on January 1st!

Pretty soon, in every home throughout the land, there will be a chubby little New Year, a "Little 1926." And of course you'll want to start him right in life.

WE make you this suggestion for his joy and comfort; his education and his entertainment

Don't startle him with cold winds, snow and ice—that's a chilly welcome!

Let him open his blue eyes on gorgeous flowers and a rare sunshine in a valley where oranges are growing, and glistening snow-capped mountain peaks smile down peacefully on him, seeming almost to articulate "Isn't this a great, contented, beautiful, delightful world?" His eyes will widen with the wonder of it. He'll be better throughout the year—and so will you.

Perhaps you haven't seen the marvels of Southern California, either—these vivid beauties, this enchanting grandeur—or felt this genial warmth or breathed this glorious Springtime air

Maybe you haven't climbed these majestic mountains or motored over these renowned highways that tie together *a group of vacation attractions unequalled in all the world* for their wide variety and intense interest.

Possibly you haven't visited Southern California's old Spanish Missions, seen the desert from Palm Springs, the views from Smiley Heights, the valleys and mountain ranges from the "Rim-of-the-World Drive," the sea from Santa Barbara, the orange empire from Mt Rubidoux at Riverside, the colorful reaches of Los Angeles from any one of a dozen different vantage points

Nor played these golf-courses, nor ridden up these mountain trails or through these wooded canyons on horseback, nor fished, nor hunted, nor camped here in this unique All-Year Playground

What an experience there is before you then—what a trip for you to plan now!

Living costs are low here. Hotel rates and rents for furnished bungalows are very reasonable

Send coupon below today for illustrated booklet. See your nearest railroad ticket agent for more details.

Start the New Year right by starting it *right here*. Let it find you on the ground on January 1st.

Southern California

Year 'Round Vacation Land Supreme

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone

Value of Agricultural Products (1924)	$82,788,993
Value of Citrus Products (1924)	32,480,684
Harbor Imports (1924)	4,134,799 tons
Harbor Exports (1924)	18,131,632 tons
Total	22,266,431 tons
Oil Production 1924)	130,000,000

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting all-round crops

A wealth of water for ample irrigation and all other purposes

ALL YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Dept. A-12 Chamber of Commerce Building,
Los Angeles

I am planning to visit Southern California this winter. Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations And booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Orange ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Ventura

NAME

STREET

CITY

(Continued from Page 199)

the lavishness of its *luaus*, and the candidate who not only gives a good *luau*, but is a lively fellow at it has gone a long way towards solidifying himself with the natives. Some of these are great ceremonies, with the chief center of interest the roasting of the pigs on hot stones, underground, after the old Hawaiian fashion. The pig roasters take a long time to get their ovens in readiness, and have certain set practices for the operation; but when they uncover the pig and it is carved, they have set forth a delicious product. Silent Bill Jarrett, after his first election, gave a *luau* on a new pier in Honolulu and fed ten thousand persons. That didn't hurt Bill any politically—not a bit.

The Hawaiian legislature has a lower house of thirty and an upper house of fifteen. It meets in Honolulu, and as most of the representatives and senators are Hawaiians, it conducts its business in a purely Hawaiian manner. Nearly every morning, when the legislature is in session, girls come with flowers to adorn the desks of the lawmakers and hang *leis* upon them. Often the legislators are serenaded before they begin work, and it is not uncommon for some impressionable statesman to do a few wiggles of the hula in an aisle while the music is being played.

On the Winning Side

Those who have dealings with the legislature have expert knowledge of the Hawaiian characteristics and temperament. They know that, beyond everything else, the Hawaiian wants to be on the winning side—that he does not want to "lose his vote." So, when a measure is up that holds a special interest, those who are especially interested do not labor with the entire membership. They concentrate on the members whose names begin with the first few letters of the alphabet, because they know that when the roll call comes Hawaiians will usually vote with the winners, and the way to establish a winning atmosphere is to get the votes of the first men on the roll call. If a Hawaiian legislator hears six or seven ayes right off the reel in a vote on a bill the chances are better than even that he will vote aye also. Always, he is in terror of losing that wonderful vote of his

From our viewpoint, some of their politics is weird and some of their legislative methods are weirder. There was one astute citizen who hadn't had much luck running as a Democrat, who decided that he must get into the legislature. So he made a campaign as a Republican. He told the Republicans he was tired of being a Democrat and desired to hitch up with the Grand Old Party. The Republicans bade him welcome. Then he went to the Democrats and told them that he was still, at heart, a Democrat, but that he had decided to run as a Republican and get the Republican votes, for he knew he would have the Democratic votes anyhow.

This strategy was successful. He was elected. And he became what might be called an independent member, representing both parties, and acted accordingly. His greatest thrill in life is in voting, and every time a bill comes to a vote he gets three thrills. First, he votes kanalua, or uncertain. Then, for example, he votes aye, but just before the roll call is closed he rises and changes his vote to nay. Thus he has been three times in the spotlight, and his rapture is complete.

Another statesman, arriving at Honolulu as a Democratic senator, was much perturbed to find that the Senate was heavily Republican. He was about all there was of the Democratic Party in that Senate. So he changed over and became a Republican, explaining that it was no fun to be a Democrat in the Senate when so many of his friends were Republicans, and what chance had he, anyhow, because if he voted as a Democrat he would lose his vote every time. He felt sure his constituents would understand his motives. He was a good fellow and he liked company, and he would be an outcast as a Democrat there all alone in the Senate. It seemed fair enough to him.

But his constituents did not look at the matter in that light. They protested against this shift from Democracy to Republicanism, and when this gregarious statesman ran again he was beaten. That did not faze him. He applied to the Republicans for a job as Senate door tender, and the Republicans gave it to him. "It's just as good as being senator," he said, "because I can go in on the floor any time I want to."

A lovable and interesting people.

"Why are you a Democrat?" a friend asked a Hawaiian woman politician.

"Oh," she said, "all nice peoples is Republican. I am nice peoples and I am Democrat so the Democrats can have some nice peoples too."

That's the Hawaiian of it. She did not want the Democrats to feel badly because they had no nice people and she helped them out by joining the party herself. They do not want to hurt anybody's feelings. They always strive to be agreeable no matter what the circumstances may be. They never are cross or crass or rude or direct. Hoo malimali!

The Bathing Suit Law

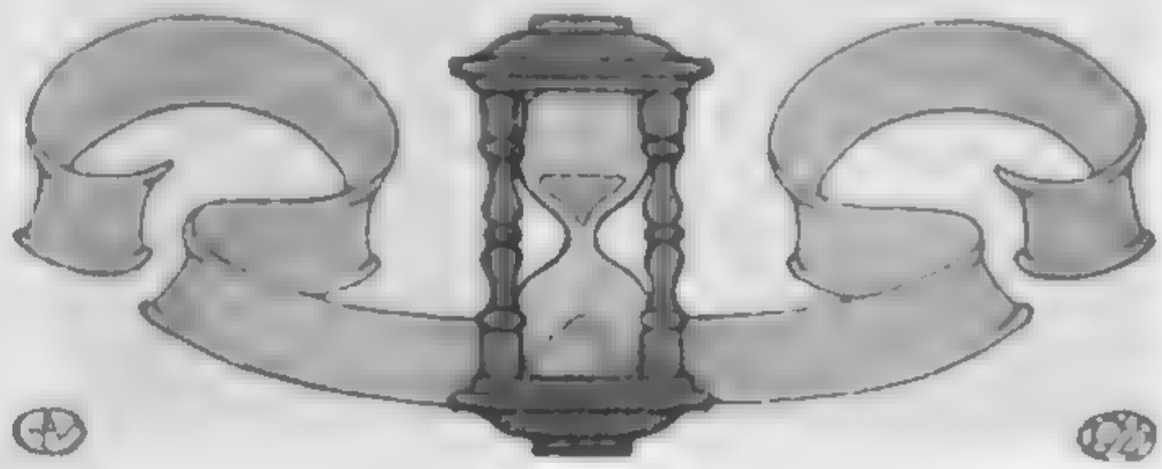
Still, a flash or two of resentment show now and then. There was the famous speech of Senator Desha, supporting his bathing-suit law. The senator was stricken with horror by observing the young women walking from their homes and hotels, in the streets, to the bathing beaches and wearing nothing but their bathing suits which are as scanty in Honolulu as elsewhere, or even more so. The senator was much disturbed about it, and he introduced a bill making coats or cloaks or some covering imperative when these bathers walked the streets.

"The white people came here a hundred years ago and put clothes on the Hawaiians when they didn't need clothes," he shouted, "and now the Hawaiians should put clothes on the white people when they do need them."

And they put clothes on them, theoretically. There is always a good wind blowing in Honolulu, and any young woman bather can tie a gossamery cloak about her neck and parade to the beach with the consoling knowledge that she can put on quite a show despite the law. Any young woman bather can and most young women bathers do.

So far as that law is concerned, it operates like the list of speakers at a Honolulu political meeting.

"The next speaker will be Uluhie, and he ain't here," said the chairman. "The next after him will be Paoo, and he ain't here too."



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This new 4-tube Dry Battery Model will make an ideal gift for the family. It is a most dependable set with sweet Tone, unusual Distinctness and Power to get reasonable Distance. Brings in locals without aerial. Its satin finish, brown mahogany cabinet is a beauty. Price..... $70

The new 5-tube Model illustrated above will show its superiority for Tone, Distance, ease of Tuning and Selectiveness, in any competitive test. Hear it before you buy! Has the latest exclusive Radio Features. The handsome cabinet is brown mahogany. Price..... $110

The Gilfillan Console has a specially built powerful 5-tube set with all special features and extra battery panel and voltmeter. Reflex type loud speaker and space for all batteries. Beautifully designed in brown mahogany. Price.... $350

for a Merry Christmas!

The nearest Gilfillan Dealer will be glad to demonstrate these sets to your satisfaction and without obligation. HEAR before you buy! Write to our nearest office for literature.

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NEUTRODYNE

"What shall we give our boy for Christmas?"

Perhaps you're debating between a rifle and a football—a sweater and a bull pup. Perhaps you don't know what to buy, the young beggar has so much.

Along with the rifle, would you like to give him the instinct to be a *"straight shooter"*? With the football a high sense of *"fair play"*? With the bull pup a generous measure of *"stick-to-it-iveness"*? With the sweater a warm respect for reliability, responsibility, courtesy to his elders?

Between the ages of twelve and twenty, boyish minds are alert, impressionable, adventurous. Impulsive and strong-headed, a boy often is easily misled or hard to put right. That is the time he needs sympathetic leadership.

Your son! Does his lip curl a little when you give him the truth about himself—straight? Does he hop to it, *cheerfully*, when you command? Is he confidential with you or secretive? Has he the backbone to see a thing through when he knows he will lose?

You can't cram ideals into a boy by curtain lectures or sermons or moralizing. How boys hate that stuff! Nor by checking or limiting his spirit and craving for fun, adventure and excitement. But along with fun, adventure and excitement you can inoculate him with character, subtly, unnoticed, in a way that will catch him off his guard. How? Give him a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

In this magazine, especially designed and written for boys, your son will associate with some of the finest men in the world. Authors who know boys, editors who know the boy mind, fiction characters who stand out like men and boys of flesh and bone. THE AMERICAN BOY stories are not the goody-goody type. There isn't any nice little moral tacked on at the finish. There's life in them, adventure, yes, battle, if need be, self-sacrifice, justice, mercy, courage, discouragement, success, failure. Stories woven around business, science, history, travel, art. The kind of stuff that thrills a boy, that makes his pulses leap. The stuff that shows him why the world values and rewards honest effort and square dealing. And how boys enjoy it! How eagerly they look forward to its coming and how they read it through and through.

For twenty-five years THE AMERICAN BOY has been the friend, counselor, big brother to the best of American boyhood. Entertaining them, yes, decidedly! But unobtrusively getting under their skins with ideals of fair play, courage, and how to use it, honor, respect, a preference for clean living and thinking.

Make your boy a Christmas present of a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. Let him read it regularly and watch him grow.

Include that other boy in whom you are interested. Mail the coupon today!

$2.00 a year by mail, 20c the copy at all newsstands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.

The American Boy

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No 372 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Enclosed find $2.00 for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year beginning with the current issue to

Name

Address

Canada $2.25. Foreign $2.50.

RENTING MONEY

(Continued from Page 23)

themselves hitched up and can't turn loose. I thought that you were looking for cases where bankers brought such a situation about by extortionate charges for money or their services in providing money or by unfair use of fiscal control."

"I am," I said.

"Well, then," he continued, "no such case has ever come directly under my observation or within my experience. I have heard of them, but my experience is quite the opposite."

I returned to the cynical critic and asked him, "What about this? It sounds reasonable to me."

"That man," he replied, "is just a plain liar. With his years of experience in corporation management, he could not possibly have failed to observe the developments I outlined. If they did not come within his actual experience, it is little short of miraculous. Moreover, I have never heard of security houses putting up money to pull a struggling industry through a period of depression. That isn't their way of doing business."

I went back to the corporation executive. "Did you mean security houses or just ordinary, plain banks?" I asked him. He named the security houses, and gave the dates and amounts. They are all New England firms. He admitted that this proceeding on the part of security houses is unusual and not required of them, but again called attention to the fact that he was relating his personal experience without trying to generalize.

I encountered another critic of big business in the money-renting field—we are still dealing with the top and haven't come within a hundred yards of the gas-house gang.

"There was a bond issue of $50,000,000," he said. "It was gilt edge and everybody in the Street knew it would be oversubscribed. As a matter of fact, it was sold probably before the engravers had finished their work. The banking house that handled it made $2,500,000 on that transaction. I could have done all the work they did."

I went to one of the corporation executives who voted for the issuance of those bonds and asked him a question.

Cheap Financing

"It was worth $2,500,000 to us," he replied, "to know that the money would be in the bank subject to our check on a certain day. We thought the issue would sell readily, but the banking house knew it would and assumed all the risk. Once they signed the contract, we knew exactly what we could do and went ahead with our plans. It is no small matter to spend that much money wisely. We thought their fee not exorbitant, even if one concedes that it bought nothing more than assurance that all of the money would be available on a certain day."

I went back to the head of the first security house mentioned in this article—one of the largest houses in the country.

"Give me an example," I requested, "of financing for a very small commission. I want to get at this matter from both angles while I'm working here at the top so that I'll have a basis of comparison farther down the line."

He opened his books and gave me the record on the placing of an issue of $10,000,000 worth of gold bonds for a firm whose reputation could scarcely be improved upon. The market was eager for these bonds, he explained, and his firm has to have gilt-edge securities of that sort available at all times to balance the investments of its clients; briefly, he felt that it was an honor for the firm to handle such an issue. No risk, very little trouble, and many other firms eager for the job. His net profit was a little more than $2000. The principal expense was advertising to announce the bonds for sale. They sold themselves. This was offered as an example of money renting at its easiest and cheapest, all conditions being admittedly most favorable.

Now let us step a little farther down the line. In doing so we leave the bond field behind, because the sort of firms we are going to deal with probably haven't any bonds. Their securities are stocks, common and preferred. These stocks are not widely distributed and they may not be listed anywhere. It may be that the stocks are held mainly by the officers of the company and in the treasury. Now let us assume that the growth of the business makes it necessary to raise additional capital in a larger amount than would constitute a bank loan. I went to a certain man and outlined such a case in order to get his opinion.

The Ruinous Cost of Capital

Before I give his opinion, however, I must say something about the man who gave it; interviews in this article are not with stuffed shirts lugged in to express my personal views. On this subject I have no views, because I have had no experience. I am neither a reformer nor a financier. I merely report the views and experiences of others. The man to whom I went is a specialist in steering companies of the sort described through their earlier financing. He advises on incorporation, reorganization and similar matters. He has had long banking experience and is a lawyer. Also he is a philosopher who views the world with bland, not unpleasant cynicism. He is wealthy and attributes that fact largely to good luck. I went to him to get the darker side of this phase of financing because I knew he would give it without the rancor that might lead to exaggeration. I told him frankly that I wanted the darker side.

"New money will cost a firm in the situation you outline a commission of about 25 per cent," he said. "That means that the firm must contract to pay about seven cents annually, not on each dollar but on each seventy-five cents for the life of the securities."

"But if it does, the firm can't live," I objected.

"If you were right," he replied, "business would be just about at an end. Some firms can't live under such a load, but a lot of them will survive. The proof is that they are surviving. I can name dozens of them that have paid more than 25 per cent commission for money and are prosperous today, with their common stocks away above par.

"Now if it were a case of borrowing money to pull out of the hole, they might not survive; but even then a lot of them do. No, you've got to dismiss the theory of murder. What you are dealing with now is robbery. Murder comes farther down the line."

"Perhaps you didn't understand," I said, "that the firm I am talking about is not only solvent but roaringly prosperous and well managed. There are no complications as to moral hazard. This firm could borrow money at the bank for 6 or 7 or at the most 8 per cent. Why should it have to pay 25 per cent for new capital?"

"Exactly," was the calm reply. "Why should it?"

"I'm asking you," I said.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"What makes you think the firm could survive?" I asked.

Here is his answer:

"You present a case of a relatively small but extremely prosperous going concern. In all probability its growth will continue, and five years after the financing episode with which we are now going to deal that excessive charge will be unimportant. But it is a tax upon industry, upon

the ultimate consumer, and it is a ball and chain hanging to the ankle of business.

"The sort of firm you mention has no direct access to the money market, nor any reputation there. It is not large enough or strong enough to interest the highest classes of security houses. It may be only three, four or five years old. But there are secondary distributors to whom the securities of such a firm would be high class. These people, however, are shrewd traders and the firm you mention is in almost as desperate need as though it were facing bankruptcy. They'll trade with this firm in that spirit. I think that 25 per cent is about what they will charge. Some, of course, will do it for less. The cost may even go as low as 15 per cent. But this is more than offset by the number of firms and individuals who would charge well above 25 per cent. Also one must remember that in this field there is very seldom a guaranty of performance such as the large high-class security houses give. No money is put up by the security seller. He simply undertakes to do the best he can. Very often he requires a guaranty to cover his expenses in the event of failure.

"Now in the situation you outline, if the security house takes a commission of 25 per cent, but sells the stock and is never heard from again, the issuing firm has, on the whole, been quite fortunate. But there are other possibilities, among which are excessive demands for common-stock bonus or fiscal control, or both. Also the prosperous young business may find that it has tied up with a house that is selling both good and bad stocks, all of them by means of outrageous misrepresentations. Thus the stock may be sold and the reputation of the firm hurt for many years; or the stock may not be sold and the firm's reputation hurt even worse.

"In addition to security houses, there are many individuals working in this field. Some are honest and some are not. Others are both honest and dishonest at the same time, depending upon opportunities and the various kinds of stocks they have to offer. With the very best of good fortune, and excellent banking connections and good advice, the firm might happen to get its securities placed for 15 or 20 per cent, but on the whole I think 25 will come closer. And that, of course, is too much."

Special Bank Loans

"Very often the promoter—for security sellers in this class are really promoters—will demand a block of the common stock in addition to the 25 per cent commission. If the business is prospering and continues to do so, that common stock will presently be paying dividends. In that case one can suit himself as to the basis on which he will compute the promoter's commission. The sky is the limit. Sometimes a firm caught in such a situation as you outlined will find a way by main strength and awkwardness to make a banking loan out of its requirements. The method is crude, as a rule, but it works. I don't know that this is done very often, but three or four times I have seen it done. The amount needed is represented by one or more notes, and these are guaranteed by one or more persons who are paid for doing so, usually in stock as well as cash. In the case I remember best the directors of the bank guaranteed the loan. They received a block of common stock for doing this. It wasn't their proposition originally; the head of the borrowing firm brought it to them because he was desperate. They knew the firm well and wanted to lend the money, but it wasn't a banking loan under the rules. So they handled it privately for a price."

I took this statement to a promoter who has been fairly successful, has a good reputation, and to my personal knowledge charges 25 per cent and upward as a commission for selling stock.

"My overhead," he explained, "will never be less than 10 per cent of the issue I am handling. If I hold it to 15 per cent I am satisfied. What I really aim at is to have 5 per cent net for myself, and I don't always succeed—not by a long shot."

I took that back to the big security house originally mentioned in this article and asked the man originally interviewed why, since he could sell securities on a margin of three to ten points, he doesn't put the promoter in question out of business.

"I couldn't handle his customers for much less than he does," was the reply. "What's more, I don't want them or the kind of stuff they buy. They ought to put their money in the savings bank. Our firm can sell more securities over the telephone than that promoter can sell with an army of experienced high-pressure men at liberty to say whatever fancy dictates. We deal with marketwise investors who pick their security house first and their bonds afterward. We get quick action; he works like a dray horse. In the long run we make more than he does."

"But wouldn't it be worth your while," I asked, "to try to increase the number of investors buying the sort of securities you offer? Wouldn't it be good business to go after some of the people who fall into the hands of unscrupulous promoters or who buy highly speculative securities when safety ought to be their first consideration?"

"No," was the prompt and emphatic reply. "It would cost too much. His field and ours don't even touch each other."

Fools and Their Money

I went back to the promoter and we talked about general conditions in his business. It is his impression that honest promotions are becoming more difficult and more expensive; that the percentage of failure to sell an issue of securities is considerably higher than it was twenty years ago. He has no figures, but this is his impression. He thinks that the dishonest salesman still gets away with it about as well as ever, but that the public slowly grows more wary and that the increasing difficulty of selling stock is hitting his promotions harder than it hits the blue-sky dispenser. He attributes this largely to the fact that a salesman who is selling something frankly and rankly fraudulent receives a commission of about 50 per cent, while he has to compete with that man on a smaller margin. The blue-sky seller is his principal competitor.

"Big business hasn't got much sense," he remarked. "Heads of corporations that have stock to sell to the public do mighty little to stamp out stock frauds. They seem to think the innocent investor is the only one hurt. What fools! Why, every corporation in this country is hurt every time an innocent investor buys a worthless stock certificate. I never have been able to understand why they don't see this. Just think what it would do to the money market of this country if the annual loss from stock frauds could be stopped!"

"What's your estimate of that toll?" I asked.

"I wouldn't even attempt a guess," he said, "but here is an estimate of $500,000,000 a year for New York State alone." He presented a clipping from the New York Evening Post. It reports an address by Deputy Attorney General Oliver B. James, of New York, before the National Association of Securities Commissioners in session in Lansing, Michigan, last September seventeenth. In his address Mr. James named that amount. The attorney general of New York State maintains a bureau in New York City. This bureau, Mr. James reported, receives complaints about stock frauds at the rate of ten to fifteen daily. These, of course, are not all against different concerns.

I went back to the man who advises young corporations and asked him if there is a remedy for the situation we had discussed.

"Yes," was the reply. "In theory, that whole difficulty of the young but prospering

(Continued on Page 209)

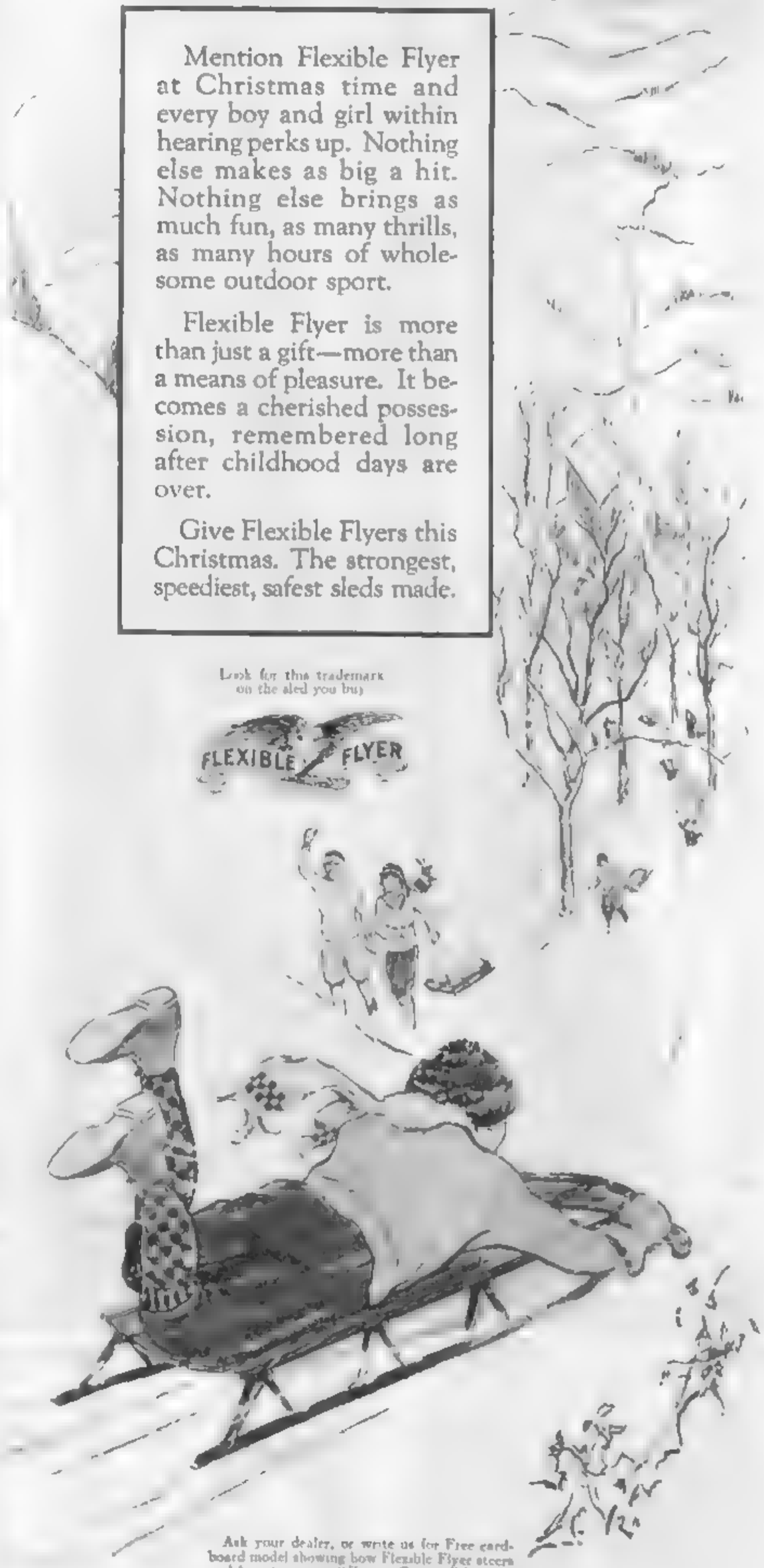
You give all outdoors when you give a

Flexible Flyer

Mention Flexible Flyer at Christmas time and every boy and girl within hearing perks up. Nothing else makes as big a hit. Nothing else brings as much fun, as many thrills, as many hours of wholesome outdoor sport.

Flexible Flyer is more than just a gift—more than a means of pleasure. It becomes a cherished possession, remembered long after childhood days are over.

Give Flexible Flyers this Christmas. The strongest, speediest, safest sleds made.



Ask your dealer, or write us for Free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers and how to get an "Expert Coaster" button.
S. L. Allen & Co., Inc., Dept. 15, Philadelphia

The sled that *really* steers!

Silver Christmas

Look about you this Christmas Morning. You'll find the gleam of silver in the ice-festooned trees that spy upon your happiness through the window-panes. You'll see it on the tinsel-laden evergreen standing guard over the toys in the corner. You'll hear it in the laughter of gift-glad children. You'll see it again in the hair of beaming, onlooking elders. Surely, nothing reflects the true spirit of Christmastide quite as faithfully as silver. See for yourself this Silver Christmas Morning.

GIVE SILVERWARE this Christmas if you would bestow gifts that are prized above all things and that will live *beyond* all things. But give Reed & Barton silverware if you would be sure that the joy of receiving it will be equal to *your* joy in *giving* it.

¶ And what a host of things, fashioned by the art of the silversmith, the Reed & Barton jeweler has to offer!

¶ Gifts for everyone. Baby cups and sets in designs that stimulate childhood imagination. Complete silver services that carry unmistak-

All dinner, dessert and breakfast knives have the new *Mirrorlide* blades (registered trade mark applied for). They are stainless steel with all the brilliance and lustre of silver. Furnished exclusively in Reed & Barton Solid Silver Flatware.

A Suggestion That May Simplify Your Christmas Shopping for Years to Come

An extremely sensible gift-practice that is being followed by many purchasers of Reed & Barton ware is that of making an initial gift of a single piece or small set in one of the popular patterns, and then each succeeding year offering additional pieces in the same pattern. What better way of prolonging the pleasure of the individual gift, or what more practical way of building up a complete silver service and of simplifying the selection of Christmas gifts for all time? Let your Reed & Barton jeweler help in making your initial selection this year.

REED & TAUNTON

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

Morning

able suggestions of the work of such masters as Heppelwhite, Adam and Cellini. Service pieces, candlesticks, vases, pitchers—everything into which silver is usually fashioned, either in Reed & Barton solid silver or in that famous durable Reed & Barton plate that is the next thing to being solid.

¶ Back of every piece of Reed & Barton ware there stretches more than a century during which Reed & Barton craftsmen have striven to fashion the finest table ware that skill and precious metals could produce. There is no better evidence of silverware excellence anywhere today than the Reed & Barton symbol of quality that appears inconspicuously on every genuine piece. Look for this mark when you buy. Some one else is certain to look for it after you offer your gift on—

SILVER CHRISTMAS MORNING

BARTON

MASSACHUSETTS

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Tea Sets	Bread and Butter Plates
Coffee Sets	Console Sets
Dinner Sets	Compotiers
Almond Dishes	Children's Cups
Asparagus Dishes	Children's Bowls
Pudding Dishes	Children's Plates
Bread Trays	Entree Dishes
Gravy Boats	Centerpieces
Platters	Sandwich Plates
Vegetable Dishes	Sherbet Cups
Ice Cream Dishes	Vases
Berry Bowls	Water Pitchers
Bon bon Dishes	Iced Tea Tumblers
Fern Dishes	Hot Milk Jugs
Candlesticks	Service Plates

Lights— insist upon perfect merchandise

"LET the buyer beware" was one of the earliest rules of the common law. The purchaser had to be shrewd enough to hold his own against trickery and false representation.

Consider the vast change in business principles and in relations of buyer and seller. These have made possible the great department stores of today. Fair play has been substituted for deceit. The public willingly pays a fair price for goods of merit and worth.

Confidence has taken the place of suspicion. Competition takes the form of providing better values at fair prices. Merchandise is made to stand close inspection; to please in its texture, its design, or other qualities.

Even in the rush of holiday business, buying proceeds with utmost confidence in the merchant's integrity. In this development, electricity has played a most important rôle.

Owners of retail stores or manufacturing plants, who have not had called to their attention the advantages and economy of electrical advertising, may quickly obtain full information by calling up the nearest lighting company. This type of service has been remarkably developed to keep pace with the service furnished for other purposes. Many of the electric companies will not only arrange to provide a suitable individual display, but will also arrange to maintain the display with fresh lamps, keeping it bright and clean, to supply electricity at very low prices and to take care of the taxes and insurance. After your order is placed no further thought need be given. Your only cost for all this is an original partial investment and a nominal monthly service charge.

Full information is supplied to interested people by any of the well known electric lighting companies

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The Union Gas & Electric Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Kansas City Power & Light Company

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Orleans Public Service, Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
The New York Edison Co.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Brooklyn Edison Co.

The United Electric Light & Power Co.

New York & Queens Electric Light & Power Co.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Philadelphia Electric Co.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
San Diego Consolidated Gas & Electric Co.

PUEBLO, COLO.
Southern Colorado Power Co.

STOCKTON, CAL.
Western States Gas & Electric Co.

SALINAS, CAL.
Coast Valleys Gas & Electric Co.

"AN ELECTRIC SIGN IS NO BETTER THAN THE SERVICE IT GETS"

(Continued from Page 205)

firm is the fault of the firm's management. They ought to have looked into the future and prepared for emergencies by getting better distribution of their stock. They had no business holding it so closely. Either that or they ought to have got themselves into condition for larger bank loans. That is the theory. In practice, it often works out so that they had no way of knowing what the next six months would bring forth."

"Then, so far as you know," I said, "there isn't any remedy?"

"That's just about the size of it."

Still, all of this didn't sound quite reasonable—a firm that could borrow at 6 or 7 per cent within banking limits being required to pay 25 per cent for new capital—so I went in search of specific cases for examination. I wanted to get hold of the name of a firm that actually had paid such a commission. On matters of this sort business men shy away from publicity. Even in confidence, few are frank. To many of them doubtless it is like recalling a nightmare. Nevertheless, I found no lack of specific cases. One came so close to the hypothetical case previously discussed as to be almost identical. The facts can be told briefly. They relate to a young, strong, phenomenally successful, well-managed, well-located company manufacturing automobiles in the early days of the industry—to be specific, 1910. Business outgrew the firm. The whole industry was young and bankers became uneasy about its expansion. They cut down on credit. The company had to go out into the byways of finance to raise upward of $10,000,000 just as quickly as possible. The cost was approximately 45 per cent, and the business not only survived but prospered. In other words, it outgrew even that enormous burden.

Inventors Frozen Out

And now let us step a little farther down the line. Here we meet the gas-house gang. But it is not a long story, nor is it very complicated. The action is short and skeletons are numerous. As a matter of fact, the story isn't even new. Quite a library has been printed on this subject. For instance, on Page 844 of The Magazine of Wall Street, dated September 27, 1924, the following headline appears: THE HIGH COST OF RAISING MONEY—Up to 60 per cent for New Promotions and 25–35 per cent for Successful Going Concerns the Price Paid—What is the Reason, and is there a Remedy? In the body of the article occur the following two sentences:

"Theoretically it may seem that sound business organizations should not have to pay apparently extortionate rates for new capital, but theory and practice are two entirely different things. If there is a cheaper way by which the problem may be solved it has yet to be evolved."

I went back to the man who advises young corporations and asked him what the wolves do in the field of new promotions.

"If they believe in the business," he said, "they set out to get it. My experience indicates that a high percentage of new promotions have fundamental merit. Most of them go on the rocks because of financial difficulties. The shrewd financial backers who play in this territory watch for good propositions and lend them money on impossible terms. They make it almost mathematically certain that they will eventually come into control; after that the business prospers. These gentry gobble up a considerable portion of the new inventions and processes. They know exactly what they are doing when they advance the first dollar. They know that the inventor hasn't got enough money—not by any chance would they supply his needs—and that presently he will be broke. That's the end of him and thereafter money talks.

"Then there is the professional promoter; a great many of these fellows take hold simply because there is a small war chest for expenses of promotion. When that is used up the promoter is through, and so is the man who evolved the original idea upon which the promotion was based.

"Then there is the promoter who really does sell the stock, but in addition to 25 to 50 per cent in cash he takes a terrific commission in common stock and overcapitalizes the business from the start. He often gives away two shares of common as a bonus with each share of preferred. In addition he takes about 10 per cent of the common for himself. When the deal is over the company has raised, let us say, $1,000,000 in cash on preferred stock and it has given away almost twice that much—at par value, of course—in common. This means that a great deal of common must be issued in order that the originators of the company may hold control by a slender margin. Control is about all they have when the deal is over. If the cash capital raised by the sale of preferred stock puts the company on its feet so that it is fairly launched, then it may succeed; but if this amount proves insufficient, the company is in no shape to raise additional capital. In that case it is curtain and good night. As you know, and as the statistics abundantly prove, most new promotions fail. I am convinced that a majority of them deserve success on their merits and that financial difficulties cause perhaps as much as 80 per cent of the mortality. Most of this results from the unsound advice and methods foisted upon inexperienced but hopeful, honest men by reckless promoters."

Public Utility Financing

I asked far and wide for suggestions with regard to remedies. Very few men had any to offer. And yet, unless my observations are very inaccurate, I see remedies being applied on a wide scale at this very moment. For instance, many public-utility corporations are selling stock to their customers and employes at astoundingly small expense. They do this primarily to develop better public relations, but let us examine their activities solely as adventures in financing by a new method. Some of the companies that have made these experiments in popular financing report their results to the American Electric Railway Association, so I went to the headquarters of that organization and examined an armful of the reports.

Judged solely from the financial point of view, they show successful results. I was particularly interested in a report of a Texas traction company, because Texas is not the best market in this country for corporation securities. Moreover, the traction company offered notes instead of stocks and bonds. During eighteen working days in March and April of 1923 this company sold $528,000 worth of notes to 960 persons, according to the report, at a total cost of $9776.87. Never have I seen a more detailed expense account than that report presents; even the cost of cigars for a meeting, extra copies of newspapers, and the rent of chairs is included. The vice president and manager of the company comments as follows:

"Certainly, when it becomes necessary to sell additional securities of this company, we will offer them to the local public and to our employes."

I read 106 pages of single-spaced typewritten sheets of reports on campaigns of this sort. Virtually all of them were remarkably successful.

Many companies nowadays offer stocks and other securities to their employes, customers and agents. Several large manufacturing and distributing firms have financed themselves very quickly and cheaply by going to the retailers who handle their products. Developments of this sort seem to indicate, at least to me, that remedies are being evolved. When the public has overwhelming assurance that stock is sound, it seems to buy rather readily, causing very little expense. The high cost of selling stock must have some relation to the large amount of fraudulent stock offered.

But what of the man with an invention or a mechanical contrivance or a desire to establish an old industry in a new place? One suggestion I heard was that each local chamber of commerce ought to stand ready to appoint a special committee competent to pass upon such a matter and help raise money if the proposition is sound. That suggestion is not new. I know of several chambers of commerce that would take such action instantly and eagerly. Perhaps more is being done along this line than is generally realized by the public.

What of the company that is already well established but nevertheless must pay 25 per cent for additional capital? On that subject I heard no suggestions, so with due apology I shall venture one of my own. The English have what they call the companies law. It is designed to regulate corporations for their own good rather than to spank them. My guess is that there would be less robbery of American companies if the law forbade the officers to submit to it. The officer of a corporation is in theory a quasi-public official. He is the guardian, in theory, of other people's interests. He ought not to be permitted the indulgence of his panic when money is urgently needed. That's my guess. But there is more than one article in the English companies law worth examining.

Overshadowing in importance the few specific constructive suggestions of remedies I heard offered, however, there looms that gigantic waste levied by the sellers of fraudulent stocks. No one knows what that sum is. A deputy attorney general of New York thinks it amounted to $500,000,000 in one year in that state alone. Surely then all of the other states together must have increased this by more than 100 per cent. The total must be more than $1,000,000,000. Fraudulent promotions, including those made so by rapacious stock sellers, may possibly cost this country $5,000,000,000 annually. No one knows. All fraudulent promotions need not be stock deals, nor should honest efforts debauched by stock salesmen with illusions of grandeur be barred from the total. Some way ought to be found to turn a larger portion of these wasted savings into the legitimate money market, where they are urgently needed.

Waste From Dishonesty

According to the Bible, the borrower is servant to the lender, but this becomes true to the point of brutality only when supplies of capital are distressingly below the demand. That situation does not obtain in this country at present. Capital knows it and is not rapacious; 7 per cent is accounted an excellent return. Nevertheless the man who can find money in a country gilded with money frequently endeavors to make the borrower servant to his legerdemain.

Of all countries in the world, this one ought not to find itself in such a situation. In ancient Egypt that condition was inevitable, but for it to exist in the United States today is absurd. Waste resulting principally from permitted dishonesty has apparently created an artificial money famine, a mirage, an illusion, under cover of which it is possible to starve or pinch even prosperous business. Under these conditions any man who can raise money becomes a sort of demigod instead of being an ordinary, useful cog in the world of business. In the richest country in the world, with sound securities to offer, he poses as a magician; and he is not without some justification, conditions being as they are. So much gold flows out of the bunghole into nowhere that reaching the spigot successfully becomes a remarkable feat. Those who can do it charge high for their services, if they please, and are gazed upon by the remainder of mankind with appalling admiration. But if stock frauds were almost impossible—as most assuredly they ought to be—any bright young man could sell good securities.

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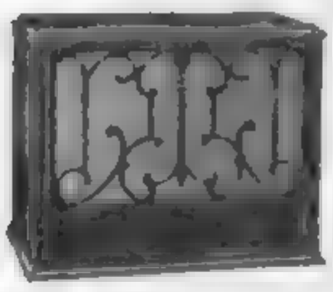

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Rola
RE★CREATOR
$36

FRANCINE

(Continued from Page 5)

let me go on with it? Why didn't you tell me he was married?"

"I supposed you knew it. In fact, I was quite sure you did. Didn't you?"

She touched her eyes again with the towel before replying: "I knew—I may have known he was married, yes; but I didn't—I didn't suppose he had a wife."

"I don't quite ——"

"No, I suppose not," she said, and laughed miserably. "It sounds crazy, doesn't it? I mean I never dreamed he could be living with her. How could I have dreamed that he was?"

"But why not? What led you to suppose ——"

But at that she jumped up fiercely, facing me.

"Did he ever talk about her to me? What leads any woman to suppose such a thing?"

I stammered, "I—I'm afraid Norman is a little romantic."

"Romantic?" she cried. "Does that explain it? Romantic? Is it merely romantic to break a woman's heart? Is that all it is—romantic—to make a woman care for you—to make her love you more every day, and more and more—and then do what he's done?"

"You mean his having to go home on account of ——"

She interrupted me, and her voice was loud and harsh.

"I knew he was married, yes; but I didn't know he had a wife and three children!" She advanced upon me, hurling the towel from her and overturning a chair that stood in the way. "I knew he was married; but do you suppose I ever dreamed he was just a regular little family man?"

"But I don't ——"

"He is!" she shouted. "That's what he's turned out to be—a regular little family man who has to bring home a beefsteak in the evening, and can't even stay for my first night in his own play because one of the children's got the colic!"

"It's scarlet fever," I ventured. "It isn't ——"

She screamed in my face, "What do I care what it is?" Then she drooped before me, weeping again. "Ah, dear God! Why is it I'm the sort of woman that men can treat as they do treat me? Why couldn't I be like other women? No other woman has to suffer as I do. Men don't treat other women as they do me."

I took her hand. "You poor dear child!" I said. "Men don't fall in love with other women as they do with you. I'm afraid the trouble is that we all fall in love with you, Francine; and among the lot of us you're bound to find a few who are—well, in predicaments, so to speak, like poor Norman."

"Poor Norman?" she echoed mockingly, and snatched her hand away. "Are you pitying him? Good heavens, he's gone off to his wife and children and he'll stay there too! He belongs perfectly in his little home and I never want to see him again! I asked him, 'But can't you stay just a few hours longer—until I've played this part for you? Not even just these few hours?' Not he! His wife had telegraphed for him! He couldn't stay a minute because the baby had the colic! Nice for me, wasn't it?"

I made another effort to soothe her a little, but of course it was of no avail. She had begun to walk up and down the room with great strides, her hands continually flinging out from her and up and down in a gesturing so vehement that her heavily ringed fingers sometimes struck the wall or the mantelpiece or the back of a chair.

"I suppose he thought I was used to being treated like this! He knew what my husband had done, and he knew it had almost killed me; but I suppose he thought if I could stand that I could stand this! He thought I was iron, probably! Iron, that's what they take me for!" With that she struck herself violently upon the breast with both hands together, and laughed wildly. "Iron! That's what he takes me for. Iron! Iron!"

"Francine," I said sharply then, "you're doing yourself no good by letting yourself go like this. Already you're hysterical, and if you don't quiet down you won't be in condition to give a performance tonight."

She whirled upon me.

"What?" she cried.

"There isn't too much time," I said, "before the curtain rises."

She looked at me insanely, her eyes opening wider and wider until incredible spaces of white showed both above and below the staring pupils.

"Dear God!" she whispered hoarsely. "He expects me to play tonight! What are men made of? He expects me to play tonight!"

"Francine, that curtain ——"

She screamed, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"That curtain ——"

"No!" she screamed. "No! No! No!" Her high-pitched voice grew louder and higher with each repetition of the word until the sounds she made were only sounds, not words. Then she gasped at me, "What are you made of?" and sank down before me upon her knees. Rocking herself backward and forward, her tortured head in her hands and a very waterfall of tears upon her cheeks, she moaned, "Never! Never! Never!"

She pitched sidewise, her hands clutching at the rungs of a chair; and her glorious hair came down and hung upon her like the black robe of tragedy's own self—a piteous and a beautiful sight to see, and somehow more heartbreaking than all her tears. It was always that splendid fallen hair of hers that I remembered afterward—its curtaining darkness inclosed and muffled her weeping, yet seemed itself to weep for her so eloquently.

Miss Yeats motioned me to be gone, and indeed it was high time. The door opened quietly before I reached it, however, and little old Mrs. Watkins, the grandmother *comédienne* of the company, came in. She was eating an apple; but as she saw the stricken figure upon the floor, her experience of scenic harmonies prevailed with her. She shifted the apple to her left hand and held it behind her, as she went forward to offer her right for the assistance of Miss Yeats with Francine.

Then, with the door half closed behind me, I heard a cough of the kind that says, "Look back!"

I did. The cough came from Mrs. Watkins; she and Miss Yeats were supporting Francine, moving with her toward the other room; but both of them were looking back at me over her shoulders. Miss Yeats nodded reassuringly, and the left eye of Mrs. Watkins closed tightly in an earnest communication. Her practiced lips formed inaudibly, but with perfect distinctness, the message:

"She'll be all right!"

I was not fully able to believe it, and there were some anxious moments behind the curtain two hours later; but that long experienced and excellent actress, Mrs. Watkins, knew what she was talking about. She knew because she remembered what fine performances she had given every night, two years before, when that noble old comedian, Ted Watkins, her husband, lay dying. She had been in love with him when they were both twenty-two; she was in love with him when they were sixty-eight; they were models of lifelong devotion—for of course such models are found upon the stage as beautifully in perfection as elsewhere—but she played, and played well, every night of his last illness, which was what he expected of her.

We whose orbits revolve about actors—we playwrights, managers, stage directors, electricians, carpenters and workmen, intimate witnesses behind more kinds of curtain than the painted one—we who are a

(Continued on Page 213)

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USL RADIO *and* AUTO Batteries

(Continued from Page 210)

part of the actors' lives and fellowship, but never quite of their blood brotherhood—we grow used to seeing them give way to the uncontrollable expression of uncontrollable emotion; yet some of us never cease to marvel at their self-control when their hour strikes and that painted curtain rises. Our own, ascending that night in Joliet, disclosed Francine Lang as the very soul of rosy comedy, the merriest of mischief-making sprites in all the world—Young Mrs. Tomlinson to the life.

Audacious, as charming as her own laughter, wistfully humorous and wistfully tender, too, in the pretty love scenes with good-looking George Morris, she carried it through to the end, and that audience, at least, was won for us—altogether by Francine. Most of the men in the house were in love with her, I am sure, before the evening was over, and for women she was always a kind of intoxication. They passed out through the lobby, glowing, chattering about her, and already imitating unconsciously the fascinating little vivacities of her comedy voice.

Cyprian Klebber had somehow gathered the materials for a supper in his own rooms at the hotel, after the play, and for once in his life found nothing to be done upon a manuscript after a première. Francine was the life of the party!

She was almost uproarious at times, and certainly made the rest of us quite so. She did her imitations; she sang for us, with George Morris at the piano; and finally, toward daylight, gave us the most artfully ridiculous of her mockeries, a burlesque—not at all old-fashioned in propriety—of modern interpretative dancing. Old Zip kissed her rapturously and announced that the party was ended upon that jovial climax.

"A little celebration, if it comes just once and after the play goes over—and if it's mine," he said, "it's all right!"

I bade them all good-by, for I was to start back in the morning to my oculist, and I came to Francine last. She took my hand warmly in both of hers, giving me a liquidly grateful long look from deep within her eyes.

"You've been—you've been such a comfort!" she said in a broken whisper.

How on earth I could have been thought a comfort was beyond ordinary powers of comprehension, but Francine was ever unfailing in her surprises for me.

When I got back to New York the eye specialist reversed himself and kept me in a darkened room for a while; then he sent me to other specialists, and the end of it was one of those ocean voyages for general tuning up, and some months on the shores of the Mediterranean to preserve the pitch to which I was supposedly tuned. When I returned to New York, in March, Young Mrs. Tomlinson was in the midst of its mild success at old Cyprian's own theater, the Klebber, and a night or two after I landed I renewed my acquaintance with it.

Francine was more interesting, as well as more charming, than ever. She was one of those careful artists who never stop studying; and she had added to the part a multitude of tiny significances—bits of acting, of business that enriched the original portrait with a patina of reality. She showed the greatest zest, I thought, in these enhancements of the illusion she so lovingly created; and I was sure that she must herself be in as high spirits as Mrs. Tomlinson appeared to be. It pleased me to think she had wholly recovered her sentimental poise again; and although I felt that any woman who had suffered as I had seen her suffer could never be without at least the scar of such a wound, I imagined that she had made herself able to think of Norman Archer, if not without pain, certainly with philosophy. But as I returned from the smoking room to my chair in the orchestra before the curtain rose upon the final act an usher brought me a note from her that made me fear I had been overoptimistic:

"Please don't leave the theater without coming round to see me. You are always so comforting—and I am in need of you for that."

She was waiting for me outside the door of her dressing room, still in Mrs. Tomlinson's ball gown, to say nothing of Mrs. Tomlinson's complexion; and she smiled wanly as she gave me her hand and led me into the room.

"I'm always sending for you when I'm in trouble, I'm afraid," she said as we sat down. "Did you think I was any good at all tonight?"

"What a question! You were so much better than the part we wrote for you, poor Norman and I ——"

She leaned forward and for a moment put a gently entreating hand upon my arm.

"Don't—please don't speak of him."

"Forgive me," I said. "I'd hoped all that had passed—at least so far passed that you could hear his name mentioned without pain. I'm sorry—and yet I can't be very sorry about anything just after you've given me so much happiness as you've been giving me all evening. You've made the inconsequent skeleton of a rôle that we gave you into something so vivid and brilliant that it's the greatest delight in the world to sit and watch you building it up as you did tonight. The very moderate truth is that you were glorious."

She looked at me fixedly for a long moment, while a large and bright tear rose upon each of her lower eyelids, poised, increased, and then glistened down her coated cheeks. Too fatuously I thought my praise had touched her.

"It's quite true," I said.

She shook her head and more tears came.

"I wonder how I do it," she murmured brokenly.

"Wonder how you build up such a part, Francine?"

"No; I wonder how I act at all. I wonder how I go on with it night after night. I wonder how much longer I can go on with it—and this pain in my heart stabbing deeper and deeper every hour of the day and night."

She spoke with the trembling and hopeless pathos that wrings the heart of any listener, even if he be a tired playwright or manager. Certainly my own rather hidebound sympathies were moved for her.

"My dear," I said. "If there's anything in the world I can do—or say ——"

She jumped up, her arms for an instant high above her head; then she brought them down with the palms of her hands upon her wet cheeks.

"No," she said. "Nobody can help me. It's all my fault for being born—I can't see any other reason. I was just born to be a woman that men treat as they treat no other women! Why is it? What's wrong with me?"

"With you? Good heavens, nothing!"

"But there is!" she cried passionately, and flung her arms wide, facing me, as though she asked inspection to determine her defect. "There must be! How can there help being something wrong with me when I always suffer for the one reason? Never any other!"

"What reason, Francine?"

"The one you know—the one you've seen"

"But I haven't ——"

"You have!" she cried. "Why is it that when I care for any man, as soon as he's told me he cares for me I find he's in love with some other woman and at her beck and call? Why is it?"

Puzzled to reply, I fear I was about to stammer out something about a case of scarlet fever not being mere beck and call precisely; but her inquiry was a rhetorical one. She expected no answer, even though she went on asking the question.

"Why is it? What is it about me that makes a man fall in love with some other woman as soon as he's made me fall in love with him? For that's what they do! You know it, don't you?"

"Indeed I don't," I said; and thinking it a little distracted of her to suppose that Norman's affection for his wife had never

Continued on Page 216

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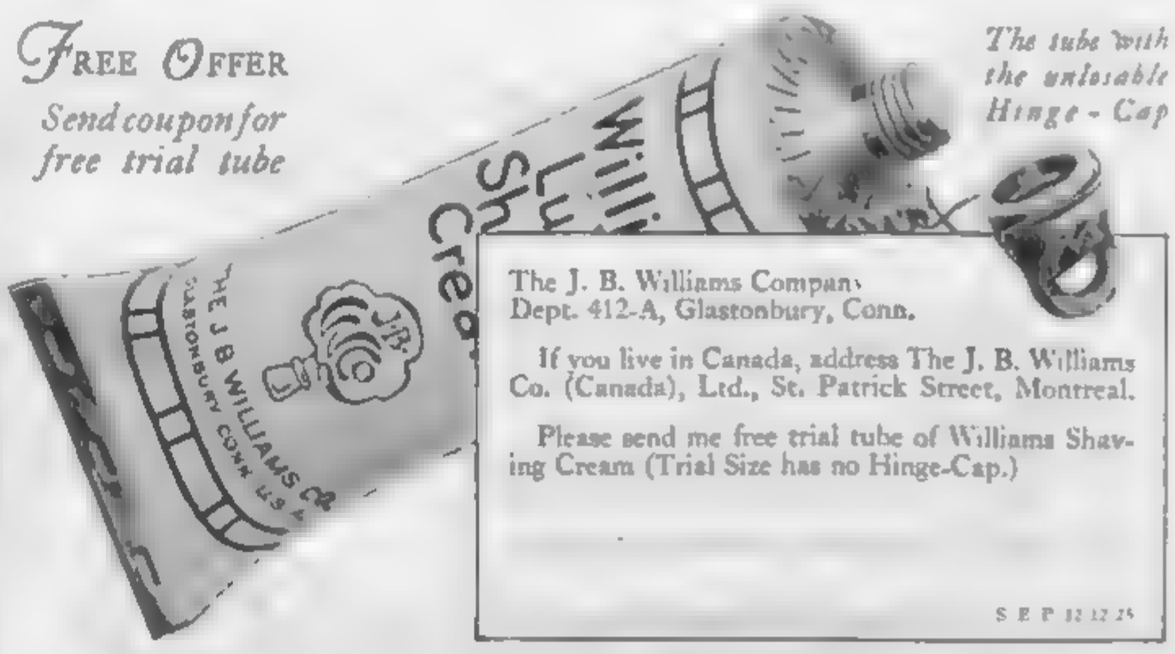

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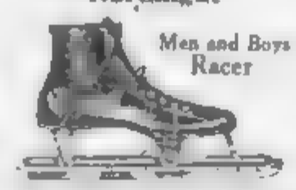

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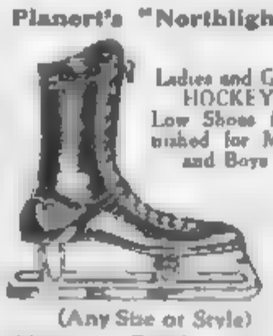

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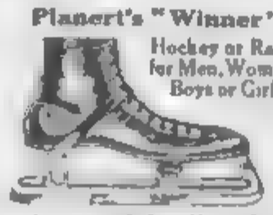

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(Continued from Page 213)

been exhibited before his departure to the sick child's bedside, I tried to set her right about that. "It doesn't seem to me you're any more accurate about men, Francine, than you are when you suppose there's something wrong about yourself. Of course I don't assume to know what he gave you to understand about his feeling for you; but naturally, under the circumstances, it was a subsequent feeling—he must have cared for her long before he ever met you."

"What? He did nothing of the kind! He never gave her a thought! And at last a little real happiness seemed to be coming into my life—for the first time. I've thought I cared before, but it was all the emptiest illusion until I began to see that he cared for me. And just as soon as that happiness came to us both—to him and to me—she spoiled it! Every soul in town knows it! Don't pretend no one has told you. It's the first thing you'd hear, and you couldn't deceive me about it—not for an instant!" She grew more vehement in voice and gesture with every word, and I was unable to interrupt her, though I tried. "Don't tell me you don't know what I know you know! Every soul in the company tells it! The box-office men tell it! Cyprian's stenographers tell it! The stage hands tell it! Is there anybody in all New York that doesn't go about telling how he jilted me?"

"Francine! How could there be any question of that?"

"How?" she cried. "How could there?" And to my dismay she burst into a loud and gusty sobbing. "Ah, dear God!" she wailed. "Could there ever be any question of such a thing's not happening to me? And I was so happy! I was! I was—happy!" And upon hearing this word sobbed out in her own voice, she uttered a pealing laughter, disturbing to hear, took her head between her hands and moved it from side to side as if it were upon some agonizing hinge and must be worked free. "Happy!" she cried. "I tell you I was happy! And then I found out that five nights of last week, when he told me that his old mother was in town and he had to be with her, he was taking Isobel Yeats out to supper! Five nights! Five in one week!"

"But it's impossible," I said, and in my bewilderment thought it might be a good thing to take my own head in my hands and rock it. "He isn't here! He hasn't been here since ——"

"Not here!" She stared at me wildly. "I wish he weren't! Only yesterday—I was so happy—so, so, so happy!"

Her voice broke upon this; she seemed about to faint; but before I could reach her she staggered back against the wall, slid downward against it, her outflung arms pressed against it. She crumpled finally, half sitting, half kneeling, upon the floor at my feet. Her loosened hair fell in all its magnificence from her bowed head, covering her face from me, a beautiful black shroud over her despair. Her voice came from beneath it, choked, liquid with weeping, desperate with intolerable anguish.

"George is just killing me!" she sobbed.

Of course it was George Morris she'd been talking about all the time!

I called her maid in and waited outside the dressing room until Francine came out, which she did briskly, and looking what is sometimes called heavenly, not more than twenty minutes later. She made me go to supper with her at a supper club, where she laughed never so lightly, was witty with many friends, and finally went so far as to make me dance with her, though that is not possibly to be considered desirable for any lady whatever—happy or unhappy. Late, indeed, I left her at the elevator in the apartment house where she lived.

"You're always such a comfort!" she was so kind as to tell me, and gave me a deep look of the saddest gratitude before she turned, beaming, to the electrified elevator man.

She married George Morris the next June; but George never had been what we call steady—a word, of course, implying the quality of constancy. The effect of his good looks upon the impressionable was something with which he had not humor enough to contend, and he was always in a more or less urgent state of siege. Perhaps the problem too often presented him by the necessity of being in two or even three places at the same time, and of accounting to his wife for being in any of them at all, was too much for him; at any rate, no one thought him eccentric when he took earnestly to drink.

After Mrs. Morris finally decided upon the legal process that was inevitable from the moment she said "I will" to George, it was the faithful Miss Yeats who wrote me, at Francine's request. For, except upon the occasion of those five suppers—a merely light-headed matter—Isobel was always Francine's most intimate support, both on and off. Their reconciliation, in fact, had taken place on the day following my bewildering interview with Francine in her dressing room.

"She has lost her happiness," Miss Yeats wrote. "She walks the floor and wrings her hands night after night when she comes home from the theater, and she declares passionately that she will never play another part after this season is finished. She is determined to retire permanently from the stage, and the truth is she is in such utter despair as I have never seen. And yet—and yet—well, I do not believe she will give up her career. What is more, although she suffers dreadfully, I believe when you next see her from out in front you will not believe that her sorrow has affected her art. That is something that will be greater than ever."

I was sure Miss Yeats was right about Francine's art. And yet when I saw the newspaper photograph of her with her hair all shorn away, and remembered how eloquently she had always used those beautiful histrionic tresses, even in her most private rehearsals, I fell into a melancholy musing. It seemed to me that a barber might do to Francine's art what despair could never do.

Storm Clouds Over the Gulf of Mexico

CONGESTION IN THE HALLS OF FAME

(Continued from Page 15)

commemoration of the World War has brought up an interesting yet also a perplexing problem. It was found that many sites in the old city of Washington are now taken up with monuments of the Civil War, mostly equestrian statues of generals." Yet two years after the Armistice a diligent committee in New York took a census and learned that 375 memorials of the World War had already been started, and this list included only the really pretentious operations.

Since then war memorials have multiplied with such rapidity that even the interested parties have lost count, but there are surveys to show thousands of separate projects built or under way.

"Every chapter of every existing patriotic organization is an actual or potential memorial builder," said the chairman of a public art commission. "The American Legion alone has about eight thousand posts. Subscription campaigns for memorials have been under way ever since the war ended. Figure it out for yourself."

New York, as befits the metropolis, took the lead in this movement and held it long enough to furnish inspiration to many other communities, but the big city has not yet built its main war memorial. The structure planned was to have been the largest, the finest, the most artistic and the most expensive in this or any other world. It called for an expenditure of $20,000,000, for which sum the subscribers or taxpayers were to have had the last word in memorials—statues, bas-reliefs, shrines and what not. But the idea never got beyond the stage of plans and models.

From these, however, many communities in other parts of the country borrowed ideas, if you are to believe New York. A famous war-memorial building on the grounds of one of the California colleges is said to be a miniature of the New York project, at least in many details. The Kansas City memorial now nearing completion is a development of the shrine-of-fire idea originally planned by New York. Whether or not the inspiration came from that source, the Kansas City enterprise is worthy of special mention not only because it is the most significant example of a new and promising trend, but also for its own daring. It is an attempt to put into enduring stone a pillar of fire by night and a column of smoke by day.

The New Trend in Monuments

To accomplish this the architect has thrust into the sky from an eminence fronting the Union Station and topping the distant skyscrapers a round white shaft ninety feet high, crowned with symbolic figures. It is fitted at the top with an arrangement of steam pipes and electric lights. By day jets of steam will issue, visible for many miles. At night the illumination may be seen for twenty miles or more, and when the shaft is lost in the distance the light will have the appearance of a new star. With its two low flanking buildings and the far-reaching landscape work the project will cost $1,500,000. The citizens of Kansas City raised that trifle in two weeks!

The trend referred to is toward the spiritual—the abstract ideal—and in spite of the number of ugly things to be found all over the country, that search for timeless beauty is everywhere manifesting itself. "It is probably still true that the United States spends more for its public art and gets less than any other nation," said one authority. "The impression is still widespread that expense is the determining factor in art. Local committees go first of all to the nearest tombstone cutter and try to make sure of the finest monument in the world by asking for something more expensive. A really fine thing costs more of course. It takes more time and work. But what really counts is the preliminary thought given to the project by experts in determining what is wanted.

"It frequently happens that a committee which does not include any members with a knowledge of the limitations of sculpture will have remarkably fine spiritual ideas. The trait of character or the aspiration which its members wish to preserve would be excellent for a literary form of expression. But though we speak of a fine work of art as a poem in stone, actually it can't be done. You may illustrate a specific action in stone or bronze, but when you begin to reach for the intangible things of the spirit you are limited to suggestion. And that calls for training, experience, study, good taste and unlimited patience.

"The trend in this direction in the United States is a repetition of history. Undoubtedly it is what happened in Greece and Rome. As a nation becomes rich it demands better art, and the market for the ideal is enlarged. Experts may and do wax pessimistic as to the rate of this development, but in spite of the apparent national indifference we are getting some good things. The monument to Robert Louis Stevenson in San Francisco is a perfect example of suggestion—a stone shaft surmounted by a bronze Spanish galleon under full sail. Here are all the romance and adventure of the sea that furnished Stevenson with his inspiration."

Too Conspicuous to be Seen

An even more striking example, in the opinion of this and other authorities, is the famous figure by Saint-Gaudens in the memorial to Mrs. Henry Adams, hidden in the pines of Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington, District of Columbia. Incidentally the history of this work reveals that Americans have developed what might be called reverse visibility with respect to monuments. Members of art commissions have discovered that in this country a monument must be hidden if it is to be seen. One expert makes a point of questioning citizens wherever he goes as to the location of noted memorials.

"Baltimoreans who have to stop and think to locate the Battle Monument in the heart of the city," he says, "can tell you instantly where to locate the bronze Orpheus of the Key Memorial away out at Fort McHenry. So in Washington I am convinced that two citizens know the exact location of the Adams memorial for every one that knows, offhand, the site of the towering Washington Monument. Put a fine equestrian at the busiest intersection in any city and it is lost. Hide it somewhere and it becomes famous."

The Adams Memorial most frequently cited to prove this point probably has more titles than any other statue in the country. One man told me to "see Saint-Gaudens' Grief, in Washington." "See the figure of Death by Saint-Gaudens," said another. I have heard it called Sorrow, The Spirit, The Soul of Man, Despair and many other names. Each meant something to the person naming it, and therein lies the appeal of the work. To me the best description of the draped, seated bronze figure was that given by the wise and courteous gentleman regarded by artists as the leading national authority on memorial sculpture.

"The statue," he said, "is an attempt to portray the soul of man pondering the question whether there is a life after death. Saint-Gaudens asked himself that question and answered it to his own satisfaction in later works."

The memorial is so thoroughly hidden in the plantings carefully maintained by the Adams heirs that directions are useless until one reaches the cemetery. After that on any fair day it may be found by following the other pilgrims to the shrine.

One reason why works of this character are scarce is that Americans are forever

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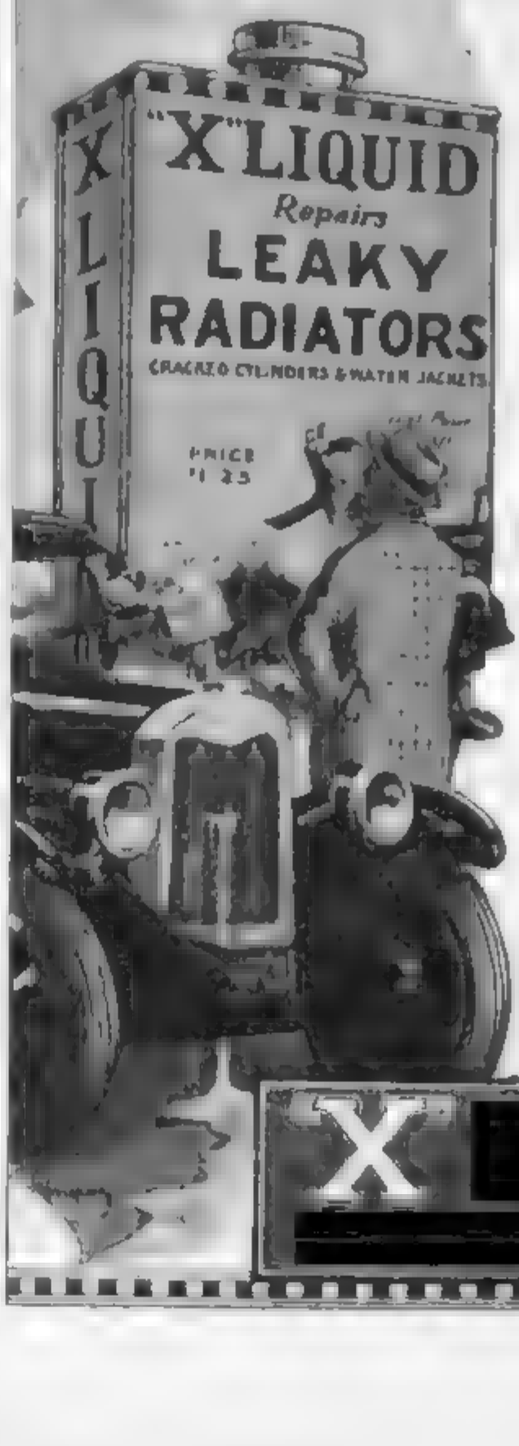

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trying to link the purely artistic with the practical. No other nation has so many memorial buildings. For a time Carnegie's gifts put libraries in the lead, but the war has made the community center more numerous. Some expensive mistakes have been made in memorial buildings. The college is poor indeed that cannot point to one or more of them, and likewise many colleges are poorer by reason of these gifts.

Many colleges and universities now insist on endowment funds for the maintenance of memorial buildings. It has been found that such gifts are generally restricted to a specific purpose which does not always keep step with the growth of the institution. A bequest hailed with delight ten years ago may be a burden today. Here, as with the general public, the idea is slowly penetrating that the mortality rate of memorials is virtually nil. In self-defense the country has been setting up public and quasi-public committees to regulate the placing of monuments in parks and on street corners and in other public places. Many of them are without statute authority. The National Commission of Fine Arts, at Washington, functions by unanimous consent plus executive orders. Yet these commissions are working wonders in the things they prevent.

"Did you ever try to lose a life-sized statue?" a member of a city art jury asked me. "Try it sometime, and unless it happens to be of real artistic value, you will find the easiest way will be to bury it. One historical society of which I am an officer has more than forty busts stored away in its loft, and not more than half of them can be identified. Yet each of the men represented by these images was of some historical importance at one time or another, or the bust would not have been accepted. Every museum, art jury, historical society and similar institution in the country is being compelled to reject sculpture of a strictly personal nature, and that's one reason why we are getting away from the ten-ton likeness."

Busts of the Toga Period

"In the last half century the country has passed through two distinct memorial periods. The first was that of the bust. No matter what trade or profession the subject followed, his relatives and friends invariably had him done up after death in a Roman toga. It furnished excellent practice for the sculptors in learning how to turn out stalwart and muscular necks. I've often thought it supplied the inspiration for the physical-culture movement in this country. Then, as the memorial habit grew, the full-length statue developed. The subject always wore a frock coat, carried a scroll in one hand and had the other thrust into his bosom. Nearly every big city is overstocked with statues of men forgotten ten years after their death and utterly without significance to the present generation, and how to get rid of them is a problem."

The Du Pont Memorial in Washington is one of the rare examples in which a statue once lodged in a public place was removed. Originally it was a statue of Admiral Du Pont. In cooperation with the National Commission of Fine Arts, the admiral's relatives had a bill passed by Congress authorizing the removal of the statue, and replaced it with a fountain which has been much admired. For a long time the water didn't run, but that is a common failure in the United States. In Europe, art commissioners say, the turning off of water in a public fountain is the signal for public clamor. Two huge bronze urns decorating one of the approaches to the Capitol have been dry for years.

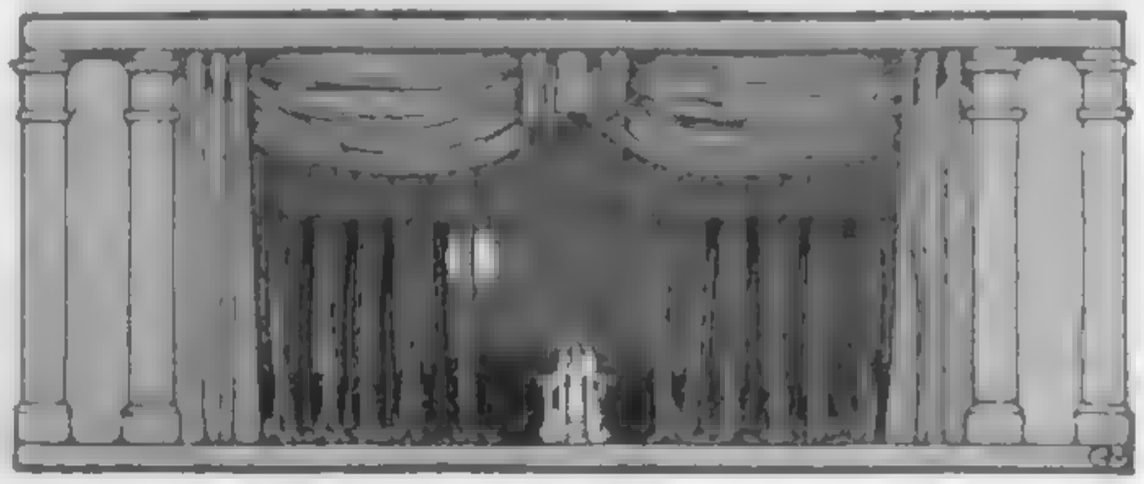
Every Man's Right to a Statue

Another and older form of art commission is the body of notables named by local or state governments to put up a specific monument. A survey made a few years ago by a large Eastern state indicated that these commissions are sometimes as long-lived as the memorials they build. Some had been in existence twenty years, during which time the original plans had been expanded until the founders wouldn't have recognized them. In the hands of an enterprising and self-perpetuating commission a bill calling for a single figure may be amended until it has taken aboard the subject's associates, his successors, the flora and fauna of his native state and modest testimonials to the unselfish public spirit of the commissioners. One elaborate Civil War group in a large city contains statues of the donor, the architect and at least one of the commissioners, in addition to sundry generals, horses, ordnance and other paraphernalia of war.

As a consequence, the congestion indicated at Washington exists to some extent in every state capital, in many county seats, in all the large cities, and more than anywhere else in some of the historic battlegrounds of the nation. There is evidence also that in spite of restrictions the taxpayer will have more and more need for a brake on the monument habit. In the first hundred years of the nation's history it didn't matter. The country was still under the influence of the divine-right idea, which limited the use of statues to kings and gods, except by royal permit.

The knowledge that the Declaration of Independence gave every citizen the right to his own personal statue, if he and his friends could get away with it, didn't begin to sink in until about the time of the Centennial in 1876. A meticulous account of all art expenditures by the Federal Government had been kept from 1790 to that year, and according to a recapitulation on file in a slender ledger in the United States Treasury the total for the eighty-four years was only $675,000. Even this sum included $2000 for a Senate clock, pay for commissioners and other minor items.

Contrast that with $3,000,000 for the Lincoln Memorial, $2,500,000 for the one to Grant, both at Washington, and various other recent acquisitions. It took twenty years to complete the memorial to Lincoln, which has been universally acclaimed as a remarkable work of art. Ten years were spent in selecting the site and determining the location, and ten years more in building it. This tendency to take plenty of time is somewhat of an offset to the more elaborate and more massive ideas of modern sculptors and memorial builders. It helps also to spread out the increased costs, but the annual investment in monuments is growing. The Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial is a big job of sculpture and stone cutting, but the $1,000,000 to be spent on it will be exceeded by the cost of many war memorials. *(Continued on Page 221)*



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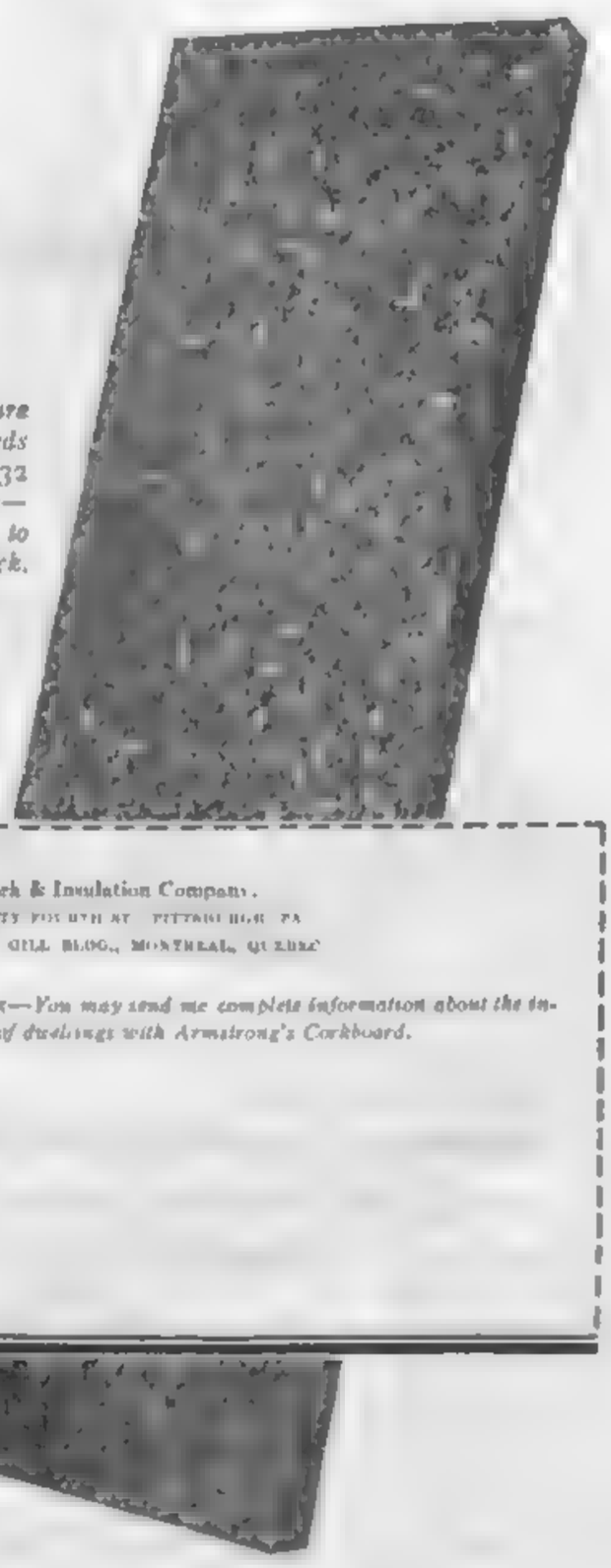

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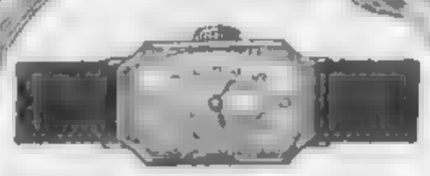

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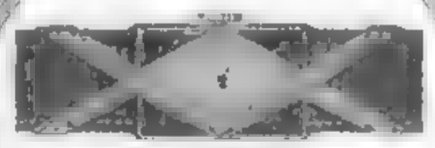

PARISIENNE
Solid platinum, 52 diamonds and 4 sapphires.
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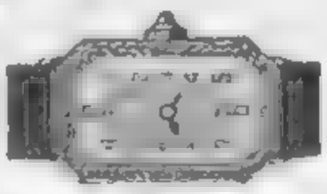

PATRICIA
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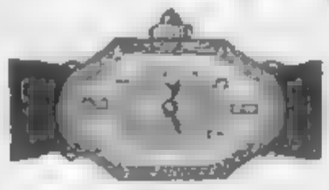

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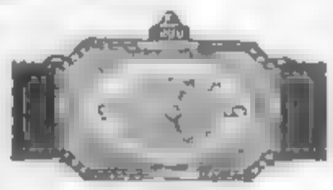

VASSAR
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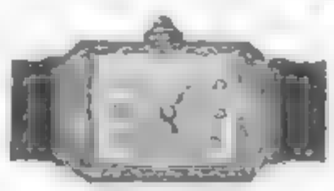

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BENRUS WATCHES

(Continued from Page 218)

The Census Bureau gathered statistics on the monument, tombstone and memorial industry for 1923, and found the total value of production to be $68,224,348—which of course did not include community houses and similar war memorials with some practical use. There were in that year 1916 establishments, 16,026 persons engaged, 2160 proprietors and firm members and 11,561 wage earners, with 2305 salaried officers and employes. The pay roll of the industry for the year was $4,572,408 in salaries and $18,082,404 in wages. Cost of materials was given as $26,044,008, showing a value added by manufacture of $42,180,341. Capital investment records were not taken for 1923. The last year for which they are available—1919—shows a total of $43,949,879.

Even with the buildings excluded, these figures give only a partial picture, since they do not take into account the fees paid to sculptors. Neither do they include bronze, which is far more popular for statues today than stone, since there is no separation of the memorial end of bronze casting from strictly commercial casting. Recently the statue of a noted merchant was set up near the city hall of a large Eastern city. The donors paid about $3500 to the bronze foundry for the casting and $15,000 to the sculptor. In addition there were items of expense for the base, cement work and other details

A better measure of how the monument habit grows is supplied by the records of the National Commission of Fine Arts. In 1911, the first year of its existence, the commission was called on to act in a total of forty-five submissions, including proposals for ten statues, fountains and monuments. In 1912 the submissions fell off to forty-one, but nearly every year since then has been marked by an increase, until in 1921 the total was 437. Of this number the proposals relating to statues, fountains and monuments was 121, an increase of 1200 per cent in ten years. If the birth rate of potential subjects for monuments had increased at the same rate, all the great open spaces would be filled with tenements.

Building a Memorial

A few years ago, according to government records, an imported, life-size statue of alabaster could be bought in this country for $160. That was for stock patterns. Made-to-order goods of comparable workmanship, or lack of it, were obtainable for $500 and less. The actual work of cutting a statue out of stone or casting one in bronze is negligible in comparison to the painstaking effort and prolonged study put forth by a sculptor on an important commission.

The general procedure nowadays in building an important memorial is to put the choice of the sculptor in the hands of a committee of artists, architects and sculptors. These men and women first determine on the site, in conjunction with public officials, then on the type and scope of the monument, and then select the man or woman whose abilities seem most suited for the work desired. Occasionally three or four sculptors will be asked to submit designs, or will be called into conference on the project. If the element of time is to be considered at all, it is never possible to say offhand that this or that sculptor shall do the work. The committee must first learn whether he is prepared to accept it. Many of the more noted artists have all their time scheduled for years ahead.

Once the sculptor is assigned he begins work on larger drawings, with frequent consultation with his committee of experts. Then he starts making models in clay. The first is generally quite small. It involves, nevertheless, not only the actual statuary group but the surroundings. The model will show with exactness the general lay of the land, the position and relative height of trees, the location of lakes and streams and other topographical features. Modifications in the group must be made from time to time to make it conform to these surroundings. Then a larger model to scale is made, generally in plaster. When that, too, has been studied from every conceivable angle and under varying conditions of light and shade, the sculptor begins work on his working models.

All this, of course, follows the preliminary legal and legislative steps. If you have an idea for a memorial to somebody, the first essential is a committee or a larger organization. Even if you intend to pay for it yourself the public consent must be obtained to get the thing planted. If the subject was a person of some political consequence it may be possible to enlist the aid of a councilman, a county commissioner, a state legislator or a congressman without a committee, but it is hardly likely that your willing public servant will be able to move his colleagues until he can produce some indication of voting strength. Therefore the larger the organization the more chance for success.

A Tactful Commission

The procedure in Washington is fairly representative of how it is done elsewhere. A congressman introduces a bill at the behest of such an organization, calling on the War Department officer in charge of public buildings and public parks to issue a permit for the erection of the monument, subject to the approval of the Joint Committee on the Library of Congress. An act of May 17, 1910, backed since then by various executive orders, provides that this committee must get the advice and approval of the Fine Arts Commission. Congress is not bound by that but it has been going along.

If your project is to put an arch over Pennsylvania Avenue in memory of some celebrity the commission tactfully points out the traffic congestion and a few other objections and talks you out of it. Then, little by little, it works the idea around to something within the bounds of reason. Your committee is shown the L'Enfant plan of Washington with recent extensions and developments, and as a rule its members are soon committed to the general scheme for the beautification of the capital city. In due time the arch becomes a fountain and the colossal statue shrinks into a plaque.

And speaking of plaques and tablets, one of the hardest tasks the commission has had to face has been the selection of designs for this type of memorial. In one competition, for a fee of only $600 more than sixty competitors appeared, and according to the commission only one of the resulting designs had good lettering. Tablet makers trying to sell their goods were accused of overleaping the bounds of the possible in sculpture. Many tried to see how much stuff they could get into a bas-relief. They attempted to include not only the regiment or division or some of it, but also landscapes of battlefields, cannon, horses, aeroplanes and a few symbolic figures to boot

One state which obtained permission for the minting of a memorial half dollar presented a design with a colossal monument as its chief figure. The commission pointed out that a monument in miniature is not a monument. One of the approvals given by the commission was to the American Red Star Animal Relief, for a memorial tablet to the 243,133 horses and mules employed by the American Expeditionary Forces overseas. The bronze tablet now adorns the wall of the State, War and Navy building. It shows six horses dragging a cannon caisson, but nary a mule. The text of the tablet recites that the war resulted in the death of 68,682 horses and mules, and quotes General Pershing in testimonial.

In 1918 the commission was called in to settle a dispute as to which of two Lincolns by different sculptors should be presented to Great Britain. It made a decision, but as a result of the controversy bills were introduced in Congress providing that nobody could slip a statue to a foreign

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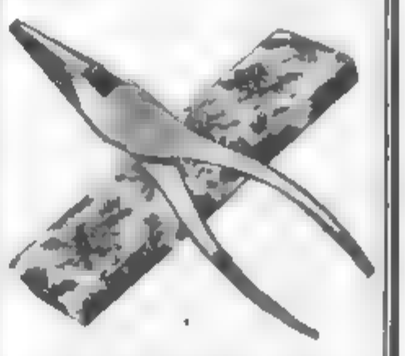

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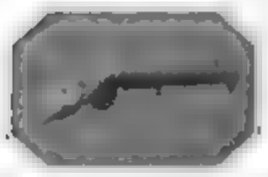

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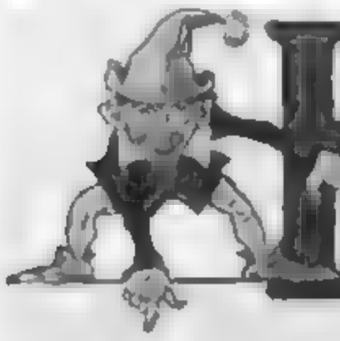

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power without a permit from the Secretary of State. The measures were not passed. Any American citizen may give his statue to any king, shah, emperor, khedive or rajah who can be induced to accept it.

The Navy memorial of the World War brought up an interesting point of sculptural and other limitations. It was proposed originally as a huge wave topped by a row of sea gulls. The inspiration came from the ancient sea superstition that gulls are the souls of lost mariners. While the commission was pointing out that a wave shimmies too much to lend itself readily to reproduction in stone, some incurable realist announced that the sea gull is a scavenger. The final design has yet to be drawn.

The suggestion that this country is following in the footsteps of Rome is an understatement in one instance. America is several jumps ahead in the matter of baths, or would be if imagination were not checked by the commission. According to its records a proposal was made by another governmental agency to spend $200,000 for a public swimming pool. The commission made a survey and learned that pools of comparable size with pleasing architectural exteriors were being built for $20,000. "For $200,000," said one expert, "the pool could have been perfumed with attar of roses and furnished with more Nubian slaves than Nero ever owned."

Memorial Lynching Bees

Washington and its Fine Arts Commission have been singularly free from the moral issue regularly raised in other sections of the country over nude or seminude figures. Doubtless this is a tribute to its good taste in drawing the fine line of discrimination between nudeness and nakedness. Other commissions have been less fortunate. The famous Barnard groups of scantily attired ladies and gentlemen on the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, had their charms hidden under burlap for two years before the tumult of protest subsided, which was more or less coincident with the disintegration of the swaddling bags. In another Eastern city authorities of a cemetery were shocked by a stone angel—a lady angel. They clothed her in sackcloth pending discussion, and finally carted her away to an unknown fate.

After the moral issue, the chief source of public protest against statues is the mob spirit, manifesting itself as a rule only in wartime. The first memorial lynching bee in American history took place on the Bowling Green at New York City five days after the Declaration of Independence. An equestrian statue of King George was the victim. It was made of lead, gilded, and according to contemporary accounts it represented the monarch as Marcus Aurelius, in Roman garb and trappings and with a laurel wreath on his head. Soldiers and the citizenry dragged it from its pedestal and broke it up. The head fell into the hands of a loyalist who reverently returned it to England, but the rest was sent to Litchfield, where Governor Walcott's daughters and their friends converted it into 42,088 bullets. The governor left a record showing that Laura made 8378 of these and Mary Ann 10,790.

George's statue was put up originally as an essential preliminary to the erection of a statue to William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, in recognition of the latter's work for repeal of the Stamp Act. The Pitt statue was put up at Wall and William Streets. When the redcoats marched into New York three months later, one of their first acts was to get even by pulling Pitt off his pedestal and knocking off his head. In 1918, however, the Department of State made this all right with Pitt by accepting a marble statue of him from the Duchess of Marlborough and other native Americans living in England, and placing it in the National Gallery of Arts.

Statues in Storage

A statue of Pastorius, who founded Germantown in Philadelphia a couple of hundred years ago, arrived inopportunely during the World War and had to be kept in its box until the war was over. In the Far East, a statue of the former Kaiser was torn down by Allied troops and flattened under an American steam roller, but generally speaking the monuments to Germans in the United States came through the war with less damage than similar memorials in England, France, Italy and Belgium. Many privately owned works in the grounds of colleges and museums were interned when patriots began to get mad at them, and when they were put back the memorial low visibility of the country had returned and nobody noticed them.

Washington, by the way, is one of the few figures of history who defies the trend away from personal statues. He has more monuments than any other American—probably more than any other man of all time. Lincoln is gaining every year in popularity as the subject for memorials, but, according to the builders of monuments, Washington gains even more rapidly. The arch in New York has two Washington statues, one as Commander in Chief and the other as President. It is said there are Washington statues, monuments or plaques in nearly every city in the world. In Baltimore a project to erect a Lafayette equestrian with its back to the Washington Monument caused a protest that kept the Frenchman in storage for a year or more.

Unregulated statuary has given the country many a laugh. A dentist was credited with several dozen plaster replicas of himself which might be blocking traffic today if a committee of art vigilantes hadn't pulled them all down. Only a few years ago a certain wit convulsed the country with the adventures of the wooden statue of himself which has appeared in many more or less official parades. At one time he succeeded in having it accepted by a New England county seat, and the pedestal before the courthouse was all ready when the legislators learned the donor hadn't done a thing but make funny speeches.

The Government is badly in need of a keeper of statues. At present, jurisdiction is scattered about the Army, Navy, Interior and other departments, to say nothing of state and local monuments. The Post Office is custodian of the statues surrounding its buildings. In the Quartermaster's Department of the Navy, the cemeterial division has charge of eighty-four national cemeteries, all of which have some public monuments in addition to the tombstones. The five national military parks have been fair game for the seekers of sites for many years, with the result that Vicksburg and Gettysburg are now described as marble yards. Valley Forge has escaped this fate by the concentration of its memorials in the exquisite Washington Chapel, and by insisting that all accretions shall be in harmony therewith.

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THIS IS WELL-BEING

(Continued from Page 7)

otherwise specified the number in the whole country, according to the census, declined nearly 25 per cent between 1910 and 1920, and this may be noted as not the least of the factors now contributing to the sum of prosperity. The effort of common labor has a low equivalent in goods. Therefore it does not pay. The less of it the better.

Do we seem to speak glibly of curves – the curve of this and the curve of that—the index of production, or a line to represent human facts, such as a change in the condition of labor?

It almost cannot be avoided. Formerly these qualities and changes were expressed simply in figures; but the figures as a whole became at length too vast and awkward for the printed space. So a method of expressing their significance symbolically by means of curves and index numbers was evolved. It is simple if you understand it, mysterious if you do not. Ultimately, no doubt, it will be taught in the elementary school grades, like arithmetic.

The annual production of steel, for example, is certain millions of tons. You may set it down that way. The next year again it is certain millions of tons, and so many millions more than the year before. The figures presently fatigue the eye. Only the steel makers are interested in the exact millions. What people in general want to know is whether the production of steel is rising or falling, and at what rate. To show this in the neatest possible manner, with only three figures, the statistician says: Let the production of steel for the year 1914 equal 100. In the next ten years it increased one-half. Therefore for the year 1924 the index of steel production is 150 Then he proceeds to make it visible by means of a curve. He rules a sheet of paper into vertical spaces for the years and horizontal spaces for the percentages and draws a line from left to right beginning at 100 per cent in 1914 and rising to 150 per cent in 1924. That line is called the curve of steel production.

The Statistical Eye

There are two difficulties. One is that you are probably not a statistician. The statistical method has come into use suddenly, since most of us went to school. Therefore you are not thrilled as you should be by the abstraction of a line moving horizontally through time and vertically through percentages on a sheet of ruled paper. The other difficulty is that there is no other way to visualize a state of economic being. You cannot comprehend a condition of national prosperity with the physical eye. You can see only some small facet of it—the part that immediately touches your life. How, indeed, shall 112,000,000 people see themselves at all? It is one of the new problems. For this purpose there now evolves a new sense organ—the statistical eye. It is to the economic body of whole society what the natural eye is to the animal organism, and develops from a similar law of necessity. The Bureau of the Census, with its miles of computing machines, is such an organ. It takes plenty of time and combines masses of raw figures into many interesting and curious shapes. Every shape of them is an economic aspect of ourselves.

It raises, for example, a table showing the relative importance of the principal industries, ranked by the value of their respective products. Before looking at it one should be prepared to contrast it mentally with some natural order of values.

What is the sequence of primary human wants? Food first, of course; then, clothing; then, shelter, or housing; next, education; fifth, recreation and pleasure; last of all, luxuries and adornments. If there were no surplus of anything, but just enough to go around, this would be the true order of values.

But what comes first in the census table? You may have guessed it. The motor-vehicle industry!

For the details of this phenomenon we shall use afterward a private statistical eye. The public organ is too slow. By the time it has received the statistical light of the motor-vehicle industry that body is not there. It has passed on like a star, which is not where you see it. Where you see it is where it was when the light wave started down. Since then it has traveled far in the firmament.

Contending for second place, after motor vehicles, come meat products and petroleum refining. But their pretensions should be qualified. Education is not an industry. The census does not so regard it. Yet in the order of natural values it should come next after the wants of the physical body.

If we bring education from another place and put it in the table, estimating its value at what it costs, then it displaces both meat and petroleum and takes second place. The total expenditure for public schools, elementary and secondary, last year was $1,811,000,000, or about sixteen dollars per capita. Ten years ago it was only six dollars per capita, twenty-five years ago it was less than three dollars per capita. In twenty-five years the gross expenditure has increased more than tenfold; the per capita expenditure more than fivefold. Only the motor-vehicle industry can show a comparable record.

Mind Before Matter

So now, having put education into the table—public-school education only—the first four values are motor vehicles, education, meat products, gas and oil.

What a picture of wealth!

The fifth place goes to foundry and machine-shop products, sixth to steel-mill products, seventh to cotton goods, and eighth to the construction and repair of railroad cars. In the ninth place come flour-mill products—that is, breadstuff; and next, in the tenth place and before clothing, we find newspapers and periodicals.

If to newspapers and periodicals you add book and job printing, which by itself stands eighteenth, then it is possible to say that for printing we spend more than for the products of our iron and steel mills, which might or might not have been expected in a steel age. And if you lump under the general head of education, as it would not be unreasonable to do, the total of public-school expenditures plus the annual bill for newspapers, periodicals, book and job printing, it will appear that we spend more for the mind than for meat and bread, more than for motor vehicles, more than for anything else whatever.

Coming eleventh in rank are bakery products, representing principally flour-mill products less exports and plus the cost of the baker's work. The nation's bakery-shop bill is more than $1,000,000,000 a year, which suggests a curve to illustrate the decline of homemade bread.

Women's clothing is at the twelfth place, men's clothing at the thirteenth.

The annual product of the women's clothing industry is valued a little above $1,000,000,000; twenty-five years ago it was only $160,000,000. The increase is 525 per cent. The annual product of the men's clothing industry is $490,000,000; twenty-five years ago it was $280,000,000. The increase is 75 per cent. The disparity between the increase of one and that of the other is merely the statistical evidence of what everyone already knows—namely, that men never made their own clothes, whereas women once did. Now they buy them, as men do, hence the rise of that industry.

After men's clothing, the succession is as follows: Lumber and timber products, boots and shoes, electrical machinery,

cigars and cigarettes, book and job printing, paper and wood pulp, knit goods, silk goods, furniture, confectionery and ice cream.

The industry twenty-third in value is confectionery and ice cream. It ranks between furniture and worsted goods.

The millinery and lace goods industry is thirty-eighth, standing next above structural ironwork and two numbers above canning and preserving.

The shirt industry is treated separately. Its importance is of the fiftieth degree. Immemorially, man's shirt was of second value, next in importance to that which went inside of him. Now its economic importance is between glass and cement.

All these figures refer to production. We do not directly consume all that we produce. Of certain commodities, such particularly as meat products, flour products, steel and textiles, we sell large quantities abroad. But that simply means that instead of consuming them, as such, we exchange them for things we prefer in their stead. Thus we consume them indirectly, by conversion. The fact of surplus is still there unaltered.

Statistics on Sugar and Silk

Figures to represent the actual facts of consumption are few. The statistical eye has not had proper curiosity in that direction. By some accident it has so regarded sugar. There is a significant comparison. In 1895 we ate in this country sixty-three pounds of sugar apiece; we now eat 107 pounds each. There is another comparison for silk, which is more of a luxury to the tactile sense than sugar is to the sense of taste. In 1895 our imports of raw silk were six ounces per capita; they are now more than six pounds, and you may take it that importations of silk are wholly for our own enjoyment.

But we need a scientific measure of what we consume. There is no proper index of it. The fact deserves comment. It shows what our preoccupation has been. Our thoughts have centered on production; attend to production and consumption will mind itself.

One might think the quantity of railroad transportation would be a fair rough index to the trend of consumption. Everything we consume has to be hauled, and there is an accurate record of the amount of railroad transportation used in units of ten miles. Twenty-five years ago a ton of freight was hauled 1867 miles for each inhabitant; now annually a ton of freight is hauled 3760 miles for each person of us. Yet this is no measure of the amount of transportation we use, for meanwhile a whole new system of transportation has appeared. We have now as many motor trucks as railroad freight cars.

Twenty-five years ago the use of passenger-train service was represented by an average ride of eighty miles per inhabitant. This has increased to 350 miles; but that is no measure at all, since you have to add first the passenger miles on electric railways and then the enormous number of passenger miles performed in motor cars, for which we have no figures whatever. It simply could not be computed.

The third value of the natural order does not appear in the table. That is housing. There is no house-building industry that can be isolated. The industries producing building materials, such as lumber, brick and cement, are specified, but their products may go into many things besides houses. There are other ways to see housing—a combination of other ways.

Use, to begin with, your natural eyes. Never anywhere in the world before were people out of their own resources building homes so fast. You cannot pass anywhere without seeing it. Note the character of the houses. No one thinks any more of building a house without plumbing. Yet plumbing at all is new. Probably two-thirds of the adult generation was born without it. And note another visible fact. Except in cities and in certain suburban areas where the value of the land must be intensively utilized with apartment houses, the dwellings you see building are for sale, not for rent. Formerly real-estate operators developed land with blocks of houses to let; now it is primarily a selling proposition. Houses are sold as motors are, on the installment plan, with a finance or credit company already provided to assist the buyer. A private finance corporation, indeed, now appears with each large real-estate development as naturally as formerly a renting office did.

What does this mean?

It means first, that those modern dwellings, with plumbing, electric lights, gas ranges, steam or hot-water heating, detached upon the ground, pleasing to the eye, are cheap—cheaper than dwellings ever were before by the test of their availability to people of average means. Wage earners can afford to buy them. It is cheaper to buy than to rent.

Second, it means that we have a surplus power in houses. We can build them even faster than people can be found who will put forth the effort to possess them. Thus, as with motor cars, emphasis passes from production to salesmanship; and credit selling in the same way is justified on the ground that the man who can be induced to buy and occupy a better house—one that a few years ago would have been above his means—will exert himself more by reason of possessing it.

As of 1920, the Bureau of the Census published a survey of homes, with comparisons running back for thirty years. Excluding farms, the proportion of all homes owned had risen from 37 per cent in 1890 to 41 per cent in 1920. This is notable progress in ownership, and yet not so much as you might have expected. Three facts are to be considered. First, during that period of thirty years we received 18,000,000 empty-handed immigrants, all renters to begin with. Second, there occurred during the same time an intensive growth of cities, and along with that, of course, an increase of apartment and tenement house life. Third, during the war period private building was suspended. In view of these facts, any increase at all in the proportion of homes owned is astonishing.

New Construction in 1925

And the figures of 1920 are already old. Since then construction has proceeded at an amazing rate. The war deficit has been made good and still it continues. In 1924 building contracts were placed to the value of more than $4,500,000,000. The contracts for new homes alone amounted to more than $2,000,000,000, and the floor space thereunder was 422,000,000 square feet. Construction in 1925 was still greater, rising again to original figures. In order to imagine it you need some scale of immensity. For example, the value of new construction in the one year 1925 was roughly equal to one-fifth of our net expenditures in the World War. By net expenditures one means the total outlay, less loans to the Allies, repayable.

And along with this new construction occur two movements of people. One is a movement in the cities from older buildings to new and better apartments at higher rents; the other is a centrifugal movement to suburban dwellings.

In any graphic representation of current industrial activity the two Himalayan peaks would be building and motor-vehicle production. This is not an accidental association of mountains. From the extraordinary ease with which anyone of certified earning power now may acquire both a house and a motor car a change is taking place in the scheme of living. In 1920 this was already apparent to the statistical eye of the Census. It reported that from 1910 to 1920 the population of thirty-two central cities had increased 25 per cent, but during the same period population in the adjacent territory of those cities increased more than 30 per cent. In specific cases it was emphasized.

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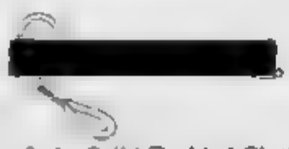

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The population of New York City proper increased 18 per cent; that of its adjacent territory increased 28 per cent. The city population of Philadelphia increased likewise 18 per cent; its suburban population within ten miles of the municipal limits increased 33 per cent. The city population of Cleveland increased 42 per cent; the population of its adjacent territory increased 86 per cent. In the past five years, since that view was taken, the movement undoubtedly has been much more active.

A great deal of the notorious speculation in land is so explained. Land values are permanently changing. Imagine what would happen to land values if suddenly motor cars were not.

Only thirty years ago the trolley line, more flexible than a steam railroad, so much cheaper and easier to build, opened the suburban vista. In the files of the illustrated weeklies, about 1895, you will find pictures of trolley parties. Families or groups of friends, having chartered a car, adorned it with bunting, took on a band or some glee singers and treated themselves to a wild evening. There were trolley excursions for holidays and Sundays for which the newspapers printed maps and precise directions.

On lakesides and wooded hills amusement parks first appeared. These were the frivolous aspects. There was much serious discussion of the trolley as an agency of social change. Not only did it provide new forms of popular recreation; it made it possible for the industrial wage earner to live at a distance from the works. Habitations in the free air of the countryside; tasks by day in the cities. Here was a new life. And moreover, as Harper's Weekly said, addressing itself to the scandal that New York was behindhand, "Nothing but the trolley system, so far as yet known, will permit this sort of suburban exploitation."

The Arithmetic of Incentive

At that time the motor vehicle was so far as yet unknown. In that year 300 motor cars were built, all more or less weird. The annual production now is at the rate of one to each twenty-five of the whole population.

Thirty years ago the annual expenditure for highway improvement was less than $50,000,000. Now it is more than $1,000,000,000 a year. The effect of fine highways and cheap motor cars upon land has been to create original values.

Land that was formerly of no value for any purpose, as on the remote seashore, becomes very desirable for summer dwellings. One way, you see, in which prosperity makes capital.

In the motor-vehicle industry you have the whole analysis of how and why machine production, under an ideal of progressive division, is and must be the miraculous servant of a democratic society. Great production and great wealth are as one thing to another—the two terms of one formula.

Industry offers its richest private rewards to those who by method and imagination succeed in reducing the costs of manufacture and press satisfaction downward through the social structure. Henry Ford, with his idea of an automobile for every family, is the familiar example. Ten years ago this was treated as a fantasy. Already it is visible.

There is now a motor registration for every 6.3 persons in the country. The average number of persons per American family is 4.3.

Great production cannot be for the few; it is necessarily for the many. And the arithmetic of incentive is simple. A profit of 10 per cent on 1,000,000 cars at $500 each is 100 times greater than a profit of 10 per cent on 1000 cars at $5000 each. And the illustration will lie close to the fact. The proportion of $5000 cars to the total produced is probably not more than one to 1000.

The distribution of motor cars by price classes in 1912 and 1924 was as follows:

	1912 PER CENT OF TOTAL PRODUCTION	1924 PER CENT OF TOTAL PRODUCTION
Cars under $1000 each	43.8	73.4
Cars between $1000 and $2000	47.7	24
Cars between $2000 and $3000	2.9	1.3
Cars above $3000	5.6	1.3
Total	100.0	100.0

In twelve years the proportion of cars priced under $1000 has risen from much less than half to nearly three-quarters of the total output of the motor-vehicle industry; in the same time cars selling above $3000 have fallen from more than one-twentieth of the total to hardly more than one one-hundredth part of it. Thus motor cars have been pressed downward from the top; they circulate each year on a lower stratum. That is how it comes that our annual automobile bill is $8,000,000,000, divided as $2,000,000,000 for cars and $6,000,000,000 for gas, oil, accessories, repairs, everything pertaining thereto save the cost of roads. The distribution is urban, suburban and rural. There are 6,500,000 American farms. In 1924 there were 4,500,000 automobiles on farms, together with 370,000 tractors.

Making More to Spend More

You may be sure that if this had not occurred, that if the automobile had been imagined only for the few and circulated exclusively at the top of the social structure, our political dilemmas would be very different.

As with automobiles, so with all other things of use and desire—houses, garments, shoes, furniture, decorations, conveniences, radios, objects, vanities, colors and textures. The anxiety of industry, for its own profit, is to force increasing quantities downward through the pyramid of demand, and it succeeds so well that the problem of keeping up appearances passes to the merely rich. They are scandalized by such competition. The barber, the mason and the banker may all have limousines, and one is so like another that at a little distance you cannot distinguish. Competition in things, in standards of living leads also to competition in manners and culture. This, however, is a thought beyond any statistical understanding.

We are a nation of prodigals, perhaps? With so much ecstasy of spending and having, there has come an end to saving?

You might think so. It is not true. When you see that since 1900 we have made 24,000,000 automobiles, of which 6,000,000 have worn out, 1,000,000 are lost and 17,000,000 are in use, and that the cost for the cars alone has been $40,000,000,000, you are staggered. But it is only spectacular. You are not in the least staggered by the fact that the amount of life insurance in force has increased more than $40,000,000,000 in the same period. It is more than six times what it was in 1900. Savings-bank deposits are nearly four times what they were in 1900, and the number of savings-bank depositors has more than doubled.

The assets of building-and-loan associations are more than five times what they were in 1900.

Add our loans to foreign countries, which run as high as $1,000,000,000 in one year, and the fact that we are reducing the national war debt out of taxes at the rate of more than $500,000,000 a year, and you will not say we spend everything. We have not forgotten how to save. We have learned how.

Saving is not hoarding, nor is hoarding saving. Under an idea of unlimited prosperity there is a new way of saving. Wherein it differs from the old way, from the Old World way, is subtle to state and yet fundamental in meaning. The old way of saving is to spend less than you make. Our way of saving is to make more than we spend. It is illustrated in the characteristic reactions of the individual. The European

(Continued on Page 228)

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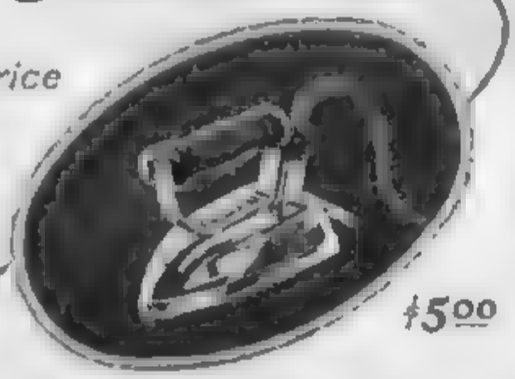

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(Continued from Page 226

who finds his outgo exceeding his income says, "I must spend less," and he does spend less, thereby causing ends to meet again. When the American makes that same disgusting discovery he naturally says, "I must make more," and he does make more in order that he may continue to spend. He makes even more than he spends, as the statistical evidence proves.

Our national savings represent not a deficit of satisfactions but a surplus of production. Never was a state of society like this.

But in any regard, what of things as things? Do we exist for the sake of multiplying them in an aimless, endless manner? What is the ultimate meaning of prosperity?

The word is a compound of two Latin roots—for and hope. Therefore fulfillment. Hoping is individual. The first implications of prosperity are personal. But the word has come latterly to be used more in the impersonal manner, like "production," "consumption" or "distribution"—hard, horizontal words that comprehend all means to human welfare and leave the senses cold. It signifies a state of activity, a temporal condition of people as a whole; yet what is signified is invisible as a whole, owing to its magnitude and complexity. Hence those mathematical devices by which we try to define and visualize its features.

Nevertheless, the fruits of prosperity must be personal. The extent to which the individual is able to realize his hopes is the fact of supreme importance. Only, of what values are human hopes constructed? Material things come first. This is for the reason not that we value them more but because the body has prior rights. Still, if these were the only fruits, we should be in danger perhaps of losing ourselves to things. There are those who ask, "What is the good of so many things?" And there is a cult of those who disesteem success as an attitude of the mind, forgetting that they live by success, either their own or that of others, and owe to it the leisure they employ in criticism.

All the same, the question is sound. What can be the good of so many things unless at last they serve to increase the sum of leisure and life? The truth is, they do. Prosperity does. Look for it not at the top but at the bottom.

Besides that necessity of industry to keep the total wage fund rising in order that people may have the means with which to buy an increasing product of divisible goods, there is another that has not been mentioned. By the same principle, industry is obliged to provide people with more leisure in order simply that they may have the time in which to enjoy and consume the goods.

If the hours of labor were twelve a day and the days of labor were seven a week, as has sometimes been the case, as it was, for example, in Germany at the beginning of her industrialism, when only the hours of divine worship were exempt from labor, the product of industry could not be sold. People would work like that, if necessary, to sustain their bodies, but not for much of anything else—not for motor cars, say. For if they did, when could they go motoring? Therefore it is not only that wages must be kept high and rising as the product of industry grows, leisure also must increase proportionately.

You may test the truth of this by an act of imagination corresponding to that performed in respect of the wage principle. Imagine a proposal to put the hours of American industry back to where they were a few years ago. Labor would object. Industry would object still more. To do so would tremendously injure the state of business. Organized labor no doubt thinks itself wholly responsible for the spread of the eight-hour day in American industry. Yet its efforts must have been futile entirely but for that necessity within industry to increase the use and possession of things.

Again the statistical eye. You cannot see it otherwise. A curve to represent the course of wages and another to represent the hours of labor would be seen to move oppositely, one rising and the other falling.

As recently as 1914 the proportion of all industrial wage earners working fifty-four hours or more a week was 75 per cent. Five years later it had fallen to 35 per cent. In 1921 it was 22.5 per cent. A fall from three-quarters of the total to less than one-quarter in seven years, and it is still falling.

The proportion of all industrial wage earners in factories working eight hours or less per day in 1909 was below 8 per cent. In 1921 it was 51.5 per cent. A rise from less than one-tenth to more than one-half in twelve years; and it is still rising.

That is leisure. But there is more of life also. Other facts are illuminating. This one is luminous:

In its statistical bulletin for last September the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, whose business is with the industrial workers, calls attention to the increased longevity of wage earners and their families. The average expectation of life at birth in industrial families in the year 1924 was 55.5 years. In 1911 it had been only 46.5 years. Nine years added to the average life of the industrial population!

The statistician becomes for once articulate in the common language.

"Who," he asks, "fourteen years ago could have predicted an extension of nearly one-fifth in the longevity of the wage-earning population by the end of 1924? Intensive and continuous public-health work and the rise in living standards for this class of the population, however, have brought about a more remarkable improvement in the health conditions than has occurred in any similar period in human history."

There is saving, not hoarding, and who save like this may spend. There is proof also that an abundance of things means an abundance of life.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Garrett. The second will appear in an early issue

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 76)

indorsing. On one occasion a man was very insistent, and I'll never forget what father said:

"I think too much of you as a friend, George, even if I did break my set rule this once. You know yourself, nothing will ruin a friendship quicker than borrowing and loaning money. Indorsing does the same thing. Outside of the fact you are asking me to assume a risk which the bank itself is unwilling to take, if anything goes wrong I simply couldn't afford to keep that much money on deposit ready to meet the note."

"But you wouldn't have to. You would simply indorse it as a favor to me and forget it. You would never have to pay the note."

Instead of money, I'm afraid father lost another friend, but he explained again to me how insidious the practice is, by showing that when a man indorses he doesn't figure he'll ever have to pay, and yet in just a moment what was once a favor can turn into a formidable monetary liability.

When concrete examples of large losses arising from the evil of indorsing paper have occurred, father has never failed to call them to my attention, so that now wild oxen, even black ones, couldn't drag me to a desk to make an indorsement. I only hope father never calls upon me for such an accommodation. I realize I owe him a great deal, but I really couldn't bring myself to indorse his note. I never have forgotten that original lesson; first experiences sear themselves into the mind deeply. It is almost ten years ago, but I still have that telegram and letter. . I am keeping them in case I ever have a son. If I have anything to say about it, he will be the fourth generation in our family who "has never indorsed in his life."

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

THE LAND OF NEVER-GROW-UP

(Continued from Page 48)

games, although they shared some of their playthings with him.

When this youngster was old enough to earn money, which was when he reached the age of seven, there was too much need of medicine for his mother and food for all to spend any of his earnings on toys. He grew up with an utterly unsatisfied yearning for two things—a little steam engine and a toy sailing boat.

He was past middle age when he got one of the good breaks in life. He made a successful invention. Fortune smiled on him and now he pays an income tax which goes into six figures.

"The first time that man came into this store," the president of the toy shop told me, "he put in the entire day looking over and ordering steam engines and sailing boats. We had at that time the first of these toy yachts which are made by three seafaring men. The price asked for it was $300. He bought that little yacht and has purchased one or more expensive toy yachts every year since. He never asks the price of anything. He just says, 'I'll take this and that and that.' He also plays Santa Claus to many children that he never sees—children who write letters to Santa Claus and send them here thinking this is Kris Kringle's headquarters."

Toys are no respecters of race, color, present or past conditions of servitude. They have friends and playmates in all walks of life. President Coolidge is a parchesi devotee. Lincoln visited a Washington toy shop so frequently that it became known in the capital as Lincoln's Toy Shop and furnished the theme for at least one romantic tale about the Great Emancipator. The late Theodore Roosevelt was tremendously fond of toys, and spent hundreds of dollars and much of his precious time every year in one of New York's toy shops. When Caruso lived, he and his little daughter Gloria would spend hours playing with toys in a certain toy shop, and never did they leave without buying a new supply of playthings. Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Jackie Coogan rarely visit New York without making generous purchases of toys for the babes in Hollywood.

Queen Mary not only loves toys but she makes them. Recently she made and sent to her grandchildren, the offspring of the Viscountess Lascelles, Princess Mary, several boxes of playthings, including many white velvet rabbits and elephants.

Papa Pharaoh as Santa Claus

In the Egyptian section of the London Museum there is evidence, in the form of little mummies, that Papa Pharaoh played Santa Claus to the little princes and princesses of his kingdom.

The children of ancient Rome and Greece didn't have so large an assortment of toys to choose from as has the modern American boy or girl, but they did manage to find amusement with balls made of leather and stuffed with hair or straw, jointed dolls moved by strings, miniature furniture and even ninepins. Toy wagons are so old that the witty Aristophanes, who wrote in 400 B.C., mentions them in his scrolls. While excavating at Utica, Tunis, recently, workmen found bottles from which Punic mothers fed their babies. These bottles were curiously decorated with laughing eyes painted on either end of the nipple, and a smiling mouth below, intended perhaps to represent the mother's face.

Styles in toys change from time to time. They keep step with progress in commercial as well as social lines. The toy automobile of twenty years ago is as different from the toy motor car of today as the first steam-propelled horseless carriage is from the modern, aluminum-bodied, four-wheel-brake, high-powered car of 1925.

The greatest progress in toys has been made in the mechanical division. The older boy has little time for the primitive toy trains that have to be shoved or pulled about on the parlor floor. He wants an electrically driven or mechanically propelled train that runs on a sectional track, across bridges, through tunnels and on sidetracks. Nor is he satisfied to play with a little stationary engine under which he can place no fire or out of which comes not the sizzle of steam. He wants one of those engines which have generating plants, real flywheels, whistles that blow and belts that can be hitched to a real miniature buzz saw, or a derrick, or what not. In other words, the modern American boy wants a toy with which he can do things or with which he can imitate feats accomplished by his brother or his father in the steel mill or the foundry or the machine shop.

Is it any wonder then that the toy makers of the world are making for American consumption toy engines and toy railroad systems that cost as much as $300? And is it any wonder that the toy-making families of Europe which hand down their little industries from one generation to another make dolls for American girls which command prices as high as $150—dolls that walk, wink, blink, cry and do everything else that a real live baby does except talk?

Toys Made in America

The toy makers of Europe no longer export great quantities to the United States. In fact 80 per cent of the playthings sold in America today are American made. Prior to the war we imported from Germany, France and Italy 35 to 40 per cent of our toys. Now American manufacturers export as many playthings as they import.

Toy makers long ago placed toys under three definite classifications—amusement toys, educational toys and athletic or body-building toys.

When the wise toy-shop keeper is asked, "What shall I get for Johnny or Mary Jane?" he does not attempt to guide the parent to that section of his store where the most expensive toys are kept. He looks at Johnny or Mary Jane as would a physician who had been called in to diagnose a childish ailment. If the cheeks of the boy or girl are wan and pinched, he directs the parent to the athletic department and suggests roller skates, jump ropes, swings, sleds or some other plaything which will help develop the physical side of a boy or girl.

If the child has an outdoor look, he takes it for granted that Johnny or Mary Jane is getting all the exercise he or she needs, so he guides the parent to the educational division, where there are games, blackboards, modeling sets, crayons and painting outfits, construction sets and scores of other toys which aid in the mental development of children.

One of the best known and best beloved toy-store proprietors in this country has in his possession thousands of letters from grateful parents who took his advice in the selection of playthings for their children. This man loves children, and although he conducts one of the most exclusive toy shops in the world, he will permit none of his small army of clerks to interfere with children who want to play with anything in his store.

"This is a toy shop," he tells his helpers, "and toys are playthings. How can a child tell whether he likes a toy until he has tried it? Let them play all they like. But, mind you, don't let any of them get hurt!"

I was in this man's store recently and in my travels from one department to another I came to the play room. Here I was rather amazed to find more than a score of little boys and girls on hobby horses, in automobiles, racing about on velocipedes, running electric trains and shouting ecstatically at the tops of their voices.

Wise mothers, knowing this toy dealer's love for children and the children's love for toys, now make it a practice to park their progeny there while they go out to do an

Three Reasons why the New Stanley Super-Vac is the best Vacuum-Bottle made
Absolutely UNBREAKABLE
Guaranteed to keep Contents Hot for 18 hrs. Cold for 36 hrs
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STANLEY SUPER VAC
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IT'S the vacuum, not the material, which holds the temperature intact. Then why not make the bottle of enduring steel? This has been done. Within the last few months a recently developed process has made possible an improved, efficient, all steel bottle which permits an absolute triple guarantee—that it will retain temperature—that it will not break or leak. The first cost is the last cost and the expense and annoyance of buying new parts are eliminated.

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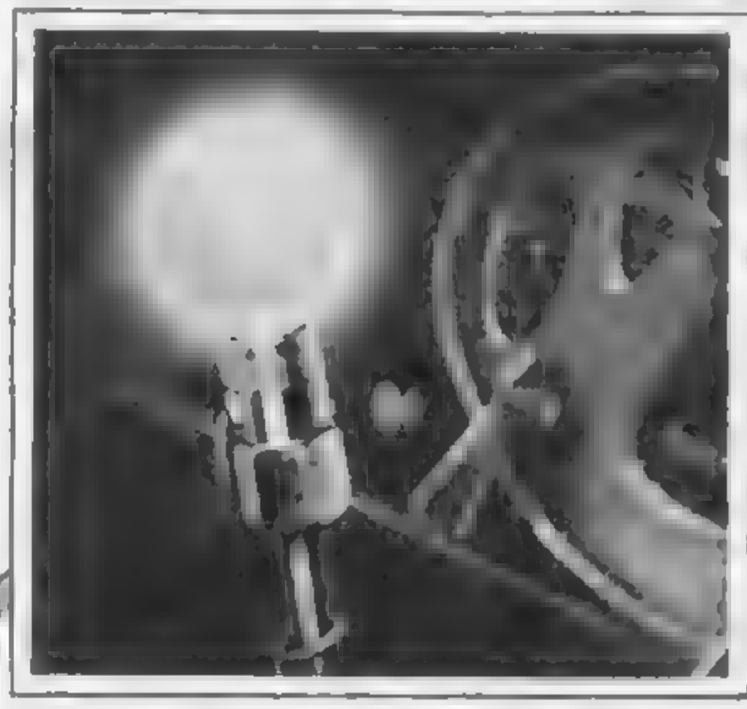

CHRISTMAS GLOW THE YEAR 'ROUND

MONOGRAM—the gift unique for the car—recalls [illegible] of the giver [illegible]

A virgin white Pedrara Onyx Ball, [illegible] Mexico). When lighted, your choice [illegible] ted bulbs to reflect [illegible] blue—green—or pink. Casting its soft cheerful glow [illegible] by all [illegible]

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The Country Gentleman

Past the Million Mark

By the time this advertisement appears in print, the circulation of *The Country Gentleman* will have passed the million mark.

This is the response of the American farm family to the first farm paper which had the vision to break frankly with the past, and to adapt its policy to the new conditions which rule on the farm today.

On August 22nd, the last weekly issue of *The Country Gentleman*, the net paid circulation was 808,407. With November, its third issue as a monthly, the circulation hovered about the million mark—the result of a wholly spontaneous inrush of subscriptions from farm men and women all over the country.

On August 29th, in announcing the new monthly *Country Gentleman*, we stated that we had adopted certain changes to make *The Country Gentleman* "*the foremost publication in America for those whose homes, or whose interests, are in the country.*"

By the verdict of its readers, it has reached this goal—in less than four short months.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

afternoon's shopping. They know that the children will be in no danger of getting lost and that it would require a glib-tongued kidnaper to entice them away from that juvenile heaven.

The owner of the toy shop has a great deal of respect for the judgment of children.

"If a father or mother comes in with a little boy or girl and says, 'Now pick out anything you want,' it is a pretty safe bet that the child will select one of the most expensive toys in the shop," he said. "And if I see children lose interest in a toy after playing with it only a few minutes, that's my tip to go easy on my next order for that particular plaything. On the other hand, if I see several boys and girls interested in a certain toy, that's like a market tip from a trusted banker—I put in an immediate order for more of the same kind of toys."

This dealer told me that women never outgrow their love for dolls. That explains in a measure why more than $50,000,000 was spent for dolls in the United States in 1924. It also throws some light on the question of what becomes of the 1,500,000 dolls that one manufacturer alone sells every year. Evidence in support of this dealer's statement was furnished recently in Chicago, when all the clubwomen of the city were invited to bring their dolls and participate in a doll pageant. There was an enormous outpouring of women in response to the invitation. Some carried two dolls and some crinoline creations which had been in their families for generations.

I know a woman of mature years who has one of the finest collections of domestic and imported dolls in America. She spends a great deal of her spare time dressing and redressing her little charges. She has a name for each and finds much comfort in her childless middle age in the companionship of these wax babes.

Toys also play their little parts on the world's stage just as well as in the world of make-believe. They are the tools of scientists in illustrating astronomical and meteorological phenomena; they play important rôles in many big lawsuits in illustrating just how accidents or murders occurred; they are sometimes the secret companions of grim-visaged men engaged in the so-called civilized art of war.

There is a brittle little blond doll that saw service in the Australian army during the late unpleasantness. She was presented as a mascot to an American boy who was sailing away in 1914. He laughed as he tucked it inside his tunic, but because his niece gave it to him as a talisman, he always kept it with him. Together they saw Egypt, the Dardanelles, England, France and Belgium. Then one day at Gallipoli a piece of Turkish shrapnel with the soldier's "name" on it came whizzing through space. The brittle little blonde stood between her soldier guardian and the steel. He was hit, but the doll saved his life. They were carried off the field together on the same stretcher, convalesced in the same bed, and went over the top again together.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Some folks never miss out on any fun!

Get an Ansco for Christmas and you'll know why

SNOW fights and the baby in winter leggings. Pretty girls in skiing costumes, sunlight on icy trees, the graceful motion of skating—you don't have to wait for spring before you get the loveliest, most attractive pictures going. And fun!—well, if you haven't an Ansco you don't know what fun is.

Ride in on it now—the Ansco way of getting wonderful pictures easily. Here's what the old and famous name in photography means *to you:* the finest workmanship coupled to wide-awake, creative ability that *gives you new cameras and better film all the time.* Use Ansco to have more fun and get better pictures.

(Remember this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.)

A camera for $1.00 that'll make a hit with any youngster

The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film and it takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½, which make dandy enlargements.

PICTURES of everything from your own bald head (if you have one!) to the family cat—that's what you'll see when those kids get their Dollar Anscos on the job. They'll have some fun not only at Christmas time but all through the year.

Just the gift for a boy or girl, and it's a dandy little picture-taker. Any youngster will be delighted with one of these Dollar Anscos. It's so easy to operate—anyone can do it. It is well made and will stand lots of hard knocks. Gets clear, sharp pictures. Be sure that Santa Claus leaves a Dollar Ansco under the tree for *your* youngster.

(Remember this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.)

Not a camera in the world has the automatic motor like the *Semi-Automatic!*

Here is the Ansco Semi-Automatic. With this new camera you just touch a lever and the film winds into place ready for the next picture. It takes pictures, size 2½ x 4¼. Price $30.

IT is supreme! This new invention that makes it possible to get six pictures in quick succession, one right after the other, without having to wind the film between each picture.

The Semi-Automatic has this startling new feature that adds so much sureness to picture-taking. If you wish to take a lot of pictures, say, of children or animals who are continually changing positions, get them in focus, keep your eye on the finder, shoot, press the lever under your left thumb and zip! there's the sound of the next exposure *winding into place automatically.* And you're ready to take another picture! No chance for blanks or double exposures.

This great camera is only $30.00. See it *today* at any shop that sells the best in photographic supplies.

Who wouldn't love to have a Ready-Set—the new camera they're all talking about?

WHEW! but it takes snappy work to supply this big country of ours with Ansco Ready-Sets. Seems as if everybody wants one. And no wonder, for Ansco Ready-Sets have made picture-taking a great deal more fun than it ever was before. Thousands of people who never used to take pictures now are Ready-Set fans. Here's the reason:

With Ready-Set cameras all fussy adjustments have been eliminated. You don't have to judge the distance, set the shutter or regulate the time—that's all been done for you. All that *you* do is to open the camera and shoot! You'll laugh with glee when you get your pictures back.

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UNUSUAL? We'll say so! Every girl in the world who has seen this new idea in a Ready-Set camera is crazy to own one. Well, why not? To get a Ready-Set model in your favorite color is a real present.

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Dove Gray — *Sapphire Blue*
Deep Rose — *Sunset Orange*

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Be the envy of all the other girls! Tell *him* to give you a Vanity Camera and then give him your picture in return, taken *by him.* Own the latest craze: A Vanity Camera!

Ansco Vanity Cameras

take pictures size 1⅝ x 2½; have universal focus; they are finished in stylish colored enamel in six beautiful shades and make the loveliest gift. Give one and get popular! Only $10.00.

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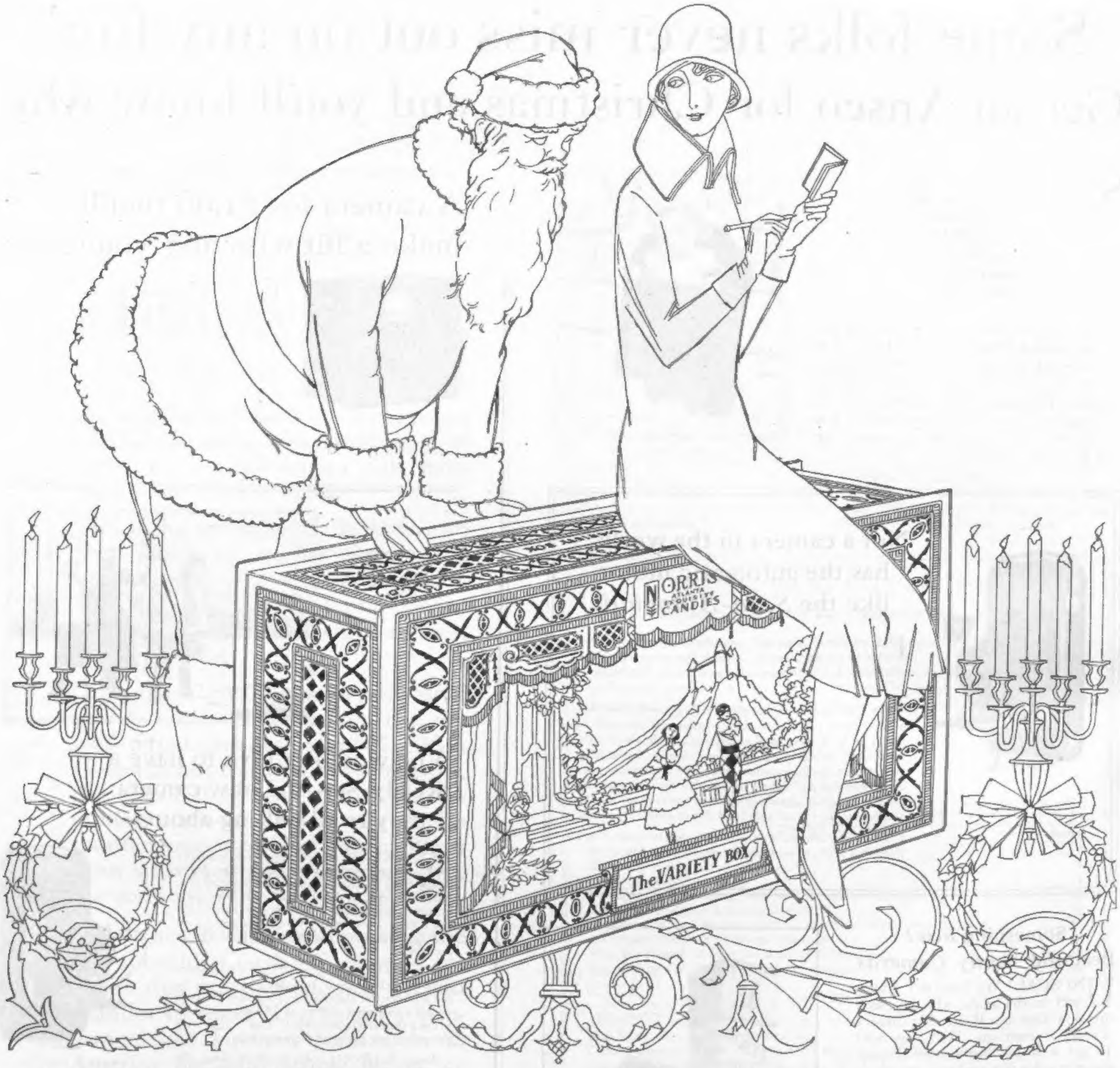

"That's right", said Santa Claus. "Put down Norris because fine candy makes such an ideal Christmas gift."

When you give a candy as fine as Norris in a box of such striking beauty as the Norris Variety Box, you enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that the gift will be recognized as having just that little extra touch which is cordial, sincere, personal. Whether your Norris Variety Box is to go into the immediate family or beyond it, whether it is for young or old, its appreciation is certain because its rich, smooth goodness is certain. The price is $1.50 the pound in one, two, three, and five-pound sizes. If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies, they will be sent prepaid to any address, upon receipt of the regular retail price.

NORRIS, INCORPORATED, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

NORRIS

Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

FOR CHRISTMAS

Two women met by a silverware window

One was depressed by the burden of Christmas shopping—the endless, tiresome search for just the right gifts for her many friends and relatives.

The other, with the serene face, had just come out of the silverware store—her shopping search at an end. They compared notes.

"Why, selecting the right things isn't so difficult after all," said the happy shopper. "You see, I made a discovery. I thought over the question of what my friends really needed and would really appreciate this Christmas. And I found that nearly every one of them lacked certain important pieces of silverware.

"So I selected the gifts in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate—a dozen salad forks for one, a handsome dessert server for another and for a third one of those smart Utility Trays with the twenty-six 'silverware essentials.' Fred and Elizabeth and I joined forces in giving father and mother a complete new table service—vegetable dishes, platters, coffee set and even goblets to match the knives, forks and spoons. You'd be surprised how reasonable in price this fine silverware is."

"I'm glad we met," said the first woman.

She turned into the silverware store.

* * * *

You will find in the holiday displays of "1847 Rogers Bros." a beauty and variety that will make shopping a pleasure. You cannot say "Merry Christmas" more effectively than with gifts of this finest silverplate, which has been used and loved by fastidious hostesses for more than three-quarters of a century. Through the years its durability has been accepted everywhere.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The Utility Tray, *both silver rack and serving tray, is a convenient way to purchase 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It contains the "silverware essentials"—6 dinner knives, 6 dinner forks, 6 table spoons, 6 tea spoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell. Price with hollow handle knives, $32.10—with solid handle knives, $26.10.*

Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense, a booklet full of suggestions for successful entertaining, is free. Write for booklet "L-90." International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

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Victor Records for Christmas

Credenza Model Victrola

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What to give for Christmas! It mustn't be expensive but it must mean something to your friends. Can you think of anything that can get closer to the heart or keep that heart warm for so long as just the right music? How can you give the right music? You can buy a slip from your dealer which will permit your friends to make their own selection.

Victrola

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